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THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP MAGEE

First Edition, *October 1896*
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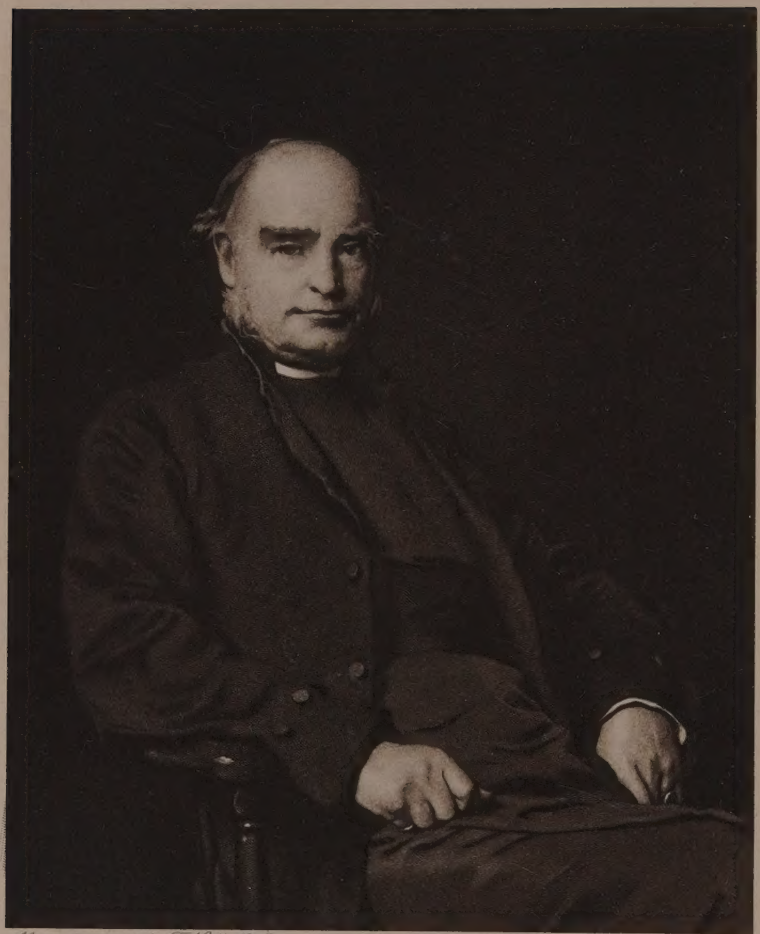

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THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

WILLIAM CONNOR MAGEE

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH

BY

JOHN COTTER MACDONNELL D.D.

CANON RESIDENTIARY OF PETERBOROUGH
SOMETIME DEAN OF CASHEL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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TABLE OF PRINCIPAL DATES

1821.	Born in Cork, December 17th.
1844.	Ordained Deacon in Chester Cathedral.
1845.	Ordained Priest in Tuam Cathedral.
1844–49.	Curate of St. Thomas's, Dublin.
1849–51.	Curate of St. Saviour's, Bath.
1851–60.	Minister of the Octagon Chapel, Bath.
1859–61.	Prebendary of Wells Chapel.
1860.	D.D., Trinity College, Dublin.
1860–61.	Minister of Quebec Chapel, London.
1860–64.	Rector of Enniskillen.
1864–68.	Dean of Cork.
1866–68.	Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin.
1868–91.	Bishop of Peterborough.
1870.	D.C.L., Oxford,
1891.	Archbishop of York.
1891.	Died in London, May 5th.
1891.	Interred at Peterborough, May 9th.

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PREFACE

In deference to the earnest wish of friends, the family of the late Archbishop of York, a year after his death, consented to the publication of his Life and Correspondence, and requested me, his oldest and most intimate friend, to undertake the work. I willingly consented, but domestic afflictions and my own subsequent illness suspended the work for nearly two years and caused a most unfortunate delay.

I have attempted, as far as possible, to make this book an Autobiography, by letting the Archbishop tell the story of his own life and explain his own actions and opinions through his letters. There are, however, many gaps in the correspondence caused by our more frequent personal intercourse after I entered his diocese. These I have been obliged to fill with narrative of my own.

This unique correspondence extends over a period of nearly 50 years, without a break, and I have preserved of it about 1200 letters, most of them of considerable length. I have given letters addressed to others in preference to those written to myself whenever they cover the same ground, as I shrank from publishing a correspondence in which, without inserting a single letter of my own, I and my affairs appeared so prominently; but I found it impossible to efface myself altogether without mangling and destroying the natural flow of the letters. To have left only his comments on public events and to have torn them from a context of a more domestic character, would have destroyed their charm and done injustice to the loving character of the writer.

I must ask the reader to bear in mind that these letters were of the most confidential character and were never written with the idea that they would be seen by any one except myself. It ought to be remembered too that they were written with the greatest rapidity —*currente calamo*—and were the uncorrected utterances of one who, writing confidentially, never weighed his words. They might

aptly be described as *extempore writing*. The opinions expressed must therefore be regarded as, in many instances, only passing and tentative, but in such cases they are generally corrected in the subsequent correspondence. Many of the most sparkling letters seem due only to the desire to give his impressions to some one who would sympathise with him, of scenes which he had just witnessed, or of whatever subject engrossed his thoughts at the time. In many cases they may be truly described, as he himself says, as "blowing off steam."

It may be the mistaken view of an admiring friend when I express my confidence that these letters will compare favourably with any published in the present century; but at least one may safely predict that no such series of letters will be given to the public after A.D. 1900. Telegraphs, telephones, phonographs, and type-writing are fast changing the habits of public men; and letter-writing, as distinct from official correspondence, will soon be one of the lost arts. Letters like Arnold's, Stanley's or Magee's will never be written again.

I wish to make a full acknowledgment and offer my most sincere thanks for the invaluable assistance which I have received from Miss MAGEE, the Archbishop's eldest daughter. But for her indefatigable labours in collecting, arranging, and preparing most of the correspondence, I might never have completed a work which, though it was a labour of love, age and its infirmities made increasingly difficult as it drew near its close.

I have only to add my earnest wish and prayer that this book may not only be the history and memorial of a loved and honoured friend, but that it may be blessed to many readers, who will find in these letters a light and help in difficulties and troubles which they might not find, or even seek elsewhere.

JOHN C. MACDONNELL.

PREBENDAL HOUSE, PETERBOROUGH,
September 3rd 1896.

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CHAPTER I

BIRTH; SCHOOL; COLLEGE LIFE; ORDINATION

William Connor Magee was born in Cork on December 17, 1821. His father, the Rev. John Magee, was the eldest son of William Magee, who, at the time of his grandson's birth was Bishop of Raphoe, but was promoted in the following year, 1822, to be Archbishop of Dublin. It is a rare thing to find two archbishops thus nearly related, and it was not without significance that the Heads of Trinity College, Dublin, have placed the busts of the two Archbishops side by side in their library.

William Magee, the grandfather, had been appointed in 1813, after he gave up his fellowship, to the Deanery of Cork. He became subsequently, when Bishop of Raphoe, Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin.* When Dean of Cork he appointed his eldest son, John Magee, previously curate of Castle Bellingham, to be curate of the Cathedral parish of St. Finbarr and librarian of the Cathedral library. As such he occupied the librarian's house, nearly opposite the deanery, and there the subject of this memoir was born. When Bishop of Peterborough, Magee used to say: "I am like Dizzy in this, that we were both born in a library." His mother, Marianne, daughter of Rev. John Ker, an incumbent in County Longford, was of a Scottish family; and Archbishop Tait used to say jestingly to Bishop Magee "that it was a mistake to call him an Irishman, for that he derived his talents from his Scottish mother."

In truth, he owed very much to her, and that not only by natural endowments, but by education. She died when her son William was only eight years old; but not till she had made an indelible impression upon his mind. To her mainly he owed the germs of early piety, which were never lost amid the trials and temptations of school and college life. To her too he owed the

* These two Deaneries were held together by his illustrious grandson from 1866–1868.

intellectual training which moulded his subsequent education. He learned from her the elements of all he knew when he was sent to school at the age of eleven, including a careful grounding in Latin which enabled him at once to take a high place in classics. Mathematics were never congenial to him, but classics he loved.

He was a precocious boy, and the sagacious remarks of little Willie, and especially his criticisms of sermons, were a great delight and amusement to his elders. The Archbishop of Dublin, when his grandson was on a visit at the Palace, used to have him in after dinner to amuse his guests with his remarks. On one occasion, when an eminent man had preached in the parish church, the Archbishop asked the child what he thought of the sermon. To the astonishment of all, the boy gave a full account of the whole sermon, and criticised its doctrine rather severely, both praising and finding fault with great discrimination. When he was five or six years old, his mother sent him to gather fruit, telling him not to eat any; upon which he remonstrated, saying: "The Bible says, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

His mother died in Drogheda, where her husband was then vicar, in March 1830.

Nearly three years elapsed after her death before William Magee was sent to a public school. Private tuition filled up the interval. One of his chief studies at that time was French, and he often spoke with gratitude of the excellent instruction he had received from his master, M. Kieler.

His father, John Magee, did all that a father could to preserve and deepen the religious impressions which he had received from his mother. He was a man of deep and fervent piety, and belonged to that somewhat narrow school of evangelical theology which at that time, both in England and Ireland, seemed to attract all the more spiritually minded clergy and laity. He was a powerful preacher, but rarely left his own parish to preach elsewhere. An octogenarian clergyman recently told the writer that he owed his earliest and deepest impressions of religion to the Rev. John Magee, then vicar of St. Peter's, Drogheda. He died of fever caught in the discharge of his duty, June 13, 1837. Thus, his son William was deprived of both his parents before he was sixteen, and in the second year of his college course.

But, to return to an earlier stage of his education. He was sent to Kilkenny College, a first rate classical school, on February 1, 1833, at the age of eleven. He remained there nearly three

years, entering Trinity College in November 1835. Kilkenny College was the only public school he ever attended, but in the short time he was there he mastered the long classical course which was then required for entrance into Trinity College. He used to lament that he was sent to the University so early, but it was in a great measure the consequence of his precocity and power of learning rapidly. When he had mastered the entrance course he was naturally sent to college with others of his class, though they were two or three years older.

The Head Master at Kilkenny, Rev. Dr. Baillie, was not only a good classical and Hebrew scholar, but a man of earnest piety, and must have made his influence felt as such. There were many very rough elements in the school, as in all schools of that day, and little Magee was often sorely bullied. He used to tell the writer's children an anecdote of his first days at school; the first shock to his faith in the kindness and love of others.

A big boy came up to little Magee who was very low and grieved at his first severance from home, and holding in his hand a fruit tart he said, "New boy, do you like tart?"

"Oh very much," said little Magee, looking wistfully at the tart.

"Then," said the other, "look at me eating one!"

He used to say that he never forgot the stab to his feelings which this gave him.

Two of his school-fellows, Mr. Pilkington and Dr. Newell, have kindly sent some recollections of W. C. Magee's school days; from which the following are extracts.

Mr. Pilkington writes:

> He never joined in any of our games, but stayed indoors, generally reading French books (with which his father supplied him), especially Molière's comedies. To them he paid devoted attention, and on a wet day repeated hundreds of lines to me and others; always supporting the characters with as much individuality as a regular stage expert. He had a great love for the inside of books, but a mischievous non-appreciation of the outside of them.
>
> His father used to send him beautifully bound copies of the most popular books; and when he received them he at once tore off the covers, to make them fit into extemporised pockets, which he had made by cutting the linings of his jackets right across on the inside to breadth of the book. As these pockets were made at both sides, or rather insides of his jacket, he often looked like a small portable packing-case.

His power of concentration was most remarkable. In the long winter evenings, he would sit up on a desk, with his feet on the form, and there he would pore over some favourite volume, utterly independent of the most violent noises.

He was a great chess-player for so young a boy. One of the day boys used to bring a chess-board and men. This was left in Magee's desk until the play-hours, and, if the weather was fine, the two boys adjourned to the lower seat in the dark walk, and fought out their battle without much interruption.

The one great drawback in his school life was, there was no boy in the school who was capable of discussing general literature with him in a conversational manner. This want forced him in a great measure into solitary reading, and so left the majority of his school-fellows quite in the dark as to his great mental capacities.

In disposition he was peculiarly *non-aggressive*, and his ebullitions of temper, which were sometimes rather violent, were always provoked by petty annoyances and insults from reckless and idle fellows.

I recall, too, his rhetorical ability, being a favourite pupil of Professor Spalding, the famous Scottish elocutionist, who came over from Edinburgh six weeks before the summer vacation, to prepare us all for our great forensic exhibition on Speech-day, just before the holidays, and I feel convinced his great success as a public speaker arose in no small degree from the excellent tuition he received from this great master of elocution.

Dr. Newell writes:

He did not take part in any of our school sports. As a young man he learned to fish and was fond of the rod and line. During play hours and intervals from study he was rarely without a book in his hands, some history, biography, or novel, in English or in French, which he could translate fluently. Indeed he generally had several books stowed away in his pockets. He mastered his school business thoroughly, and was always at the head of his class, which was the class above me, although he was my junior, and junior to all my class fellows by over two years. In Greek and Latin he knew not only the text thoroughly, but the notes. We read the Delphin editions of Horace and Virgil, and the notes, being in Latin, were as difficult to beginners as the text. He was a boy of very precocious intellect, and as he had a splendid memory, and read much, he had a very extensive vocabulary for a boy.

In short Magee was a student within school hours, and an omnivorous reader at all other times.

Before we broke up for the summer vacation, it was usual to have a

debate, to which the public were admitted. One year the subject was, "The relative merits of History, Oratory, and Poetry." Magee spoke with such earnestness and eloquence that he was applauded to the echo. He seemed to me then, as he often seemed to me afterwards in the pulpit, or on the platform, to grow in stature, as he warmed and enlarged on the subject of the three Sisters. He was then barely thirteen years of age.

In 1886, when staying with me in the County Carlow, he expressed a strong desire to visit

"The schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, tho' there we are forgot."

I went with the Bishop and his youngest daughter to Kilkenny. The Dean of Ossory met us at the station and conducted us to the school. The Bishop visited all the rooms he used to frequent in his boyhood, and to his great delight, he found his own initials carved by him on one of the wooden desks.

He left the school in 1835, a clever precocious schoolboy, whose future career none anticipated. He revisited it more than fifty years after as an English bishop and one of the most famous men of his day and dwelt with loving fondness on the scenes of his boyish studies, which contributed so largely to his ultimate success.

It was no doubt during his school vacations, which he spent at his father's vicarage at Drogheda, that the following incidents occurred, which have been supplied to me by a lady who was then resident near Drogheda. I give them in her own words.

I knew William Magee as a boy, and a more mischievous boy was never seen. He was most amusing, for he was as full of fun and mischief as he could possibly be. He was passionately fond of fishing, and he used to rise early and go to fish in one or two lakes on my father's property. Years afterwards, when I met him at Bath, he used to enjoy a chat with me about those old times.

In one of our conversations we happened to speak about charity. He said, "I shall never forget the best lesson I ever had in my life about charity. It was when my father was vicar of St. Peter's, Drogheda. One day I met a little ragged, miserable Roman Catholic child, who was begging for help. Touched by his wretchedness I made my way to my father's study, and told him about the boy, and asked him to give me something for him. Looking up from his books and papers he said, 'Indeed I cannot. I have all our Protestant school children and our own poor to help, and I really cannot do anything for

the lad.' However, as I turned crestfallen to the door, he called after me, 'Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, and to give it to the boy, you may; and go ask your mother to find some old things to clothe him in!' Off I went delighted, and gave the lad my dinner. And now, when I hear of large sums given in so-called charity, I think of my father's words, 'Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, you can give it to the lad.'"

William Magee, after three years at school at Kilkenny, entered Trinity College, Dublin, in November, 1835. Of his life, as an undergraduate, there is little to record. There is not a single letter to or from him at that time forthcoming; and his contemporaries, to several of whom I applied, can give nothing but general impressions of him as a bright, witty and genial companion. He had not the character of a hard reader at college studies, and few knew that he was devouring all manner of books, unconnected with the college course, and storing them in a most retentive memory. He would probably have done more in the way of collegiate honours if his father had lived; but he died when his son William had been only a year and a half in college. He seems to have worked for the following year very steadily, as he obtained a classical scholarship at Midsummer 1838. He was then only in his seventeenth year. He had entered college, as he himself often complained, too early to take full advantage of its studies; and his father's death left him too much his own master. But the scholarship course exactly suited him. It required no extensive reading in collateral business, but an intelligent knowledge of the text of a large number of Greek and Latin authors.*

After obtaining his scholarship, which lasted for five years, William Magee settled down into a routine life of desultory reading, and made no effort to obtain a high place at the degree examination; but the year after that examination he went in for Archbishop King's Divinity prize and was far ahead of all competitors.†

He astonished his examiners by the accuracy of his theological answers; and at times by answering in a way that showed his memory had retained whole pages verbatim. It was a joke made

* It included six Greek plays, four volumes of Demosthenes, most of Homer's "Iliad," and a good portion of the Odyssey, Lucian, Xenophon, and the Greek Testament. In Latin it included all Horace and Virgil, and large selections from Cicero, Juvenal, and Persius, Terence, Livy, and Sallust.

† The course for this prize was a very long one, and included all the usual books on Evidences and Prophecy.

against him at the time in college that he must have learnt to read out of his grandfather's work upon the Atonement, as he could not otherwise have known the book so accurately.

As he could not be ordained till he was twenty-three (a year after the termination of his scholarship) he lingered on in his college rooms, attending occasional lectures, and preparing for his ordination. He must have been a resident in Trinity College for fully eight years from his entrance, and he parted from his rooms with the greatest reluctance. He never was fond of athletic sports, but whenever he got to the country, especially among friends and relatives in Donegal, he indulged his taste for fishing. His chief amusement in college was playing whist with some intimate friends. At this time none of Magee's contemporaries seem to have anticipated his future eminence, though all knew his quickness and his powers of memory. There was a story current that some student made a wager that if Magee walked once down any street with shops or houses of professional men, he would repeat all the names in order. If I remember rightly York Street was chosen for the purpose, where every door bore the name of either a doctor or a solicitor; and Magee was led down one side and up the other, and repeated every name at the end accurately and in order.

The monotony of Magee's employments, after he had obtained Archbishop King's theological prize, was broken by one most important movement which largely coloured his after-life, and led to the cultivation of his great oratorical gifts. The College Historical Society which, like the Cambridge and the Oxford "Unions," was a society rather for the cultivation of debate than of history, had come to grief in the early part of the century. Several of the members, including the famous but unfortunate Robert Emmett, had made the debates an opportunity for advocating treasonable doctrines. The College authorities took the alarm, and Provost Elrington came down and locked up the room where they met and dissolved the society.

Afterwards, in more peaceful times, the students sought to make amends for their loss by forming a society outside the walls of the College and the jurisdiction of the University. For in Dublin, unlike Oxford and Cambridge, the University has no power outside the College precincts, and provided the students are guilty of no misdemeanour and return to their College at proper hours, they cannot be interfered with. Various attempts were made to restore

the College Historical Society to its old status as a recognised University institution, meeting within the walls of Trinity College; but the authorities were afraid, and thought it better that it should debate in places where they were not responsible for its proceedings.

Magee was one of a few who commenced a fresh agitation when Dr. Sadleir was Provost of Trinity. He was decidedly favourable to the restoration of the College Historical Society, as was also Dr. MacDonnell who succeeded him as Provost. Some of the other members of the Hebdomadal Board were more timid or cautious, and were not easily converted to the movement. In this agitation Magee was associated with H. E. Chatterton, now Vice-Chancellor of Ireland, Henry Jellett, now Dean of St. Patrick's, and myself.

This movement was the first occasion of my intimacy with Magee. We had known little of one another during our undergraduate course. In the negotiations that went on about the Historical Society we formed that intimacy which was never interrupted for half a century. He had already distinguished himself in the exiled society, outside the walls of Trinity College, Dublin, as a ready speaker.

It was the business of the auditor (as the president in the older Society was called), to deliver an address at the opening of the Session. It was resolved among the few promoters of the change, who were only numerous enough to form a committee, to make Magee auditor, and to trust to him to forward their cause by his opening address. With him Henry Jellett was associated as the first treasurer, and I was the first secretary.

It was a memorable evening in the student history of Trinity College, when the Society met once more, after more than thirty years' exile, in the same beautiful room, over the entrance of the dining hall, out of which it had been ignominously locked.

Strange to say the return of the Society was not popular among many of the students. They were unwilling to give up the freedom from collegiate control which they had enjoyed outside the walls. Magee's task, then, was a difficult and a delicate one as he had to please and thank the Heads of the College who had shown such a readiness to welcome back their prodigal children, but who showed their caution by tying them down with very rigid rules, and at the same time to conciliate the more restive spirits who chafed under the idea of any restraints.

The meeting was crowded. Provost Sadleir himself took the chair. Magee's address was completely successful, and at least

silenced, if it did not at once convince, all the gainsayers. It was the first of a long series of oratorical triumphs. From that day the success of the Society was complete. The College soon after gave the Society a separate building, with a library and committee-rooms, for its own use. Members flocked in, and it became the famous institution it still is—the training-ground not only of the judges and bishops, but of many useful men in less exalted spheres.

The address occupied more than an hour in delivery. But though it has not the epigrammatic terseness which characterises the style of his prepared addresses in later life, it held his audience enchained in rapt attention, and sealed the success of the Historical Society. I quote the following passage, because it shows his ideas about the sacred profession he was about to enter. How little he dreamed that twenty-five years after (almost to the day) he would receive consecration to an English bishopric, from an Archbishop of York whom he was destined to succeed.*

> But while I would thus call upon you all to seek so noble an object, there are those present to whom these remarks apply with peculiar force. Need I say that I allude to those among you who are destined to the sacred office of the ministry? To you then, who now stand between the porch and the altar, and who will shortly be called on to dispense the solemn mysteries, to proclaim the glorious truths of religion; to you I would say, the scene of your future labours presents no prospect of calm and pious retirement, of peaceful ministrations, such as in former times have been enjoyed by the pastors of the Church; you are about to enter on a scene of conflict; the Church, of which you will soon be the ministers, is beset by many an active and powerful foe, and you will ere long be painfully reminded that the duty of a pastor is to guard as well as to feed his flock, to maintain truth against its inveterate foes, as well as to urge it on reluctant or lukewarm friends.
>
> In these days then, the men who take upon themselves the office of teaching, should be men of lofty and glowing eloquence, as well as deep and fervid piety; men who may not only adorn the Church by their virtues, but defend her by their talents. It will be your duty to guard the pure fount of truth against those who would seek to close it for ever, or those still more insidious foes who would strive to poison it at its source; each new form of error you must detect and oppose, each fresh assault of vice or irreligion you must repel. It will be your task to command the respect of the sceptical philosopher, to win the affec-

* This speech was delivered on November 16, 1843; he was consecrated at Whitehall, November 15, 1868.

tion of the humble and illiterate peasant, and to bring all alike to own the power and the beauty of religion.

Remember that the Church into which you are entering has ever been the sure asylum of eloquence.

. . . . . .

And surely never was there a nobler field for the exercise of Christian eloquence, than that now before you. Oh! many a noble task, as well as many a solemn duty, awaits you in your sacred office. It may be yours to go forth hence into the dark dwellings of ignorance and crime, where misery seems to have taken her abode for ever; where at each step some strange form of wickedness, some new shape of disease or suffering meets your pitying gaze, and there to proclaim the sweet tidings of peace and hope, to ears all unused to such blissful sounds. Or when some moral leprosy spreads far and wide throughout the land, consuming the very vital principle of society, and reducing by its foul contagion the whole community from a healthful body to a mass of corruption; then it may be your task to come forth from before the altar, and bearing in your hands the pure incense of religion, to stand between the living and the dead, and stay the plague that has begun.

And if a time should come when the wild stream of democratic fury should beat against the noble edifice of our constitution; and the voice of a misguided people, rising like the roar of many waters, should demand the destruction of all we hold dear, then it shall be your glorious task to pour upon the troubled waters of strife and fury the oil of Christian peace and charity, and in humble imitation of your great Master, to rebuke, in His name, the waves and the winds, and command a great calm.

Such are the noble tasks that await the Christian orator; such are the glorious triumphs to be won beneath the banner of the Cross: tasks worthy to engage the proudest intellects, the loftiest genius that ever dwelt in human form—bright triumphs of mercy and of peace, such as angels love to look upon.

For the first year as auditor Magee watched over the Society, and frequently took part in the debates which attracted crowded audiences, and awakened great enthusiasm among the students. His readiness in reply and other gifts were very rapidly developed.

The following is the only letter preserved from this period:

To the Rev. Henry Jellett.

"12 Trinity College, *December* 9, 1844.

"My dear Jellett,—I write this letter to you sitting among the melancholy ruins of old No. 12, nearly all my furniture, books,

&c., having been transferred to Buckingham Street, and the rest lying about waiting for the float to carry them off. I did not expect to feel so much leaving the old place, but I do. I am besides out of spirits from other causes. Yesterday morning I attended the funeral of my little step-brother Robert, a fine boy of about eleven years of age; you might have seen him with me last year. This is the third death in our family within the year. I have a strange presentiment that mine will be the next, and that soon. It has been a fearful blow to the poor mother, losing two of her children in so short a time—'mourning for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not.'

"I am myself busy preparing for my ordination, which will take place next Sunday week.

"Of course you will not be surprised to hear that I who intended to have so many sermons written have not yet finished my first. *I cannot write.*

"But I am happy to say that old Dr. Wilson* reported very favourably of my knowledge to the Archbishop who is to examine me himself next week. He says that I had read Paul's Epistles carefully and well.

"The Historical Society flourishes beyond my hopes.—Believe me, dear Jellett, ever your sincerely attached friend,

"W. C. Magee."

At the Christmas ordination, 1844, Magee, who had previously been examined by Archbishop Whately and his chaplains, went on letters dimissory to Chester, where he was ordained a deacon by the Bishop (Sumner), who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Thus he received his first step in orders from a bishop in that branch of the Church in which twenty-four years after he was to exercise the functions of a bishop himself. He had only attained the requisite age (twenty-three) in the beginning of the week in which he was ordained. He returned to Dublin to commence his ministry as curate of the populous parish of St. Thomas, Dublin, of which his uncle Archdeacon Magee was rector. He received priest's orders in the Ember-week before Christmas 1845, again taking letters dimissory from the Archbishop of Dublin, but this time to an Irish bishop, Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam, uncle to the present Archbishop of Dublin. An amusing anecdote of

* Archbishop Whately's examining chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cork.

Magee's visit to Tuam is told by some of those who were ordained with him. The Bishop invited all that were ordained to dine with him after the ordination. Then came a practical question how the young men were to get down to the palace. It was a very short distance from their hotel, and they had all intended to walk. But it was a pitch dark evening in midwinter, and the streets of the little town were a sea of liquid mud. Most of them decided to engage carriages from the hotel, but Magee refused to join them and said he would walk. When the others arrived at the palace they found him there before them, without a spot on his dress shoes. They could not make out how he had managed. At last when pressed he told them: "I went down to the hotel door and saw some strong fellows loafing about, and I called one of them and offered him sixpence to carry me to the palace; so I got on his back and he landed me safely at the Bishop's door!"

Magee's first sermon after his ordination as deacon was preached at St. Thomas's Church. Some of his old College Historical Society friends went down to hear him. They all returned greatly pleased with their "Auditor" in the pulpit. This sermon was carefully written out, but he soon gave up reading from a manuscript. His system for many years was to help the process of thinking out his subject by writing down his thoughts. Then he seldom looked again at what he had written, except for the purpose of making notes of it. He often entirely inverted in these notes the order and arrangement of his subject, but he never either copied or committed to memory any of his written MSS. But it was marvellous how, without doing so, whole sentences and paragraphs were delivered almost verbatim as he had originally written them. After hearing one of his sermons in those days I asked him for the original manuscript, and found, as I have said, whole paragraphs which seemed to me to be an accurate report of what I had just heard, but the arrangement was different, and he assured me he had never read it over after writing it, though the sentences came in the same form to his lips.

In the summer of 1846 he came to spend a week with me, where I was curate at Fenagh, in the county Carlow, and on the Sunday he preached in Fenagh Church for the schools of the parish. He was a great upholder of scriptural education as then given under the auspices of the Church Education Society. The controversy about religious education was at its height in Ireland, long before it could be said to have begun in England. We shall say more

about it when we come to record Magee's experiences as rector of Enniskillen.

He chose as his text at Fenagh those remarkable words in Isaiah l. 10, 11, which seem written for all time, if not more especially applicable to our own day. He dwelt with marvellous force upon the words, "All ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks," as a type of unsanctified secular knowledge, and its fate as described in the words that follow: "Walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow." No one who heard that sermon could doubt that the preacher would be one of the greatest preachers of his day.

Few reminiscences are preserved of Magee's two years of active parish work at St. Thomas's, from Christmas 1844 to end of 1846. None of his letters have been preserved, and I saw little of him myself, as I was not much in Dublin. But it was then that he not only developed his talent for preaching, but learned the real work of a laborious parish, under circumstances much less agreeable than those of his subsequent ministry in Bath. His work at St. Thomas's was interrupted by circumstances that changed the whole course of his future life, and led to his ultimate migration to England.

CHAPTER II

LETTERS FROM SPAIN

The close of 1846 brought a great change, and an anxious crisis in Magee's life. He was attacked by some affection of the throat, accompanied by cough and derangement of the chest. His physicians were afraid that this disease might spread downwards, and develop into pulmonary consumption. They recommended him to go to the south of Spain for the remainder of the winter, and if necessary for a second winter. The advice of the physicians was justified by its success. But in order to appreciate the following letters, it must be borne in mind that the danger was real, and the result of his illness regarded as most doubtful by Magee himself and his friends. Happily the leisure of this sojourn in Spain led to his writing a number of letters, many of which have been preserved. I have printed only those passages—about one-fifth of the whole—which throw light on the character and opinions of the man, and which record the impression made upon his mind by the state of religion and society in Spain. In no other period of his life have we such a wealth of correspondence to select from. In this case I am happily saved from the necessity of giving any narrative of my own, but I would premise that Seville and the Alhambra made such a vivid impression upon his mind that the recollection of them coloured all his after life, while the study of the Spanish language and literature never lost its charm for him.

I would also remind the reader that the opinions expressed are not to be regarded as mature opinions, but as passing impressions and rapid judgments, all the more vivid and interesting because written on the impulse of the moment, but never intended for the eye of any one except most intimate friends.

To his Sisters.

"Bay of Biscay,
"*Monday, March* 1, 1847.

"Here I am in the middle of the famous 'Bay,' not suffering much, as you may see, from sea-sickness or rough weather, for though my writing is a little shaky, the ship is rolling less than I have often felt in the steamer to Liverpool.

"My fellow passengers are a motley set, coming from and bound to all parts of the world. A merchant from Hong Kong, an army agent returned from Barbadoes, a young midshipman who was wrecked, two or three tourists, very green, and reading Spanish guide-books and vocabularies very busily, a fine old navy captain, who takes a great interest in my health and always hopes I have been sea-sick, as he knows it is 'good for the lungs.' Stace and myself make up the lot.

"As for my health it is decidedly benefited by the sea air. I have hardly coughed since I left Southampton. Now that the fret and worry of preparation and the grief of parting are past, I am in pretty good spirits, and look forward with some courage to my lonely exile. As I hear there is a regular post from Gib to Malaga I will keep it pretty busy. Yesterday we had prayers in the cabin, the captain officiating. My profession being unknown, I was not asked to officiate, and preferring to make one of the congregation, I did not volunteer. It is a pleasant and a solemn sight, this prayer at sea. The whole ship's crew so clean and neat and so respectful and attentive (sailors always are so), all joining in the service audibly, and then the sound of the rushing waves and wind without, and the thought they bring that there is but a thin plank between those worshippers and the great deep, causes us to realise a sense of dependence and trust in Him who 'holdeth the winds in the hollow of His hand.' How I love our service, so beautiful and so well suited to all times and places! As I prayed in the Litany for all who travelled by land and by water, and thought how from many a lonely ship that prayer was rising, and how many thousands of fellow Christians at home were uttering that prayer for us, and how there might be those whom I loved whose hearts were with me on the deep while uttering that prayer, as mine went home to them, I felt what a glorious thing was the Communion of Saints, and how full of that spirit of communion must those have been who gave us our Liturgy. How

far so ever distant we may be, we have an *electric telegraph* in our prayer book, and every Sunday at twelve o'clock I shall use mine, and join in the spirit those from whom I am absent in the body."

"GIBRALTAR, *March* 6, 1847.

"We got to Lisbon on Wednesday night, and on Thursday morning as soon as we had got *pratique*—which means as soon as the custom house officers had satisfied themselves that we had neither got the plague nor smuggled goods on board—Stace and I set off for a scamper through Lisbon.

"The chief sights in Lisbon as in all Spanish and Portuguese towns are the churches and cathedrals, and of them we went to five or six. The finest for internal decoration is that of San Roque; the finest for architecture is that of La Sé; it is the only thing approaching to fine architecture in Lisbon, where the buildings are generally in very bad taste. The quantity of painting and gilding, to a Protestant eye at least, has a tawdry effect, though the absence of pews is a wonderful improvement. It is very striking, that lofty nave, with its tall white marble pillars and arches beautifully carved and the few figures dotted here and there kneeling on the ground—surely pews are, if necessary, a necessary evil. And then the theatrical attitude of the worshippers! One old beggar knelt in the centre of the church with both arms stretched out and his head uplifted like the picture of Moses praying for the victory of the Israelites; and then rich and poor kneel together as if they acknowledged that 'God was the maker of all.' Certainly the Romish cathedral has all the poetry of a sensual religion, but the idolatry is revolting. In every church I was in the worshippers were all kneeling at the shrine of some favourite saint, hardly any before the crucifix.

"The next day, Friday, we were running down the Spanish coast, the sea like glass and the sun shining brightly. We passed two empty boats floating keel upwards, sad signs of shipwreck, and contrasting strangely with calm sea and lovely sky. There have been several wrecks lately, and one the steamer which left Gibraltar when we left Southampton, wrecked at Oporto and three of the passengers drowned. We have been mercifully preserved. At 5 o'clock we anchored at Cadiz harbour.

"At 6 o'clock this morning we anchored off the famous rock of Gibraltar. A wonderful place it surely is, with its great lofty summit all bare and rugged, and its perpendicular face bristling with guns

down to the water's edge; where batteries and guns and sentries, stuck in every conceivable and inconceivable place, remind you that you are entering the greatest fortress in the world.

"Gibraltar is a rendezvous for all nations and the population is exceedingly picturesque in consequence; Moors, Jews, Spaniards, Genoese, Greeks, English soldiers and sailors and civilians, all mixed together like a large masquerade party. Of all the inhabitants or visitors the Moors are by far the handsomest, the best dressed, and the most gentleman-like. Tall, manly fellows, most of them six feet high, with regular and strikingly handsome features, long black beards and moustaches, and then their snow white turbans and dark blue cloaks, red trousers, and yellow morocco slippers; and they walk about so calmly and so lordlike, I could fancy them to be emperors or patriarchs on their travels. I can understand Desdemona preferring such a noble Moor to any smirking, skimpy-coated Italian that she had ever seen.

. . . . . .

"The most useful acquaintance that I made at Gibraltar was that of Attorney-General Mr. Costello, to whom I brought a letter of introduction from Dr. MacDonnell. He was exceedingly kind to me, lent me a horse and rode out with me every day, showing me everything worth seeing. This was a great advantage to me, as without a horse it is impossible to explore the environs of Gibraltar, and without a guide I should not have known where to go. I had several pleasant rides into Spain with him. To the famous Cork Wood was the first excursion, a large forest of cork and ash trees about eight miles from Gibraltar. We visited the convent of Almoraima, about three miles in the interior of this forest, once inhabited by a flourishing community of monks, but since then the convents of Spain have been confiscated and the monks turned adrift. It is now a ruinous building inhabited by one solitary *padre*, 'the last rose of summer.'"

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Malaga, *March* 25, 1847.

"I arrived here on Sunday evening last from Gibraltar in a felucca, not an unpleasant way of travelling a short distance, though certainly not very desirable for a long voyage or for bad weather.

"I spent rather a curious night at sea, down in the hold, my bed made of two sails stretched over some boxes and my bedding

of my outer coats, the sailors sleeping all round me, and at the other end of my couch, like Ruth with Boaz, a female passenger. The lady did not seem at all discomposed, so of course it would not do for me to have affected any feeling on the subject, so I lay down very philosophically and tried to go to sleep, but for some time this was impossible as the sailors all gathered round my bed to play cards and smoke their eternal *cigaritos*. It really was a picturesque and Murillo-like scene, those fellows with their wild strange dresses and bandit-like faces squatted round a small lamp on the floor that threw its flickering light on their brown physiognomies, and playing as eagerly and as savagely as their betters; and then your humble servant and the lady made a very interesting background to the picture. Long after I fell asleep I was woke from time to time by some sailor creeping over me to light his cigar at the lamp or to take his hand at cards.

"You would have laughed to have heard me talking to the captain of the felucca. He spoke no English, I spoke no Spanish, but he knew a little French, so did I, and accordingly we conversed in a splendid Anglo-Spanish-French, a sort of mosaic language that would have puzzled Sir William Jones or the man who writes Bagster's polyglot Bibles.

"The felucca sailed well and at 2 o'clock we anchored in Malaga Bay. I thought my troubles were over, and that I had nothing to do but to land. No such thing; we had to wait two hours before the boat of health (I call it the plague boat) would come off to give us *pratique*. At last they came along side, looked at us and having in that passing glance assured themselves that we had no disease, let us land. But it was Sunday, no Custom-house officers would examine our boxes. Nothing could be landed, not even a dressing-case. I went to the hotel kept by an Englishman, borrowed his razors, etc., and having secured his assistance at the Custom-house for to-day, I went to bed. This morning my troubles began again. My host, who had promised to get my luggage passed for me, asked me had I any 'religious books.' 'Yes,' I said, 'plenty.' That was bad; Spanish authorities objected to religious books; in fact, they were contraband. However, he knew the officers and would manage it for me, that is if I had no Spanish Testament or Bibles; if I had, all my luggage would be seized and perhaps confiscated. This was startling news for me. I thought very ruefully of the five Spanish Testaments that were in the corner of my chest. What was I to do? I must go on board early and take them out. Accordingly I started

early this morning, and rowed off to the vessel; but when I got alongside, the first thing I saw was the ugly face and uglier uniform of a *carabinero* (coastguard) looking over the side.

"This was a bad job. However, I made the best of it. I went down to the hold, three of the sailors and this odious *carabinero* following me. I opened the chest, groped about until I found the Testaments, left them together near the top, took out a couple of hair brushes and locked the box. The *carabinero* thought all right and went on deck. As quickly as I could I opened the box, whipped out the Testaments, dropped them on the floor, and as I could not speak Spanish I *winked* at the sailors and pointed first to the books and then to the deck where the *carabinero* was. In an instant each sailor had a Testament hid in his sash, and as I got over the ship's side they helped me over and the books dropped into the boat. The boatman, without one word being spoken, when he had rowed out of sight popped the Testaments into his sash and walked after me to the hotel, and so I smuggled my Testaments and learned a valuable piece of information for travellers—that all people understand a wink and all hate the Custom-house.

"The Spaniards, *i.e.*, the peasantry, are very like the Irish; they take the world as it comes and never think of mending it. It does them well enough; why should they bother themselves trying improvements? They are a fine set of men, the Spanish peasantry, and might become a noble nation if they had but a creed and a constitution. They are hardy, active, good-mannered, intelligent fellows, as patient as the Irish and far more sober. I have not seen a drunken Spaniard yet. Excepting this one point, they remind me exceedingly of the Irish peasantry in the west of Ireland. A Spanish peasant is like an Irish peasant, naturally a *gentleman*. You never pass a Spaniard without a salute and a '*Vaya con Dios, caballero*.' 'May you go with God, sir,' very like our Irish 'God save you,' and no Spaniard, high or low, will sit down to eat without first asking the bystanders to join him. The poor man will offer you a share of his garlic and brown bread with as much courtesy as a rich man would use in asking his friends to turtle and venison, and it is a mortal offence to commence eating before a Spaniard and not ask him to join you. I had a share of the sailors' breakfast of bread and fish on board the felucca and they drank my sherry, giving me in return a drink of their Alicante wine. There was no favour on either side, it was a matter of course.

"There is nothing to equal the beauty of a really beautiful Englishwoman; at least no foreign face that I have seen can compare with our home beauties, but then these latter are rare and their dress hides half their beauty; but the Spanish ladies and women of the middle class are nearly all handsome and many very lovely, and then their dress would make a plain woman look handsome. Nothing can exceed the graceful dress and air of a Spanish lady; their walk is enchanting, neither the stride of an Englishwoman, nor the hop of a Frenchwoman, it is a *walk* and a walk of their own. The only thing I know in nature to compare them to are black swans; as they glide about in their black satin dresses and black mantillas they seem like graceful swans upon a lake. They have too the high bred look of the swan, no flirting, giggling, affected manner, but graceful and queenlike as if they were quite accustomed to see all the world at their feet. The Spanish women are beautiful and the Malagese are among the most beautiful of these Spanish women—they are the *hechiceras* as they call themselves, the witches of Malaga. So much for Spanish beauty. The lower orders are universally ugly because, like our own countrywomen, they are hard-worked, ill-fed, and grow prematurely old.

"The Spanish soldiers are actually ridiculous. They are brown scare-crows dressed in blue bed-gowns rather the worse for wear. These are the ordinary troops. Some crack regiments wear a very stylish uniform, a cross between an artilleryman's (British uniform) and a tailor's pattern book. I counted on one man eight different colours, yellow, red, and green predominating; he reminded me of a favourite comparison of Woodroffe's, who would have likened him to a man who had 'sliddered down a rainbow and been kicked into a dyer's vat.'

"I suffer occasionally from severe fits of home sickness. But it will not do to give myself up to it. I must struggle against it and instead of repining at my lonely exile be thankful that God has given me means and opportunity to make this effort to recover health. However, you must remember that one of the best remedies for the disease is a good long letter from home, and as the doctors say, *Repetetur haustus.*

"Palm trees grow here to a great size, and give quite an African character to the scenery, though they contrast strangely with the tall chimneys of the iron works and factories which the English have established here. The tall red brick chimney sending out its column of black smoke looks quite out of place in a grove of palm

trees or a vineyard. Birmingham and Africa, though wedded here, seem a very ill-assorted couple.

"This was a great fête day here, 'La Concepcion'; so I went to the cathedral to see the show. The cathedral is a very fine one indeed inside, the exterior, like all the Spanish churches I have yet seen, in vile bad taste, and like everything Spanish not finished; but the inside is magnificent, with more of good taste and less of tawdriness than Roman Catholic churches generally exhibit. I came in time to see the procession of priests all round the church with lighted tapers. I am sorry to say that it reminded me irresistibly of the chorus of priests in 'Norma,' and the idea was strengthened by the music, violoncellos and clarionets and violins, playing all kinds of opera airs. It only wanted a Norma to make it perfect.

"What a mere spectacle the Roman Catholic worship is, and how admirably suited to the sight-loving, childish people of Spain and Italy!

"Among the few interesting sights in Malaga is the English burying ground, wrung from the orthodox bigotry of the Spaniards by the British Consul here. Before he begged this spot of ground the only burial place allowed to heretical bodies by the liberal Romish Church was the sea sand at low water mark. The dust of heretics might not pollute the Christian soil of Spain. For my part, if it were not for the feelings of my relatives, I had as lief rest in the sea sand under the ever-murmuring waters as in the ornamented and flower-planted cemetery.

"Although the inns are dirty the houses of the Spanish peasantry are very clean and well white-washed, and the people themselves are tolerably clean in their persons, though they certainly are not *particular* in some of their habits. I have not time by this post to write to Henry Jellett or Poole as I had hoped to have done. As there is nothing to say very private or confidential in this you may, if you like, send it to either or both; and if you do, stir them up to write to me. —Ever, dear MacDonnell, your very sincerely attached friend, "W. C. MAGEE."

To his Sisters.

"MALAGA, *May* 9, 1847.

"I felt of course a little poetic as I entered Alhama. You remember it was the first city the Christians won from the Moors, the city whose loss they used to lament in the ballad that Byron translated—'Ay, de mi Alhama!' We had the same scene over again at the *posada*, the same supper and the same bed. I am

sure the old Moorish king never said 'Ay, de mi Alhama!' more from his heart than I did that night in bed. I wished for an invasion of Moorish insects that they might wage war upon the Christian ones and give me a respite. Next morning we set off early; we had seven leagues to ride, but at the end of our journey was Granada. How impatient I was—how I spurred my horse, and groaned because he would not go fast. At last, as we reached the top of a low ridge of hills, I heard my fellow traveller say: '*There is Granada.*' And there it was. What a lovely view! Immediately before us lay the beautiful *Vega*—the long narrow valley that surrounds the city, stretching far away to the right and left as far as the eye could reach, all green with its rich crops, and studded here and there with its white convents and chapels and villages peeping from among the trees—the famous plain which the Christian and Moorish cavaliers had so often made their battlefield. Far to the left I could see the Convent of Sta. Fé, where Columbus on the eve of the surrender of Granada signed his compact with Ferdinand and Isabella for the discovery of America; and still further in the distance the Soto de Roma, the estate that the Cortes granted to the Duke of Wellington for freeing Spain from worse rulers than the Moors; and right opposite me on the slope of a low mountain range that formed the other boundary of the valley lay Granada, with the Moorish minarets and Spanish domes shining in the bright sun, and the dark red towers of the Alhambra surrounded by its green trees and gardens; and far above all, a fit background to such a picture, towered the Sierra Nevada, 14,000 feet high. It was such a scene as a man sees but once in his lifetime. For two long leagues did we ride through the glorious *Vega*, and at last, at long last, I found myself in Granada.

"You may suppose that I was not long in engaging a guide to show me the lions. At six o'clock the next morning I was walking with Mr. Mateo Ximenes, the celebrated guide that Washington Irving has immortalised, up the steep narrow street that leads to the Alhambra. There is nothing at all striking in the exterior of the Alhambra; all you see is two or three red brick towers. Moorish architecture has nothing of massiveness or grandeur; its type is *beauty*, internal decorations, irregular wild ornament, but outside little and insignificant looking. I passed under the horse-shoe arch of the Gate of Justice and came out upon a wide open square where once was the Moorish kings' palace, but where now stands a huge lumbering Flemish palace built by Charles V. out of

the stones of the Alhambra! Only two towers of the Moorish buildings are left; under one of these I went down a little flight of stone steps and found myself in the Sala de Alberkah—the Hall of Blessing—an open uncovered *patio*, with the centre nearly taken up by a fish-pond, and round it ran a narrow gallery supported on slender Moorish pillars of different thickness and at irregular distances; that was all. But the beauty of the decorations! The walls lined towards the ground with the beautiful *azulejo*, the painted tiles, the arches filled up with the most delicate lacework in stucco, and the ceiling of the gallery of exquisite wood carving with its colours as bright as the first day they were laid on. It is this wonderful embroidery and lace-work in stucco that makes the great charm of the Alhambra. I can only compare it to a sketch of a palace made upon a window covered with hoar frost, the light fantastic frost-work filling up the spaces between the lines you draw. From this hall we went on to the Hall of the Ambassadors, a fine room about forty feet high with its roof covered with rich coloured stucco-work hanging down like stalactites; and then into the famous Court of the Lions. That is the most admired part of the Alhambra, the lion of the palace. A lovely court it is, with its hundred and thirty pillars, so light and slender that they seem unequal to the task of supporting the arches; and the famous fountain of the lions in the centre. But what pleased me most was the Hall of the Two Sisters and the Sultana's palace, two exquisite little rooms, once the bedrooms of two Moorish princesses, that open on either side of the Hall of the Abencerrages, the hall where the King Boabdil murdered thirty of the Abencerrages. A deep red stain marks the marble of the fountain in the centre, where, *they say*, the heads of the princes fell one by one as they were beheaded on its margin. The ornamental work here was rich beyond all description, and above these was the Sultana's dressing-room. All these are in one square tower built on the edge of the ravine that separates the Alhambra from the old Moorish quarter of the town. Through this ravine flows the river Darro, and the windows look out on a lovely little garden, with its fountain, and the river flowing below; and on the other side there is a splendid view down the Vega and over the whole town. This was the tower where the Sultana Ayesha used to sit to watch for the return of her son Boabdil from battle; and in the garden below, the Zegri princesses used to listen to the songs of the Christian knights imprisoned in the opposite tower—the Torre de los Cautivos. I really felt

romantic and poetical as I stood in the deep embrasure of one of these windows and looked out upon the clear fountain playing in the moonlight among the roses and myrtles, and thought of the Leilas and Zoraidas, the princesses and knights, the Hamets and the Alfonsos that had loved or hoped or feared there long ago. In this world of dull sad prose the Alhambra seems the only unreal thing—a place to forget railroads and stocks, debates and measures, controversy, sermons, business—to forget, in short, that you are an unfortunate man with a present and a future, and to give yourself up to the beautiful and the glorious past. Then to see the sun set from the Alhambra, tingeing the snowy mountains with a beautiful rose colour and throwing out in bright relief every tower and quaint old Moorish house, and then to watch the shadows falling over the dark green *Vega!* Oh, the Alhambra is a glorious place; it is worth a pilgrimage from the furthest part of the world.

"All this, you see, was very romantic and very poetical. If I had been a poet I would have made verses, but being only a curate I said nothing, but slowly walked after my guides.

"I have returned *intoxicated* with pleasure. The only idea I can give you of the Alhambra and its scenery would be to imagine the ruins of the palace of Aladdin in the Garden of Eden. After the Alhambra there is but one sight worth seeing in Granada—at least, that comes at all near it in interest. It is the Capella de los Reyes, the chapel where Ferdinand and Isabella lie buried. I have laid my hand on the coffin of the wise Ferdinand and the good Isabella; I have had Ferdinand's crown on my head, and his sword in my hand. That is all that now remains of two mighty dynasties, of their wars and conquests—the tottering, crumbling palace of the Moor, the crumbling, mouldering coffin of the conqueror. 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.' I spent three days more sauntering through Granada, attended by Mateo and listening to his endless tales and legends.

"There is a museum of modern paintings, the most singular collection of hideous sign-post daubs imaginable. They are very proud of these, particularly of some raw and bloody pictures of Catholics martyred by Henry VIII. of England; fearful exhibitions of badly drawn heretics sawing, gutting, and flaying very crooked and distorted Catholics, calculated to inspire, like our Foxe's martyrs, a hatred for heterodox persecutions and a taste for bad pictures. I enjoyed a ride up the valley of the Xenil river towards the snowy mountains, a magnificent mountain gorge, the scenery quite Alpine,

the trees and plants all *homelike*, the sweetbriar and dog-rose and southern-wood replacing the cactus and aloe; the people in the villages with *goîtres* just as in Switzerland. After seeing all that was to be seen, wandering through all the shady walks in the groves of the Alhambra, listening to the nightingales, and looking at the Spanish girls dancing to the castanets, with my head full of romance I set off on my way back.

Whitwell stopped at Granada, so I had to go back alone. I have been since told that I did a very rash thing, but all the adventure I met with was once losing my way. I travelled it in two days, stopping once more among the fleas of Alhama, and right glad I was to find myself safe and sound once more in the hotel at Malaga.

"Next week there are to be grand processions; it is one of their great festivals. This whole month is consecrated to the Virgin Mary, and is a favourable one for the souls in purgatory. In most of the churches I see little placards stuck up, with this notice: 'Hoy saca ánima' ('To-day you may pull out a soul'); that is to say, of course, 'Pull out your purse;' and little boys at the doors shake boxes before you with 'Para las ánimas' printed on them. There is one saint in the Spanish calendar whom I have half a mind to give a couple of candles to myself. He is St. Somebody—I forget his name—'Avogado contra las chinches' ('Intercessor against large fleas!'), but I fear, like all Spaniards, saints and sinners, he takes his money and does nothing for it—at least, to judge from the state of the country where he is Avogado!—Ever, dearest sisters, your fond brother, W. C. Magee."

"Ronda, *June* 7, 1847.

"You see from the date of this that I have at last made my long-intended change of residence, and am settled for the summer at Ronda. You will be glad to hear that I am in the same house with Mr. and Mrs. Hazzard.

"I am in every way very comfortable. The Hazzards are very pleasant people, and know all my acquaintances, and we get on very well together; and to my great delight we have prayers every evening. I feel almost a Christian clergyman again in this truly heathen country. You see your wish that I should meet with friends in Spain is amply fulfilled. I have great reason to thank God for all the mercies He has mingled for me in the trial which He has thought right to try me with. As yet, wherever I have gone

I have met with kind friends or agreeable acquaintances, and found my way made smooth when I least hoped for it.

"I have a long story to tell you about my travels and sight-seeing since I last wrote to you. Let me begin by describing Ronda. I am now in the wildest of all the wild mountain scenery in Spain. Ronda is like an eagle's nest perched on the edge of a precipice. The bridge which spans the river of Ronda is 600 feet high; and standing on it, I look down a deep dark chasm bordered with wild fig trees and vines; and far, far below me dashes and foams the sparkling river, falling in a cascade like a silvery shower over the brown rocks and among the dark green trees, turning as it goes the wheels of some dozen of picturesque looking Moorish mills, and then winding its way under old olives and great walnut trees that look from this great height like little shrubs. It is as wild and savagely beautiful a scene as you can imagine, and as if to finish completely this wild picture, large vultures are constantly soaring about among the rocks, brought here to feed luxuriously on the bodies of *thirty-two horses* killed here last month in the bull fights and flung down the steep rocks below the *Alameda*. How I wish that I could sketch, that I might give you some idea of the wild grandeur of Ronda and its *serrania* of dark blue mountains. This was one of the chief strongholds of the Moors, and there are still the remains of the Moorish palace and Moorish fortifications. The climate is delightfully cool, though a little windy, just like fine June weather at home, and a very pleasant change from the oppressive heat of Malaga. The thermometer stands generally at sixty-eight degrees, and I can take exercise at all times of the day and I am within two days' ride of Gibraltar; and, as this is the central depot of all the *smugglers*, I can get whatever I want from Gibraltar very easily and very cheap.

"This mountain range is the great haunt both for smugglers and robbers, who abound here more than in any part of Spain. Last week a company of robbers were taken prisoners a league from Gancia, about twenty-five miles from this, in a *venta* where they had stationed themselves with the laudable purpose of robbing every traveller who passed by that day, when they were surprised by some *carabineros;* they had secured *thirty* travellers, each of whom, as they came by, they had robbed and then tied in the *venta* to prevent his giving the alarm. This is a pretty fair sample of the way in which Spanish robbers go to work. As the road from Malaga here has a very bad name, I travelled very well armed, a

pair of pistols in my pocket and a double-barrelled gun carried by the *mozo* who rode my baggage horse. We passed along quietly enough, and served as an escort now and then to peddlers and foot travellers who were very glad to travel in company with so well armed a pair."

To Rev. Henry Jellett.

"Ronda, Calle San Carlos, 12,
"*June* 22, 1847.

"I have a long account to give you of myself and of my travels. I am at present in a little mountain village in the centre of Andalusian mountains some eight or ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, where I have come in search of cool air, Malaga being at this season insupportable. Even here, the coolest place in Andalusia, the thermometer stands at seventy-eight in the house, and exercise between nine o'clock A.M. and six P.M. is impossible. But the air here is delightfully pure and clear, and has already done me a great deal of good. In fact, I am so much improved that if it were not for an occasional hoarseness, or a slight feeling of oppression in my chest, I should fancy myself quite well. My cough has entirely ceased, and every one tells me that I am looking five years younger than when I came. *Sometimes* I almost hope for a final recovery. It needs a steady effort of my mind to keep in view the treacherous and deceitful nature of my disease, to remember that I have come here to wage a long single combat with death, in which the odds are fearfully against me. I am in a strange perplexity sometimes between the advantage of forgetting this fact for the sake of my body, and the duty of remembering it for the sake of my soul; sometimes seeking to know the 'number of my days,' at other times planning and arranging as if I had a long future before me. I feel myself under the mingled influence of these two states of mind like one oppressed by the 'nightmare life in death' that Coleridge speaks of in his 'Ancient Mariner.' Doctors who send patients out to foreign climes for their *health* have little idea of the strange process of cure they are attempting. An intermittent mental ague is a curious and a terrible disease. A man should be well *etherised* by persuasion of *certain* recovery before he is sent to undergo the operation of a change of climate. In many respects I have been more favoured than other invalids exiled for their health. In Malaga I got into a comfortable English hotel with a constant succession of English visitors; and

here, where I expected to be alone and suffering all the discomforts of a Spanish lodging, I am living in the same house with an Irish gentleman and his wife, and not only enjoying their society, but, what is no small matter here, having the advantage of their cook, whom they brought with them. I have got two very decent rooms looking out on the principal street, so that I am, even in this wild out-of-the-world place, well lodged, well fed, and with pleasant society.

"But for these peculiar advantages I should have been very miserable in Spain. No words can give you an idea of the wretchedness of the Spanish accommodation, or of their own mode of living. A Spaniard has no idea of comfort; the word is exclusively English. When I was in Granada I stopped in a *Casa de pupilos*. I had two rooms, a long barrack of sitting-room with a tiled floor and whitewashed walls, two or three chairs and a table; and a little closet of a bedroom with a small bed, no blankets, no jug and basin, no glass, no soap. For breakfast, they brought me up a little *tooth mug* of thick chocolate, a roll of bread and a glass of water. Dinner: soup, *puchera*—that is, French beans, peas, and two lumps of meat. Supper, ditto. They stared at my asking for eggs at breakfast or a bit of solid food at dinner. Everything is bad and uncomfortable, and of any of the common conveniences, not to say luxuries, of civilised life, they have no idea. No invalid should come to Spain, except to Malaga, Cadiz, or Seville, where there are tolerable hotels. The little dens where you and I once housed when travelling in the west of Ireland are superior to most Spanish inns.

"I am getting on pretty well in my Spanish, and can now talk it pretty well, but still find it rather hard to understand the people. They speak (especially the lower orders) a most barbarous lingo, as far from pure Spanish as Somersetshire or Yorkshire dialect is from English. The Spanish I find very easy and a magnificent language—Latin enriched and softened.

. . . . .

"Whenever you see or write to any old friend, send my kindest remembrances; and above all, my dear Jellett, do not forget in your thoughts and in your prayers, your fondly attached friend,

"W. C. MAGEE."

To his Sisters.

"RONDA, *July* 14, 1847.

"I pass for a man of most profound learning, some dozen books which I have brought here giving them most enlarged

ideas as to the extent of my knowledge. I suppose they never saw such a library before, for Spaniards are no great readers, and I hear them saying that Don Guillermo is a very wise man and knows everything. They know that I am a *cura* and are very particular in their enquiries about our Church. I have been very much struck by some of their questions and observations on this subject. They greatly approve of the marriage of the clergy and the giving the cup to the laity, and to my surprise a Spaniard quoted scripture for both these customs. What shocks them most is our having no images in our churches, and no saint worship.

"With all this, I believe Spain to be ripe for a reformation. Politics have not been mixed up with their religion here, making their adhesion a matter of bitter party spirit as at home, and I should not be surprised if the increasing intercourse with England and the spread of learning should lead to reformation in the Spanish Church, the only kind of reformation that is lasting or valuable. There is still a great deal of fervent and simple piety among the people, who are free from the infidelity of France and Germany and the cold theoretical cant of Protestantism in England, and Spain may yet be privileged to possess the pure faith that we at home are fast and deservedly losing.

"My increasing knowledge of the language has sadly disenchanted me with respect to the Spanish ladies. They are pretty and graceful to look at, but that is all; once they open their mouths the charm is broken. They have extremely harsh coarse voices. I have not yet met with a Spanish woman with a sweet voice, and their minds are as coarse as their voices—ignorant, frivolous, uneducated, without an idea beyond their fan, their *mozo*—their lover. I have sat listening for hours to their conversation without hearing a single sentence that showed either information, good sense, or delicacy. What contrasts to our well bred, elegant, lady-like, gentle, *sensible* English or Irish women! They are fearful slatterns. All day in the house they sit in a *négligée* that would disgrace a kitchen-maid, and then turn out in full dress at night. The best that can be said of them is that they are good-natured and good-humoured. I have very good opportunities of judging on these points just now, as the apartments which the Hazzards occupied have been taken by a Spanish Marquis and his family—wife, three daughters and a son; and as I see them and my land-lady's family together every day, I can judge both of the high and middle society pretty accurately. I am now quite one of my land-

lady's family, and spend four or five hours every day chatting with them and giving them some information of which they sadly stand in need. I amuse myself sometimes teaching them English. Certainly, I feel ashamed of the hoarse hissing guttural Saxon as I compare it with the musical Spanish, and the attempts they make at it are funny enough. The lesson generally ends by their thanking Maria Santissima that they are not Inglesas to be obliged to speak such a barbarous tongue. The women here, as everywhere else, are the most devout. The men are rapidly becoming infidels. The women, dear creatures, still firmly believe that the English are not Cristianos, but some horrible kind of beings that are called Luteranos. They are fully persuaded that all Jews have tails, and, besides, want the fleshy part of the thumb because of the buffet which a Jew gave our Saviour. I electrified a lady the other day by telling her I was a Christian as well as herself, and had been baptised just as she had; and, furthermore, that St. Peter and the Virgin were both Jews. Another lady assured me that it was a universal custom among the English to sell their wives in the market place with a rope round their necks!

"Time is the only thing that a Spaniard will waste. Money and soap and water and other things of that class he is extremely parsimonious about. *A propos* of soap, I was horrified the other day at being told that a pretty young Rondacean whose complexion I had been admiring owed this beauty to the constant use of white of eggs instead of water at her morning toilet, and I am told that this custom is very common among Spanish ladies. Another curious custom I observe is the way they have of sprinkling the linen before they iron it. This they do by taking a mouthful of water and blowing it over the article they are getting up. I sometimes feel a little uncomfortable when I see my huge old dirty washerwoman coming with my clean shirts, and reflect that from that mouth, redolent of garlic and oil and innocent of toothbrush, my clean linen has received its last finishing touch. In this way too they dress each other's hair. This operation is generally performed in the afternoon, and as I set out for my evening walk, I pass through long rows of family hairdressers, mothers and aunts with the fair heads of their daughters and nieces between their knees, and their long dark locks in their hands, undergoing the process of *weeding* and *watering* in the fashion aforesaid, the sound of their united blowings reminding one of a shoal of porpoises. Still, I must confess that disagreeable as the operation looks, when

it is over, and the glossy hair twisted into a classic knot and a bright rose gracefully set in it, the pretty head, like many other pretty pieces of manufacture, gives no sign of the process that the raw material has gone through."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Ronda, Calle San Carlos,
"*August* 26, 1847.

"A thousand thanks, my dear MacDonnell, for your kind and welcome letter. The sight of a friend's handwriting in this strange country is like the shadow of a great rock in a very weary land. Nothing so delightful to an exile as the proof that though he is out of sight he is not out of mind. From the accounts you give me of your labours and troubles, I look upon a long letter as no usual sacrifice to friendship, and value it accordingly. For my own part I have little else to do. Letter-writing is my amusement and my occupation.

"I really pity you between your arrears of meal and sermons. I do not know which is hardest to clear.* If I were in your place I should borrow without scruple for my sermons. It is the only debt that a man is not obliged to repay. The book you asked after is Garbett's 'Parochial Sermons,' and very good for a country congregation. You will find it in my library, which I beg you will consider as your own until my return. When next you go to town, pay a visit to my garret and pick out whatever you fancy. The books will be better in your hands than rotting on their shelves. If I should return to active life I will reclaim them, and if not you will have something to remind you of an old friend. The two things I have ever valued and enjoyed most were my friends and my books; and if it should please God that I should not return to enjoy their society once more I should like my books to be in the possession of those who would, I think, value them for my sake and for auld lang syne. So you may fairly make use of my library, and consider what you take as a loan or as a legacy anticipated. I would recommend you Reynolds for ideas which you will find scattered in profusion over his pages. His style is old-fashioned, and he observes no order or method; but you may get from him *handfuls of gold dust*. There is another old writer, Sibbs, in three volumes of the same stamp, and also Hall. These three, with Jeremy Taylor, will give a mine

* This was written during the Irish famine, and alludes to the distribution of meal and porridge to the starving poor.

of ideas. The most suggestive book I know is Taylor's 'Saturday Evenings.' Arnold has some ingenious and original ways of handling texts. As to hints on sermon writing, I think you know my plan. It is not the easiest, but in the end I think the best way, never to look about until I had the *idea* (in the Coleridgean sense) of my sermon sketched, and then to read everything bearing on the subject. The great aim of the preacher who wants to excel is to *master* the mind of his hearers; to do this he must first master his subject so as to be able to present it in a new light. He who can do this will always command attention. Another rule I always followed was never to have *more than one idea* in my sermon, and arrange every sentence with a view to that. This is extremely difficult. I don't recollect succeeding in doing this more than three times. A good sermon should be like a wedge, all tending to a point. Eloquence and manner are the hammer that sends it home; but the *sine quâ non* is the disposition of the parts, the shape. I am convinced this is the secret of sermon writing. I gave two years to the study of it; it was my passion, and just as I felt I had found it, just as I had experienced that most intoxicating of all pleasures, the *sense of power*, the magnetic sensation which the speaker feels as he perceives he is commanding his audience—then my *mouth is stopped*, just as I felt I had gained the reward of two years' toil. I almost fancy I can see you laughing at this, and yet I am not ashamed to confess to you what you must have seen, that I was intensely ambitious, and that I felt I could succeed. Perhaps I am now suffering a just punishment for a sinful forgetfulness of higher motives in my profession; but I feel like an alchemist who sees all his crucibles smashed by some unlucky accident just as he was on the point of succeeding in making the philosopher's stone. I can hardly describe to you the bitterness of my disappointment. However, this is all very selfish. To return to sermons. If you want to go easy and softly as a 'dear young man who knows the Gospel,' get Simeon's skeletons and talk about faith, etc.; if you want to excel, never read a sermon, and study *arrangement and effect*. There are but the two ways. You see I am dogmatizing, but *experto crede*.

"I am glad you voted for the old members. Napier is a deaf humbug, and Macullagh a point that hath no parts, at least for oratory. How very Irish to send the mathematical professor of a University to Parliament! I agree with you about the old members; they are a little behind the age. So much the better. When a man

walks before the age, the age is very apt to see the 'holes in his coat.' I am not surprised at Elrington's pamphlet; he must have been long sickened with the meanness and apathy of the laity. We are fighting for them, and if they won't give the supplies we must lay down our arms. We have fought manfully, and I fear we must yield. There is but one act more in the drama, the spoliation of the Church, and then '*exeunt omnes*.' Meanwhile we must, as Falstaff says, 'Play out the play.' I would not like to hear you had gone to England. Chester is overstocked, and Irishmen beginning to be a drug. Stick to Ireland.

"They—*i.e.*, Spanish—are great gormandisers, and take hardly any exercise. Of course, they are almost always ill; out of the five individuals composing my landlord's family there has always been, since I came, at least one invalid. The doctors help a good deal. Their universal remedy is *bleeding*. This is done by the barber, who follows the doctor here as regularly as the shark does the pilot fish. There is an old lady aged eighty-five, and for the ordinary ailments of old age, such as colds, headaches, etc., they have bled the poor old wretch nine times in three months that I have been here. It may give you some idea of the extent of Spanish medical science when I tell you that in Malaga, one of their most modernised cities, last month their crack doctor in a consultation used the stethoscope with the *wrong end to the chest*, and stoutly contended that it was the right one! This I had from an eye-witness. I have begun to sport an Andalusian jacket, and round hat and white shoes, and smoke cigarettes. I should puzzle some of my good old ladies to recognise their curate. The language now comes to me pretty pat, and a noble language it is, by far the richest of the European languages, though the Andalusians speak it vilely.

"I hope you will forgive my inflicting this long letter. I have written myself into a fit of good spirit, though I have bestowed all my tediousness upon you. Let me hear in your next how you are getting on in Fenagh, especially how the sermons are going on, and the *meal*. Remember me kindly to all old friends. Let me know how Mayne's address turns out, and how the Historical Society is behaving. Write me a long letter, and tell me all your doings and goings on. Nothing can give me greater pleasure than to hear from you.—Ever, my dear friend, your very sincerely attached friend, "W. C. MAGEE."

"P.S.—I am glad to hear my friend Mulloy is taking his vaca-

tion. I am often uneasy about the amount of work and responsibility that must fall to his share in my absence. How I long to stand once more in the pulpit of St. Thomas's! I was greatly interested in the account of the college elections. Had I been there I would certainly have voted and fought for Shaw, who I think is a very ill-used man."

To his Sisters.

"GIBRALTAR,
"*Monday, October* 18, 1847.

"I am here now on my return from Seville and Cadiz, waiting for a steamer for Malaga, where I intend wintering. It is the best place, I find, after all. Seville is both wetter and colder. You may direct once more to Fonda de la Alameda. I have to inform you that I have passed inspection very favourably here; every one tells me that I am wonderfully improved and looking stouter. So much for appearances. I feel very well; now and then a little hoarseness, but no cough, and able for my walk and my *wittles*. I met here a Mr. Tottenham (Rev. of Bath), who says he will report favourably of me on his return; he says he never would have known there was anything the matter with me to look at me. This, you see, is good news, and will be more satisfactory to you than any opinion of my own that I could give you. I have enjoyed myself very much in this last trip.

"I think it was about September 14th when I bid adieu to Ronda, leaving la Señora Dolores in tears and Señora Paz in despair; at least so they said, and jogged along on the back of a mule, under care of an *arriero*, for Gibraltar. I was almost sorry to leave Ronda after spending three months there of quiet, easy existence.

"I got down to Gibraltar without any adventure, though we travelled through a very robber and smuggler looking country. I had the honour and glory of accompanying two ladies and their papa, an old *commandante*, so that we beguiled the way very pleasantly. I had to wait a week for the steamer, which I spent in San Roque, a dismally stupid place and fearfully hot. After the cool mountains of Ronda, it seemed to me as if I had got into an oven. Cadiz is one of the prettiest and certainly is the cleanest town in Andalusia; but there is nothing of interest to be seen there save and except the women, who are famous for their grace and elegance. They certainly fully justified their reputation. They walk better and more gracefully than any of their fair countrywomen, and

that is saying a great deal for them. I went from Cadiz in a *calesa* to Xeres, about three hours' drive. I do not suppose that ladies, at least young ones, would find much to interest them in Xeres; but an old sherry drinker would be in raptures; wine stores without end, looking like large handsome chapels, huge carts laden with sherry casks and drawn by teams of oxen, blocking up the streets. Vineyards in abundance, filled with labourers plucking, sorting, and pressing the grape; everything tells you you are in the land of sherry. I had a letter of introduction to Messrs. Gordon and Co., who took me all over their vineyards and through their wine stores, producing sundry samples of pale and brown, very seductive indeed, giving me a lecture on wine making, illustrated, as all lectures should be, by *very satisfactory experiments*. I did not think it wise to stop in such a wet locality long, so I made off for San Lucar, on the banks of the famous Guadalquivir, to take my berth in the steamer for Seville. The Guadalquivir looks much better in Mrs. Hemans' poetry and Bishop Percy's ballads than it does from the deck of the steamer. A muddier, dirtier river it never was my fortune to see, and its romantic banks are long, low swamps and grazing grounds as uninteresting as it is possible to imagine. I felt very unromantic as I landed at the quay at Seville and surrendered my trunks and myself to the inspection of a *carabinero*.

Seville lies very low, and the first view of it is far from striking; but I found enough of interest, and romance too, before I left it. It is quite a Moorish city—no large streets or squares, but narrow, crooked lanes, cool and quaint looking, and a perfect labyrinth to the stranger. The houses, like all Moorish houses, plain and mean looking outside, but magnificent inside. Nearly every house has its large *patio*, an open court paved with marble and with beautiful marble pillars, and planted with shrubs, flowers and orange trees, and generally a fountain; and here in the summer the families live. They cover the *patio* with an awning and bring down their furniture, pictures, etc. Nothing can be prettier than the peeps into these *patios* when they are lighted up at night, as the passer-by looks in through the splendid iron worked gateway into the Arabian-Nights looking hall inside. This seems peculiar to Seville; at least, I have seen it nowhere else. The cathedral is the sight par excellence of Seville, and I should say of Spain or even of Europe. No description can give you an idea of the beauty and grandeur of

Seville Cathedral; it is the perfection of the grand, solemn Gothic. All the tawdriness and bad taste of the Romish mummeries, saints, images, gewgaws, cannot spoil it. I forgot everything that was mean or in bad taste; I saw only the grand, the magnificent temple itself. I used to wander about it for hours, and felt I could never tire of it. The high altar, with its screen of carved wood and its exquisite bronze railing, I do not think has its equal in the world, and in some of the side chapels are gems of pictures. Some of Murillo's best pictures are there. I do not set up either for amateur or connoisseur. I could not give a reason why Murillo enchants me, but I felt in the presence of those pictures what the magic of painting is, what a power such pictures must have over the mind of the ignorant but impassioned Spanish peasant who kneels before them! By the special favour of an old *padre* I got admission to the chapter-room, where are kept the treasures and relics and vestments of the cathedral. Treasures they certainly are! Gold and silver vessels of exquisite workmanship set with precious stones; relics cased in gold and blazing with diamonds, or studded over with large emeralds and pearls. But the great treasure of the collection is the *Custodia*, the silver shrine for the Host—a temple of solid silver at least ten feet high, and adorned with beautiful figures worked in silver. Certainly the silversmiths of Seville must in old times have driven as good a trade as those of Ephesus. Now they have little enough to do; no one *now* makes gifts to the church, and the once powerful clergy are starving. I have several times been asked for alms by poor shabby looking *curas* in the public streets, who told me that for months they received no pay. I felt ashamed for the honour of the *cloth* to see a begging clergyman, though he was a Roman Catholic priest.

Close to the cathedral, so as almost to form part of it, is the famous Moorish tower, the Giralda, where the Muezzin used to call the faithful to their prayers; a beautiful tower it is, 350 feet high. I went to the top for the view, and like a true Briton *wrote my name*. Where is it in the wide world where an Englishman's name may not be found scribbled? There is an old Moorish palace, the Alcazar, nearly as good a specimen of Moorish architecture as the Alhambra, but as it is just the same sort of thing, I need not describe it to you. Another great lion which I went to see is the cigar manufactory; not that I cared much to see cigars made, but that I wanted to see *3,500 women* all together, that being the number of the fair cigar makers. I am sorry to say that out of

the three thousand and odd I did not see ten pretty women. I cannot imagine how they succeeded in collecting together so many ugly girls in Seville. I have a notion that the *Fabrica de cigarros* may be the Botany Bay to which women are sent for the crime of being ugly."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Fonda de la Alameda, Malaga,
"*November* 23, 1847.

"I wish very much I could have taken your advice and wintered in Malta or Naples instead of *vegetating* here, where certainly there is very little of interest now that the gloss of novelty is worn off Spain and things Spanish for me. But, unhappily, the state of my *chest* will not allow me to travel any more. *Haud facile emergunt*, etc.; *id est*—it is not easy for curates to travel. I have, however, the comfort of a most magnificent climate—clear and dry, and though occasionally there blows a cold blast from the north, it is generally fine warm sunshiny weather. I never feel cold but in the house, and then only because Spanish architecture is full of ingenious contrivances for *cooling*, and none for heating, houses. The thermometer is never below sixty in the shade, but by the help of large open *patios*, glass windows and doors that are hardly ever shut, and huge uncarpeted flagged rooms, I feel sometimes as if it were down to zero. It is an extraordinary fact in natural history, and I have some idea of writing a treatise on it, that no Spaniard will ever, if he can help it, shut either a door or a window, no matter how cold the weather may be.

"I have had one of those lazy do-nothing fits which every man is seized with at times, when nothing can induce him to do his duty. I have been reminded of mine by receiving your *Saunders*,* with Mayne's excellent address.† I am delighted to see that he had the courage and the good taste to break through the almost established precedent of flowers and froth which his predecessors had so religiously observed. The address is a good one, and will bear reading again, no small praise for an address on such a subject.

"Another broken-winded parson has come here with his wife, and, as they are both agreeable people, they are a great addition to the small circle here. I lay him under the requisition of Sundays occasionally. I have a congregation of about fifty. I have found

* Newspaper.

† At opening of session of Historical Society, Trinity College, Dublin.

it hard work to screw out two sermons running for Christmas and Sunday; so much for having *too much* leisure! Christmas is just as jolly a time here as in England, customs a little different. The Christmas *wittles* here are not roast beef and plum pudding, but turkeys. All Malaga has been alive with flocks of gobblers brought down from the interior by the queer patriarchal-looking mountaineers, streets all filled with people carrying off turkeys on their backs. There has been a very brisk sale of Jesus *niños*—little Christs in clay and *santas casas* stuck over with flowers where are to be seen the Holy Family in green and blue, and the manger and mules and asses all very proper. A great special nuisance at this season are the *san bombas*, a musical instrument of torture consisting of a flower-pot without a bottom, a piece of parchment stretched over the top, and a stick run through the centre; on wetting the hand and running it up and down the stick, it gives out the most unearthly moans. This they believe to have been the instrument with which the shepherds saluted our Saviour, and accordingly every one plays his *san bomba* on Christmas Eve. At twelve o'clock at night there is a Midnight Mass in the cathedral *Misa del gallo*, and every one goes there, not to hear Mass, but to make as much noise with *san bombas* and other instruments as he can. About eight o'clock the fun begins; bands of musicians set out to perambulate the streets singing Christmas carols to the sound of *san bombas*, pestle and mortars, frying pans, tambourines and guitars; and after three or four hours spent in this way, the various bands all converge to the cathedral, every man playing and singing away for his dear life, and then home in the same style to eat the turkeys.

"Christmas boxes are quite the thing here. At every turn I met some servant with a tray full of *dulces* and flowers going as a present somewhere. Of course, the theatres are open *all day*, and a grand opera at night. The drama is not very 'legitimate' here, rather at a low ebb; they are obliged to offer, as an inducement to the play-goers, raffles—a pig, a pair of turkeys, a tray of *dulces*, to be raffled for by the house. This is the season for raffles. I have taken five tickets, price 1*d.* each, in a large fat pig that is led past the door every day with a fine red ribbon tied round him. A donkey, splendidly caparisoned, stands in the *plaza* to be raffled for; a man is walking about with a *majo* dress in a glass case to be raffled for. Horses, farm-houses, all imaginable things are to be had for the small expenditure of a few cents in tickets. Somehow

or other, though, no one ever knows who gets the thing to be raffled for, the owner generally *selling* the candidates as well as the tickets and decamping with the money.

"What do you think of the Hampden controversy? I think Lord John Russell in *this instance* right. I wish the Church had a better case whereon to try the question of *congé d'élire*.

"Let me know what is said at home about it. Let me hear all about yourself, and do not revenge yourself for my long silence. I will mend my hand.—Ever, dear MacDonnell, your very sincerely attached friend, "W. C. M."

"MALAGA, *March* 3, 1848.

"As for a Dublin curacy, if you have *health* for it, I should say that it would be the best place for you, but the work is *awful* and very thankless.

"A place that would combine the stimulus of town and the leisure of the country would be perfect, but this is not to be had; the nearest approach to it is the small proprietary chapel—that is '*otium cum dig.*' However, on the whole I would, if I were you, take a Dublin curacy as I would, being I, gladly take a quiet country one with a small house, a library, a trout stream, where I could read, write, fish, and except when I saw a friend forget there was a world where fools thrive and wise men are driven mad by seeing it; a world where ——s play first fiddles, and MacDonnells and Magees play hurdy-gurdies. I had sooner stroll about the fields among green corn and sheep than live among green evangelicals and see them worshipping *calves*. All this, however, would not stir your bile as it would and does mine. You are a smooth man, and will get through the world happily; I am a hairy man, and am dragged through the world wrong end foremost, so that my hair is all on end.

"What a nice mess European affairs are getting into! The news of Louis Philippe's abdication and the proclamation of the Republic reached us yesterday. Of all details we are quite ignorant, as the government of this *free* and constitutional country has stopped all papers—French, English, and Spanish—fearing, I suppose, the influence of French example on the miserable spouters and stabbers who call themselves patriots and *progressistas* here, and who get up a *pronunciamiento*, or shindy, every now and then, just by way of an amusement; carrying flags about like children or May-day sweeps, murdering a few harmless people, shouting *viva* this and

down with the other thing, running away from a troop of *Carabineri*, and then selling and betraying one another *à l'envie l'un de l'autre*. Some such Spanish caricature of a French tragedy seems to have been anticipated here, and the consequence is that we are all agape for news which only comes in scantily by private letters; rather tantalizing this at such a time. What an eventful year, and what a prospect for Europe! Will old Louis Philippe show fight, or his sons for him? Will Napoleon or the Legitimists try their chance? Will the Republic last, and will other Powers acknowledge it? Will there be a war, will there be revolutions? I have no pity to waste on old Louis. If ever man was swiftly and sorely punished for his own acts, *he* has been for his treachery to us in the Montpensier business. He would go making a dynasty, would he? and telling lies and cheating and bullying us and cruelly wronging the poor Queen of Spain to make this dynasty. Now he and his dynasty are sent packing, and we shall have him teaching drawing and mathematics in the New Road at Hackney once more! *Serve him right!* Madame Christina will of course soon follow her patron.

"I should like to see Master Cobden's face this morning, after all his slang about friendship and good feeling, and the wise and prudent King of France, and such like blather. How would he like to dine with Messrs. Ledru Rollin and Dupont, and hear their after dinner speeches?

"So Sumner is Archbishop of Canterbury, and Hampden Bishop of Hereford—two heavy blows and great discouragements for the Tractarians.

"We are going to have Jews in Parliament, and an ambassador at Rome, and we are to coax the Pope to rule the Irish; and he will snub John of Tuam for us if we will sell him the Irish Church! Well, I suppose the world cannot stand still, and we must go ahead, '*quo fata ducunt*'—down the hill fast enough it seems to me.—Write soon, and believe me, my dear Mac, ever your very affectionate friend, "W. C. MAGEE."

Not long after this last letter from Spain was written W. Magee started on his way home.

He arrived in Dublin early in the summer, and resumed his duties for a time as curate of St. Thomas's. His report of himself to his sister from Malaga, February 1848, was: "I am, thank God, in a very fair state of health; no cough, and moderately stout."

CHAPTER III

LIFE AT BATH; DOMESTIC LOSSES

As the winter of 1848 drew near it became apparent to Magee and his physicians that he must not remain in Dublin; and early in October he obtained testimonials from several of the heads of Trinity College, including his former tutor, Dr. L. Moore, afterwards Vice-Provost, and Dr. MacDonnell, afterwards Provost. It is plain from the purport of their letters, that Magee had not yet decided where to turn his face, and that he was contemplating migration, at least for a time, to some of the warmer English colonies. But in January 1849, Dr. Stamer, rector of St. Saviour's, Bath, visited Dublin, looking for a curate; and it occurred to Dr. MacDonnell, who had been Dr. Stamer's tutor in college, to suggest his engaging Magee. This ended in his removal to Bath early in 1849, where he spent more than eleven very happy and useful years, till his removal to the Quebec Chapel, London, in 1860.

His life at St. Saviour's was peculiarly uneventful, and few particulars about it have been preserved.

"I remember," said a lady, "hearing his first sermon as a curate at St. Saviour's. I saw a plain little man mount the pulpit stairs, but directly he opened his mouth he poured forth such a torrent of eloquence that we were all perfectly astounded." Another friend remembers the first sermon she heard from him on the words, "Curse ye them, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." "I came away," she said, "not thinking in the least of the *man*, but of the *words* he said. I had heard good preaching before, but never such words as these."

Magee lived in a quiet lodging at St. Saviour's, where he was afterwards joined by his sister, Miss E. Magee. They were quiet and happy days, spent in unobtrusive work. His relatives, Mr.

Heywood's family, lived in the country, about two miles from St. Saviour's and were the only people known to him on his arrival in Bath. He had made acquaintance with the Rev. Edward Tottenham, incumbent of a neighbouring church, when in Spain. Their acquaintance now ripened into friendship, and after Tottenham's death Magee wrote his "Life." His cousin, Mr. B. A. Heywood, has given some reminiscences of this period of his life, from which I extract the following:

As he (Magee) was fourteen years older than myself, I was only a boy when he first came to Bath, but I was soon drawn to him, and it was a real pleasure to me when, in my holiday, he came out to my father's country house. I remember him first in lodgings by himself. I see in imagination the large stone jar of cod liver oil in which he "indulged," as his lungs were still very weak. You may imagine how far from robust he was when I add that he could not preach two new sermons on the same Sunday, and when his rector, Dr. Stamer, went off for a three months' holiday without leaving any one to help him, he was obliged to arrange with Mr. Godfrey—the minister of a small church at the other side of Bath—to exchange services once in the Sunday, so that he could preach the same sermon over twice. On one Sunday I walked into the morning service and heard Magee at St. Saviour's, then dined with him, and accompanied him to Mr. Godfrey's church in the evening; where I listened to the same sermon over again, and with great pleasure too. For a boy to feel that speaks volumes, I think, for the preacher's power and simplicity.

I have heard him say, when I have been staying at Peterborough, "I never was so happy as when curate of St. Saviour's."

This will not seem strange to those who have read his Spanish letters. His life at St. Saviour's was the return to that active work which he had almost despaired of ever being able to resume.

Mr. Heywood opens up a very important aspect of his life and character when he says:

I think he was much disturbed that the working people had so little opportunity of getting seats in the church, as most of them were let; and he commenced a Weekly Cottage Meeting for them. When some of the well-to-do parishioners seemed inclined to attend, he repulsed them by saying, "If you come, I go."

An old friend, Major Giberne, writes:

Magee was little known, for his voice was for a long time never heard outside his own parish, and he made no effort to push himself into notice. It was not until after he had been residing for a full year at one end of Bath, that his voice was heard in public at the other.

The first occasion was that of a public meeting to protest against the running of Sunday excursion trains then recently introduced by the Great Western Railway Company.

But a Magee protesting against Sunday excursion trains was like King Canute endeavouring to check the advancing tide. That he occupied that position in 1850 marks a long past epoch in his own life, and that of the English nation.

Magee's eloquence led to an unfortunate collision between his interests and those of his rector. He had filled St. Saviour's to overflowing, and when it was known he was to preach, a great congregation assembled, many of whom did not appear if it were known that the rector was to preach. This led to the rector not telling Magee whether he was to preach or not till they met in the church. This never, however, led to any disagreement between them. Magee was always ready to preach at a minute's notice. He had a great dislike to people coming simply because of the sermon.

"Pray let me know," said a friend, "when you are to give the sermon." But this he would not do. Then, as always, he disliked being run after as a popular preacher. "How miserable it is," he once exclaimed, in the Octagon Chapel, "that men should ever come to church as they would to a theatre to hear if such a favourite singer be in tune, who come merely to find out whether a man deserves his character as a popular preacher or not! So they come and go away disappointed, because, instead of hearing something to please them, they have only heard the words of God—the words by which they shall be judged at the last day!"

After a year and a half at St. Saviour's, Kensington Chapel, which was in the parish, fell vacant. It was in Mr. Heywood's gift, and he offered it to Magee. However, the rector had a legal right to veto any appointment, a power doubtless given to prevent the lay patron appointing any improper or unqualified person. This right Dr. Stamer exercised, not because Magee was unqualified, but because he possessed too good qualifications. When remonstrated with afterwards by Provost MacDonnell, he said, with unblushing candour, "Why, sir, if he had gone to the Kensington Chapel, he would have emptied my church." The Bishop of the

diocese (Bath and Wells) remonstrated with the rector by letter, but in vain. He had got Magee to *fill* his church; he would not let him go elsewhere to *empty* it!

However, it was not long before an opportunity came to extricate Magee from his awkward position under a rector who had treated him so. He was offered and accepted the position of assistant minister of the Octagon Chapel under Rev. F. Elwin; and on his resignation became sole minister, a position which he held till he left Bath nearly ten years after.

His health seems still to have been a cause of uneasiness to himself and his friends. He took a holiday in midwinter and spent six weeks at Marazion, in Cornwall; and then went to Pau to join his step-mother, who was wintering there.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Pau, *April* 12, 1851.

". . . . . The Pyrenees are about twenty-five miles from us, and they look magnificent from this, still covered with snow, unfortunately too deep to allow of my making several excursions on which I have set my heart. However, in spite of snow, I hope, before I leave, to ride right through them into Spain, returning by another route that leads through the finest Pyrenean scenery. As I intend returning *viâ* Geneva and the Rhine, and being in Ireland on May 20, you may suppose I have but little time to spare.

"There is the usual English society here—invalids and economisers; sickly men with respirators and mufflers; pale women on donkeys; half-pay captains, who wear beards and white hats, and think themselves French; twelve disabled clergymen; a thin bilious chaplain; and a sprinkling of evangelical ladies, tall, gaunt, and good—such as are found in all watering-places where English do resort. I believe I scandalise some of the good people by fishing and smoking, but that troubles me very little. . . . .

"Mind, I expect your verdict upon the sermons.* The best I can say for them is that they brought me in £24, though I think it hardly earned."

He accomplished his trip across the Pyrenees, but not without an accident which nearly proved fatal. He was thrown from his horse upon some mountain path, and his spur caught in the stirrup. The horse made several kicks to get rid of the load he was dragging,

* "Sermons preached at St. Saviour's, Bath," the first volume he published.

and the last kick struck his hat and must have almost touched his head. Another kick might have been fatal, but at the moment the spur broke and released the horse, who rushed ahead and left his rider uninjured. He brought home the hat marked by the horse's foot and kept it for some time as a memento of his providential escape. He used to say that for once he was under an obligation to Spanish carelessness and neglect. Had the spur been a good one he could not have escaped, but, like all the appointments of the horse, it was worn out and bad.

He returned to Ireland in the beginning of summer, and then made arrangements for his marriage with his cousin, Miss Anne Smith. I well remember his coming to me in Trinity College, with a very bright face, and telling me that I must come to see him "*turned off*," and act as his "best man." He was married in St. Thomas's Church, on August 14, 1851, by his uncle, the Rev. Hugh McNeile, of Liverpool, afterwards Dean of Ripon.

Then he settled down for nine years at the Octagon as a married man. The privacy of domestic life must be spared even by a biographer. Suffice it to say that never was there a happier marriage. His wife was indeed a companion and helpmeet for him, and she not only lifted from his shoulders the burden of domestic cares, but was his trusted counsellor in all matters, public and private, to the end.

To those who knew him intimately nothing appeared so prominently in his character as his love for his wife and children and sisters, and his happiness in his own domestic circle, while he gave many a groan at the frequent absences from home which his public duties entailed. Whatever change came over his fortunes, his love for his own never wavered or flagged.

His love of children too, even outside his own circle, was a marked feature in his character, and was the moving principle in the legislation he attempted to carry for the protection of the young. No Christian pastor ever caught more thoroughly the spirit of his Master's words: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

The nine quiet years spent in Bath as minister of the Octagon Chapel were the least eventful and yet among the most important of Magee's life. The interval between the age of thirty and thirty-nine is to all men the very best of their years, let their life be prolonged as it may. It is often not the most prolific in public events; but if it be not a period of conspicuous action, it is the

most important period of preparation for what is to follow. So it was with Magee. It was a period of spiritual work and progress, a period of ripening judgment and growing convictions. It included the birth of some of his children and the painful trial to his sensitive nature of the loss of two daughters. He took a two months' holiday every summer, and on several occasions joined me in fishing expeditions in Connemara, where we had the right of fishing on two of the most lovely lakes—Lough Inagh and Derryclare.

Magee enjoyed this relaxation thoroughly, and evidently needed it. He said to me once: "After ten months' preaching I feel like a spider which has spun out all that was inside of him." He entered with ardour into the fishing for sea trout; but though he never tired of catching them, he used to get very tired of eating them three times a day; and our other culinary and commissariat resources were very limited. We used to go out before 9 A.M. and boat to some favourite fishing quarter—most frequently the head of Lough Inagh, four miles distant by water. We fished till 1 or 2 P.M., and then landed on one of the little wooded islands in the lake, where the boatmen made a fire of the branches of fallen trees which lay round us in abundance. They boiled potatoes, fried some of the fish, and, with the aid of ham and tinned meats and a ravenous appetite, we made an excellent dinner. Then we fished again, and returned home to sup and tie flies, and perhaps read a newspaper, if any reached us.

It was quite characteristic the way Magee threw all his energies into his fishing. When the trout were not rising he would still thresh the lake for hours, and pride himself upon his skill if a solitary trout rewarded his exertions. Generally, when there was bad fishing, I landed to enjoy a walk over the mountains, but never without a remonstrance or a rebuke from him. I remember his saying to me indignantly, "You will never make a fisherman, with your insane love of scenery. Why don't you stay and attend to your fishing?"

Once, for a fortnight, we shared our sitting-room—the only one available in the farmhouse where we lodged—with two brothers; one of them a Roman Catholic priest, Rev. Mr. Bury, from Ampleforth College, in Yorkshire, a man of great acuteness and theological learning. It was most interesting to hear him conversing with Magee while they were both hard at work preparing their fishing-tackle for the next day's campaign. They avoided

direct controversy, but inquired into one another's ideas upon various religious questions, in the best and most forbearing spirit. Magee used to look at me with a twinkle in his eye when his Socratic questions elicited some important admission from his acute opponent. I am sure that they parted with much mutual esteem, and certainly with a better understanding of each other's ideas. I often wondered if Mr. Bury were alive and still in Yorkshire in 1891; and if so, whether he knew that the Archbishop of York, whose appointment in January elicited a chorus of praise, was identical with the keen fisherman and courteous theologian whom he met in our rude lodging in Connemara.

But if Magee rested for two months in the year, he worked indefatigably for the other ten. It was during his stay at Bath that he brought his preaching to perfection. He never preached better than when he left Bath for the Quebec Chapel in 1860.

In 1855, the living of Holy Trinity, Dorchester, fell vacant, and Magee applied to the Simeon Trustees for the appointment. He was supported in this by a strong memorial from his former parishioners at St. Saviour's, headed by the rector, Rev. Dr. Stamer! His application, however, was not granted. Whether the trustees suspected the orthodoxy of his Evangelicalism, or preferred some older man better known to them, does not appear; but it shows how little at that time his abilities were generally recognised.

Let me quote from some reminiscences written by a friend of his Bath days (Mrs. J. Walker) in the *Home Visitor* for June, 1891:

> Dr. Magee never preached written sermons, but from notes carefully thought out beforehand. He did not approve of preachers trusting to the inspiration of the moment for what they said to their people. He had too great a sense of reverence towards God to offer Him careless service which cost him nothing. "And remember," he once remarked, "there may be *extempore* writing, as well as *extempore* speaking." Like all great men, he was almost always dissatisfied with his own discourses.
>
> Dr. Magee always greatly disliked flattery. To one person who enthusiastically prophesied to him that he would be a great man some day, he somewhat sternly replied, "Such words as these do not tend to make me great." He had "the courage of his opinions." An election occurring, the mass of the Octagon congregation were known to be sure to vote for a Conservative candidate. This individual, however, meant to support an endowment for Maynooth. The young minister, dependent on his pew rents, was strongly opposed to any such endowments, and gave his vote the other way, although at the risk of causing

great offence. To the credit of his congregation, however, let it be recorded, that, high as the excitement had been, not one sitting was given up.

Dr. Magee was endowed with what Tennyson tells us are the attributes of a true poet, "the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn." His small bright blue eyes, which could twinkle so merrily at a joke, flashed terribly when he heard anything false or unjust. He detested cant and unreality of any kind.

But he was not merely a preacher. He desired to be a teacher and a pastor as well. Every Wednesday, after morning service, he gave two classes of half an hour each, the first to little children, the second to older girls. Those were wonderful half-hours. Adults would remain in their pews to hear him. It was delightful to see the little eager faces of the children, as he taught them so much with such perfect simplicity of language. The elder class simply revelled in his instruction.

No parish was attached to the Octagon Chapel, but, in accordance with Mr. Magee's request, a district was assigned for him out of an adjoining parish. This he attended to carefully, and he was always most kind to his district visitors, and attentive to all they had to report. One of them can fancy she sees him now, when he was summoned at seven o'clock one cold winter morning to the death-bed of a young scavenger. There he stood, deep thought and deeper compassion portrayed on his countenance, ready, if possible, to let the dying man hear once more of the Saviour. Next Sunday the incident seemed to be resting in his mind. He spoke of the trials of working men, of their exposure frequently to all kinds of weather. Then, in that indescribably pathetic tone of voice which always commanded a perfect hush of silence in his audience, he described the father of a family suddenly struck down by illness, his hands, brown with toil, lying helpless on the sheet, death, for which he had had so little leisure to prepare, so rapidly approaching him. One felt how the preacher cared for the working man, and how he would have us care for working men too!

Mr. Peach, of Bath, says:

It is doubtful whether Dr. Magee was ever, as the *Times* says, "noted as a sound Evangelical preacher." He was so much more, from his earliest career, than a mere party Churchman, and when he became joint minister of the Octagon Chapel some members left the congregation because "Mr. Magee did not preach the pure Gospel," in other words, because he enunciated doctrines and teaching incompatible with their notions that the kingdom of heaven was intended exclusively for the Evangelical party. The *Times* says Dr. Magee's "early sermons

were chiefly relished from being interspersed with anecdotes, jests, and ingenious parables, and from being delivered in animated conversational style;" and then the writer proceeds to say, "He was not afraid of thumping his pulpit cushion repeatedly." What a strange mistake in all respects! If there was a pulpit habit Dr. Magee scorned and avoided more than any other it was that of cushion-thumping and anecdote-mongering in the pulpit. His manner as a preacher, from his earliest days at St. Saviour's to his latest period at the Octagon, was characterised by a gravity, an earnestness, and dignity from which he never departed. And this character lent a special impressiveness to his eloquence, than which nothing could have been more perfect. His action was wholly in unison with it. With his small Bible poised in his left hand he would, as each well-balanced sentence fell from his lips, touch the book with the first and second fingers of his right hand so that it seemed to give additional force to his argument; and when he became impassioned he would put down the book, lean forward on the pulpit (from which he had banished the cushion), and pour "the flood tide of eloquence along."

The signs of gradual progress and change of style and opinion are indicated in the facts mentioned by Mr. Peach:

The St. Saviour's and the Octagon volumes of sermons have been many years out of print. The copyright was vested in the original publisher, but the Archbishop would not assent to their republication, because, as he put it, they were "very young sermons," and that decision was then and is now regarded as final. The reasons and objections, however, went far beyond the crudity of the sermons. If compared with the late volume, "The Gospel and the Age," the great difference, not merely in style, but in more essential or fundamental points of doctrine, will at once be apparent. Earlier than that even, the vast growth may be seen in the sermon preached before the British Association at Norwich in 1868. Charles Kingsley in a note to the writer said, "It was the most glorious piece of eloquence I ever heard."

Mr. Magee had not been long in Bath before his great powers were discovered. There are many still left amongst us who remember something of the events between 1848 and 1860, the part he played in them, and the influence he exercised on public opinion both in and out of the Church. The first great public speech he delivered in Bath was in February 1852. This at once placed him in the foremost place, not merely as an eloquent speaker, but as leader of the Church's forces in Bath. Then was discerned the "potentiality of that future greatness which is now universally acknowledged, and the loss of which we are all deploring." Nor was it as a party Churchman that he

fought; no one was less of a party Churchman than he. As an Irishman—as one who had brought to England with him early impressions of Ireland's Churchmanship—he felt tenderly towards the Evangelical school. On one occasion a friend said to him, "Why are Irish Protestants so violent? I cannot understand it." To which Mr. Magee replied, "That is because you do not understand Irish Romanism." The man in whom Mr. Magee felt the strongest confidence, for whose judgment he felt the greatest respect, and between whom the most intimate and warmest friendship subsisted, was the Rev. Edward Duncan Rhodes.

Mr. Rhodes, then vicar of Bathampton, was an extremely able man both as a speaker, preacher, and talker. In theology he was a great admirer of Maurice, which Magee never was. But though Rhodes, who was a very Broad Churchman for that day, never converted Magee to his opinions, he unquestionably influenced him very much, and widened his theological views. He died before his friend Magee was made a bishop.

Mr. Peach tells the following characteristic anecdote. He and Magee were both on the earlier Bath College Council, in which serious divisions had entered, leading often to acrimonious discussions. Mr. Magee, replying to some remarks of an irascible surgeon, was told that if he were not a clergyman he would be called to personal account. Smilingly Magee replied, "If it please the gentleman to shoot me, let him do so; but I must stipulate that, having done so, he will not attempt to cure me!"

I take the following also from Mr. Peach's notes:

In 1853, many will still personally remember that throughout the land table-turning and table-talking prevailed. Nearly all Bath was in a state of excitement on the subject. Mr. Magee preached a sermon entitled "Talking to tables a great folly or a great sin?" which for common sense, eloquence, and logical power has seldom been equalled; and very quickly it effected what private remonstrances had failed to do—it put an end to table-talking.

Towards the close of Dr. Magee's ministry in this city, the Liberation Society, which had for years been agitating for the disruption of the Church, under the specious pretence of "liberating religion from State control," carried the war into the West of England, and Bath did not escape. The Rev. E. D. Rhodes, Mr. William Long, and others, delivered and published able addresses. They were the prelude to Dr. Magee's speech, "The Voluntary System: Can it supply the place of the Established Church?" The speech occupied more than

two hours in its delivery, and from the first to the last clause was listened to by the crowded audience with close and unwearied attention.

As the pamphlet on the Voluntary system is now little known, while its lessons are as much needed as ever, let me give two or three quotations.

Against those who advocate private endowments, such as are possessed by many Dissenting bodies, while they deprecate tithes, and all (so called) State endowments, Magee writes:

It is clear that these private endowments are open to the favourite objection to State endowments, that they necessitate the use of fines, and imprisonments, and coercion in the support of religion.

For it is to be presumed that the trustees or possessors of any house or lands, or charge on house or lands, belonging to any Nonconformist body, would not hesitate to put the whole machinery of the law in force against a refractory tenant, and to fine and imprison him, if needs were, until he paid his share to the support of their religion. What more does a clergyman do who compels payment of his tithes?"—"Voluntary System," p. 15.

On Poverty and Spirituality he writes:

But we are told that after all, the poverty of ministers has its advantages. It guarantees the sincerity of their motives in entering the ministry; and it secures their spirituality after they have entered it.

Never was there a greater mistake than this. You do not gain more spiritual men by lowering the inducements to enter the ministry; you only obtain your supply of ministers from a lower class of men. There are men to whom fifty or a hundred pounds a year is relatively as great wealth and as great a temptation to take orders for the sake of gaining it, as five hundred a year would be to others. Cut down the incomes of the clergy to the lowest point, and you will still have unspiritual and worldly men ready enough to accept them. The only difference will be, that you will have ignorant and ill-bred instead of educated and well-bred worldliness.

But after all, what a meanly cruel argument is this, that the ministry must be kept poor to preserve their spirituality; that wealthy laymen are to profit by the piety which their minister learns in the bitter school of poverty; that their spiritual life is to be enriched by the struggles and anxieties, the blighted hopes and overtasked energies, the weary life and early death of their poor pastor. Such men would

fain treat their minister as we are told the Brazilian ladies treat the fire-flies, which they impale upon pins, and fasten to their dresses, that the struggles and flutterings of the dying insect may give out sparks of light for their adornment.

This odious argument reminds me of an anecdote I once heard from a worthy and pious Nonconformist, of an "ill-paid" minister, who went to his deacon to solicit an increase of salary. "Salary!" said the deacon, "salary! why I thought you worked for souls." "And so I do," replied the poor minister, "but I cannot eat souls; and if I could it would take a good many souls the size of yours to make a dish." It would be an evil day for the Church when the support of our clergy should depend upon the liberality of such small-souled men. There are plenty of them within the Church as well as out of it. Church nature differs nothing from Dissenting nature. Let us hope we shall never see it similarly tried." (pp. 56-58.)

The peroration of the speech, which also concludes the pamphlet, is a fine specimen of Magee's eloquence and of his faith in the powers of the English Church:

The Church of England has not yet become in this country "as the salt that has lost its savour" that we should dread her "being cast out and trodden under foot of men." Never was there a time when she displayed more vigour, more zeal, more spiritual life and activity. Never was the Spirit of God seen more visibly, more mightily, working in her, moving her to still greater and greater effort in the cause of Christ. Day by day we see her regaining lost ground and conquering new. She is to be seen standing, as she was ever wont to stand, in the fore-front of the great Christian battle with the error and the unbelief of the day; opposing to the enemies of truth the shield of her spiritual creeds and ritual, and the sword of her learned and able theology; she is making her voice to be heard among the rich and the great, and winning them to enlist with her in works of piety and charity; she is sending out her ministers to tell the story of the Gospel of peace among the poor and the ignorant and the outcast. All over the land she is being more and more felt and recognised as a great power for good and for God. Let her but continue steadily in this career of self-improvement and of noble and strenuous effort. Let her but go on as she has been doing of later years, increasing her efficiency, removing her defects, spreading wider and wider the boundary of the influence she wields, and of the blessings she conveys, and you will soon cease to need "Church Defence Associations." The defence of the Church will be the good sense, the justice, the piety of the English people.

The strong deep current of a nation's reverent love will flow yet deeper and stronger in the old accustomed channel; the blustering breeze of agitation may ripple its surface, it never shall have power to turn back the tide. From the country at large will come the demand for her preservation; from the throne to which she has been ever so unswervingly loyal; from the legislature, whose best ends and aims she is so faithfully promoting: from the learned and the great and the good she has trained and nurtured; from the poor to whom she has ministered; from the outcasts she has reclaimed; aye, and at last, even from many a generous and converted opponent, there will come, in answer to those who may demand her overthrow, one universal, loud, united, grateful voice—"Destroy her not: she is a blessing in the midst of us!"

I quote one more paragraph from Mr. Peach's reminiscences. The testimony it contains ought not to be lost sight of:

One of the most striking characteristics of the late Prelate from his very earliest Bath days was his simplicity and the total absence of display. If he were occasionally brusque it did not proceed from an arrogant or unkindly nature; it was his only defence against intolerable bores, who, knowing nothing of the value of time, could not understand the precious value of his. No man who ever exercised so large an influence on the religious and social life of a great community as Mr. Magee was less self-assertive or more reticent than he, and these great qualities were never more conspicuous than when he was dealing with great public questions—the listener was made to see and understand the intrinsic and subjective aspects of such questions.

And here I extract a passage from the private notes of Mrs. Magee:

His ministry was blessed to many at that time. The chapel used to be crowded on Sundays with anxious and attentive hearers. Many used to come from London from Saturday to Monday that they might hear him preach.

He felt it a great responsibility. He often said, "I must try and have something to say to them—some word for good." He always made his sermons a subject of prayer; he never preached without praying for guidance and wisdom. He was very near God, God was in all his thoughts. He never thought of self; for though on going into the pulpit he was always nervous the first few minutes, he often said, "After a minute or two I forget that any one is present: my subject has such possession of me, I can think of nothing else." He never

wanted to know if he preached well, but if it was a sermon that would do good to his hearers. He was ever anxious that what he said might be blessed to those who heard him.

His talent for catechetical instruction was as great as for preaching.

Mrs. R. Heywood writes:

Girl as I was then, it struck me greatly his profound humility, notwithstanding his great powers of mind, and also his wonderful power of answering questions, however lamely put. He seemed to see at once the real point of the matter, and answer, not so much the question, as the puzzle in the mind of the questioner. When he did explain a difficulty or a text it was so *thoroughly* done, that never since have I heard any one throw fresh light upon it; then his deep sympathy—so real, so true—those who have known it, can never forget it.

In 1854 he was granted the degree of B.D. by his University. Its Heads never failed to watch his progress with paternal solicitude. They appreciated his talents, and anticipated his success before the general public did so.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Bath, *June* 11, 1854.

"I would certainly have written to you ere this, if I had known that you were uninformed of my success in the matter of the B.D.

"It was granted three weeks ago—unanimously given to boot.

"The Provost has just told me that he has fixed Sunday, July 2, for my 'Concio ad populum.' I am a little uneasy about the said Concio. Any attempt at a grand sermon would be bad taste in a young man; and yet a commonplace one seems hardly respectful to the grave dons who have awarded me the degree. I must try and steer a middle course, in which I hope I may go 'tutissimus.'

"Many thanks for your laudation in the *Examiner*. I think you have said all that could be said for me, and there needs no second notice.

"I read your letter in the *Irish Church Journal* with very great disgust and vexation. It is *provokingly* good, and by the adversaries you are contending against, unanswerable. Indeed, I thought it so complete a defence of the S.P.G. upon the grounds in discussion, and so calculated to make friends for the said Society, that I lost half a day in sketching a kind of review of it and the other

letters, in which I intended giving what I think the stronger arguments against the S.P.G.

"But I was too lazy to finish it. Besides, I did not much fancy a paper war with you. So you are safe from an attack, for the present. But don't, like a good fellow, aggravate me any more by such plausible letters in favour of the S.P.G.

"I hope to be in Dublin about the 27th, to 'dispute' for the B.D. Try and come up then.—Ever affectionately yours,

"W. C. Magee."

The controversy about the S.P.G. is a curious reminiscence of a state of things which has happily passed away. The ardent supporters of the Church Missionary Society, of which Magee was one, took umbrage at some of the proceedings of the elder Missionary Society. Unfounded accusations against the management of the Society were circulated, and the result in Ireland was a controversy, which eventually did much good to the cause of the S.P.G.

But it shows how much at that time Magee was influenced even by the weaknesses of the great Evangelical party. He gradually emancipated himself from their prejudices; though he never ceased to honour and sympathise with their better and deeper spirit.

As Magee's fame as an orator grew, he was naturally invited to speak on various public occasions. That he did not always take as high an estimate of what he had done as the public did, will appear from a few sentences which I venture to quote from a hasty letter, written in pencil, to his wife after a speech at Exeter Hall:

"At half past twelve, with pencil instead of pen, I sit down to give you, what I know you are longing for, an account of 'how William got on.' Well, upon the whole, I think well—decidedly an improvement upon my last appearance in Exeter Hall. I was quite as much applauded during my speech, and after it more, than either of my two fellow-orators. If that be the test of a good speech, which I doubt, I made one. My own opinion is that I was too much excited, and took rather more than my fair share of time. But, really, 4000 people, all together, excite an excitable man like me.

"For myself, though not satisfied, I am not dissatisfied, and think I have gained by my speech. After all, that is a poor, low view to take of it. I hope I have done good by it. Of that 4000

not one, in all probability, will be living sixty years hence. How solemn a responsibility! I hope I was faithful, but I fear I thought too much of myself.

"Give the darlings ever so many kisses. After all, their love and yours is worth all the applause of Exeter Hall twice over.—Your own, "W. C. M."

But this warmth of affection was soon to become an instrument of painful trial.

In the year 1858 Magee took his usual summer holiday, and went in July to Connemara to fish. There I joined him, and after a happy time we returned to our homes and recommenced work.

Then came the following sad letters:

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"11 Henrietta Street, Bath,
"*August* 30, 1858.

"I write, my dear friend, to ask your prayers—I know I need not ask your sympathy—for us under a most bitter sorrow.

"It has pleased God to take to himself one of our dear little ones—the dearest and most treasured of them all—the pet and, I fear now, the idol of the house—our third little girl. She died on Saturday night last of cholera, almost Asiatic in its severity, after twenty-two hours' illness. On Friday night at ten her mother saw her sleeping soundly and healthily; at the same hour on Saturday night she breathed out her little life in her arms. Her death and illness were most mercifully painless.

"I was spared the pain, or I was not permitted the privilege (I hardly know which to say), of watching with her mother by her dying bed. I was from home; and though telegraphed for, owing to the fewness of trains on Sunday, I did not arrive till twenty-four hours after she had expired.

"God's holy will be done. He has enabled us to say this from our hearts, though it's very hard to say it. She was the very desire of our eyes, taken away at a stroke. I feel as if all the light had faded out of my life and a cold grey cloud settled down on all our future path. I could not have thought it possible that the loss of a child, not quite three years of age, could have been felt so deeply. But we did idolise her.

"I can see this and many other reasons for this heavy chastisement. It has already done us good to be afflicted. I begin already

to see how far I had gone astray before it, and God has already given us much comfort in the kindness and sympathy of many friends.

"My dear wife bears it nobly, and supports me more, I think, than I support her.—Always affectionately yours,

"W. C. MAGEE."

"11 HENRIETTA STREET, BATH,
"*September* 3, 1858.

"Your pleasant letter, which I received this morning, crossed my sad one, and though the description of the two households presented a great contrast, the one in all its cheerful happiness with the little gift from God just brought home to it, and the other in all its sadness, with the void in it left by the little one whom God had taken back, yet believe me that I heartily rejoice in your happiness, and was glad that your fireside has round it no vacant place.

"I only write a few lines to tell you this, lest in your kindness you might wish you had not written me so pleasant a letter just now. It has been a pleasure to me to read it; and I can sympathise with you very heartily in your happiness and in your well-earned and increasing reputation, as I know you do with me in the sorrow that makes all reputation to me seem now the merest vanity of vanities.

"It will give me very great pleasure to be godfather to your little fellow.

"I bring to the office now a deeper sense of responsibility than I ever had before, and a deeper value also for our Baptismal Service. Could Calvin, or the 'durus pater infantium,' Augustine, have ever had a child or ever have lost one? I heard the other day of a mother, who is a Baptist, who is enduring a life-long suffering of doubt concerning the salvation of two of her children, who died before they were admitted into the Church and baptised; and who were too young to give 'evidences of assurance'! Thank God ours is a different creed.

"My poor wife is better. Women have a wonderful power of endurance given them, doubtless as a compensation for their far greater power of suffering. She bears her sorrow nobly, and helps me to bear mine. Very kind regards to Mrs. MacDonnell, and best wishes and prayers for the future welfare, temporal and spiritual, of my godson.

"W. C. M."

To MAJOR GIBERNE.

"11 HENRIETTA STREET, BATH,
"*September* 6, 1858.

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND FELLOW MOURNER,—Most truly do I feel the kindness and Christian sympathy which prompted you in the midst of your hour of sorrow to write to comfort me in mine. I can understand *now* how great an effort it must have been. I know now what a parent's feelings are as he looks upon the face of a departed child.

"It is an agony which none but a parent can imagine, and none but parents afflicted like ourselves can sympathise with; and yet our sorrow, deep as it is, is not to be compared with yours. What is the love that three years of a little happy life can have called out compared with that which the longer years of affectionate intercourse must have awakened in your hearts for your dear child! But our comforts are the same, and our Comforter too. The same wise, loving Father is dealing with us both—chastening us in love. The same tenderly sympathising High Priest is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. The same Holy Spirit, the Comforter, is breathing gently and imperceptibly the refreshing breeze of His grace upon our fevered hearts.

"He is giving you, I am sure, as He has given us, many sure proofs that this chastisement is not in wrath but in true love. He is enabling you to drink submissively your share of that cup of suffering which Christ passes round to all His disciples in their turn, and to say, as He said, 'Thy will, not mine, be done!'

"Our dear children are together, safe with our Saviour, who has taken them to Himself. We have often prayed to Him to be their Saviour and their Guide, to keep them from all evil, to bring them at last to himself, and He has heard our prayers and answered them, not as we in our shortsighted fondness could have desired, but as He in His unerring wisdom saw to be best for them. The end of all our prayers, of all your training, has been reached. They are safe with Jesus! No more fear and no more anxiety for them, no possibility of estranged affections, of sins, of errors such as have made parents ere now wish that God had in mercy taken their child from them in infancy. No anxious hopes and wishes for the life which we might leave after us to struggle with this rough world.

"They have entered into their rest; they are in the haven

whither we would go. The time may yet come when in some bitter sorrow or calamity we may say, 'Thank God our darling was spared this. Thank God one at least of our dear little ones was taken away from this evil.'

"I pray, my dear friend, that our merciful Father may give you the deep conviction of the safety of your child that He gave me of mine, and with it all the comfort it brought me as I stood beside her little grave, and bid her a last good-night on earth, and left her till the resurrection morning.

"The Lord our God be merciful to you, and cause the light of His countenance to shine upon you even in the gloom of this your heavy sorrow.

"Always, my dear friend, in affectionate sympathy, yours in our common Lord and Saviour, faithfully and truly,

"W. C. MAGEE."

To J. C. MACDONNELL.

"*September* 14, 1858.

"And now, my dear friend, I know you will be anxious to know how we are and how far we have been enabled to master our great sorrow.

"You may see from this letter that I am trying, and with success, the remedy of hard work. Anything is better than brooding over our sorrows, and indulging in the luxury of grief.

"We have returned to all the regular routine of daily life; and cares, and duties, and anxieties, in which our darling little one has no part, are already beginning to take the foreground in our minds; but in the background—never to be lost sight of, however long the perspective may grow—lies for the mother a little sick bed, and for the father a little grave. From both, thank God, there is already dancing a light that is not of earth, a light that I pray may purify and guide us all our life long. We have had many mercies and many consolations. I trust that the chastening has been blessed already to our souls. May God make it more and more so.

"Your kind letter was truly welcome, and did us both good.—Affectionately yours, "W. C. M."

These troubles, and other causes, seem to have given Magee a restless uneasiness, and thoughts of leaving Bath, while he despondingly underestimated his own prospects.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"*November* 2, 1858.

"I am glad to hear that you have some prospect of promotion. I should like you to leave that nidus of summer influenza you are now in for some pleasant seaside rectory where a brown trout stream flows through some narrow glen down to the deep Atlantic, the summer sojourn of salmon and white trout; and where I could come and visit you without dread of any worse ailment than that which attacked us last summer from our too exclusively fish diet. For me, I am, I fear, a fixture here for life, fishing always in my little glass bowl of an Octagon for such gold and silver fish as can be coaxed into it. I see no way out of Bath, much as I long and seek for it. However, let me be thankful that my life is so much a better one than I deserve, and be content to leave the future with Him who has so mercifully ordered all the past.—Always, my dear MacDonnell, affectionately yours, "W. C. M."

But a second and heavier affliction was in store for Magee, just when he was recovering from the effects of the first.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"11 Henrietta Street, Bath,
"*December* 29, 1858.

"Pity me, pity me, my dear friend, and pray for me and my poor wife. God has dealt very bitterly with us! He has taken from us another of our children—our eldest, our dearest. After forty-eight hours of most acute suffering from this terrible inflammatory sore throat, now so prevalent, she was taken from us at one o'clock this day. You will think it strange that I should sit down so soon to write of it, even to you. But I pray that you may never experience that miserable restlessness of grief that must do something, that flits from one occupation to another, from one thought to another, as if in an opium dream, and finds rest in nothing.

"For seven hours to-day almost incessantly I have sat holding my darling child's hands in mine, or carrying her in my arms; and for the last two I was earnestly praying God for her death.

"I cannot write at length, and yet I must write to some one—to you especially, who, I know, will say something kind and wise to me to help us in our sorrow.

. . . . . .

"As for my poor wife, I tremble for her. The darling that is

gone was her idol; already her little companion in a thousand little household ways and works. Just six years and a half—and full, oh, so full of promise!

"I cannot write more. Pray for us, my dear friend.—Your afflicted and miserable friend, "W. C. MAGEE.

'What a New Year!"

This affliction led them to hasten in carrying out a plan, which they had for some time resolved upon, of changing their residence in Bath. As early as the end of September, a month after their previous loss, the congregation of the Octagon, through Mr. Johnston, had sent Magee a sympathetic letter, with a gift of money to facilitate their removal to some other house "more likely to agree with their health."

After a short visit to Ireland, he wrote from a friend's house, and thus describes his position and employment:

To J. C. MACDONNELL.

"30 ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH,
"*March* 12, 1859.

". . . . Since our return we have been, and still are, on a visit in a friend's house while our new abode is being made ready for us; and between superintending carpenters, painters, paper-hangers, and other workmen there, and packing and moving furniture from our old abode, visiting a number of sick members of my congregation in this sickly season, and trying to get a few moments to myself to read a few lines even of the new books I have about me here, I have been in a perfect whirl of business and worry. To all which I have added this year the duties of secretary to the Church Missionary Society here, and the consequent getting up of the anniversary meetings and sermons—no light matter; and when I tell you that just at this juncture my schoolmistress and curate have both fallen seriously ill, you may imagine how little time I have had for letter-writing. I cannot say, however, that I regret this, for I find the necessity and the benefit of hard work. It keeps the heart from grinding itself to pieces to have something else for it to grind, and the harder that something is the better. Even my poor dear wife is improved in health and spirits by the occupation of superintending our settlement into our new house.

"I have had two or three invitations to your Dublin April meet-

ings, but have had to decline, owing to similar engagements in London and elsewhere—among others, to Samuel of Oxford, to preach one of a course of sermons along with sundry great men in one of the Oxford parish churches on April 20. My subject is, 'The Wages of Sin in Eternity,' and I wish I knew how to handle it. I cannot well avoid the disputed questions of Maurice and Co., and yet hardly know how to deal with them properly in a sermon designed for the common run of church-goers.

"I should like to have your ideas on the subject. My own just now is that I should develop and illustrate Butler's suggestion quoted by Mansel—that the punishment of sin may come in the next world by way of natural consequence; to show accordingly how the evil elements of our nature all tend to misery, and, if all good be withdrawn, to eternal misery, evil having no self-correction or recuperative power.

"I think the tendency of evil men to become rapidly and intensely wicked from the association only with each other has not been sufficiently brought out in connection with this subject. The binding together in bundles of the parables, as Augustine expounds it—the bad with the bad! How awful and how hopeless!

"I have been reading the first part of your review of Mansel. I like it so far as it goes, but I wish you had not turned aside from the metaphysics of the book, which are just the part which requires and admits of popularising in a review, and which I think of immense value in these days, when the babble of the German metaphysical transcendentalists has got, like Aristophanes' birds, between men and heaven, stopping all prayer and hindering all hearing of the voice from above. "W. C. M."

I quote the following letter, though it relates chiefly to a work which I had just published on the Atonement, as it contains some important statements of Magee's own views upon this question and its relation to the Evangelical party. In his latter years he published a most characteristic little book on the same subject himself.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"11 Henrietta Street, Bath,
"*September* 14, 1858.

"I have just finished a careful study of all your Donnellan Lectures.

"I do not think it too much to say of your book that it marks a

stage in the controversy about the Atonement; marks just that stage when the orthodox, compelled by the attacks of the heterodox, are beginning to clear away all the suburbs that have grown up around the citadel of truth in time of peace, but which give shelter to the enemy in time of war. You have stated the doctrine of the Atonement with most admirable clearness and precision, and freed it from all the incrustations that have grown on it and over it from all the various systems that touch it. This was just what was wanting at this moment.

"The evangelical world does not want refutations of Maurice and Jowett, whom it abhors without reading; but it needs the correction of those false views of its own, which give Maurice and Jowett all their strength with their own followers, and with men of thought in general. Of course, in taking this line you have furnished the best possible refutation of these men.

"I have gone very carefully through each lecture. The third and fourth, with the intervening essay on the symbolism of sacrifice, particularly please me.

"In your reasoning on Bahr's 'Symbolism' I think you have touched the point *acu.*

"Rhodes objects to the word 'expiation' at all. But then he looks upon sin as only a *disease!* and denies there is any such thing as punishment for it, properly so called—*i.e.*, any pain not arising out of the sin itself, which is its own punishment. A proof, by the way, of the soundness of your remarks in Lecture VI., that the knowledge of the nature of Atonement must depend upon our knowledge of the nature of that sin which it was designed to remedy.

"W. C. M."

Before the close of the year 1859, the Heads of Trinity College, Dublin, offered Magee the living of Clondevaddock in Donegal, which, though wild and remote, presented many attractions, and was endeared to him by many early associations.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"21 Park Street, Bath,
"*December* 12, 1859.

"You will have heard ere this reaches you that I have *refused Clondevaddock.* I have done so after the most anxious and prayerful consideration—after a mental struggle, the sorest I have ever gone through, and which leaves me at this moment

so physically and mentally prostrate that I can hardly bring myself to write at length all those reasonings which brought me to my conclusion.

"When I tell you that up to nine o'clock on Friday night I had not decided, and that even on Saturday morning I had all but telegraphed again to recall my refusal before the Board could meet, you may see how difficult and how distressing my position has been.

. . . . . .

"And now, my dear friend, I look to you for one favour, to put me straight with the Provost. He has been so kind to me that I fear he may think I have lightly treated a great honour and a great favour which he has helped to procure me.

"I wrote to him in brief substance what I have written to you of my reasons for declining Clondevaddock.

"Tell him further what you think right of the contents of this letter, and give me the benefit of your prayers, that I may be kept from useless regret and doubt and repinings, and set myself in faith and courage to the work that now lies before me.—Always, my dear friend, affectionately yours, "W. C. MAGEE."

Events showed that he was right. He was becoming generally known, outside Bath as well as in it. Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells, had appointed him in 1859 to a prebend in Wells Cathedral, and his influence in Bath was increasing every day. He used to tell an amusing story of his "reading in" at the cathedral. It was the custom for the canon when installed, to read all the prayers. Magee, in his earlier days of preaching, had been tormented by nightmare dreams, in which he imagined that when he opened his Bible in the pulpit, its pages and his notes were all a blank; and he used to awake in the agony of trying to recall his text and his sermon. When "reading in" at Wells he suddenly discovered that several pages of the service had been torn out, and it flashed across his mind that his dreams at last were realised. He escaped from his difficulty by stretching out his hand and grasping the Prayer Book of an old gentleman who was reading devoutly below him, and who seemed greatly astonished at this unexpected intrusion upon his devotions.

Six months had not elapsed after he had refused this living, when he was offered the post of minister of the Quebec Chapel, London,

which Dr. Goulburn had recently resigned, and which Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury, had previously held. This call was to one of the most prominent churches in the West End of London.

To Mrs. Magee.

"57 Park Street, London,
"*May* 11, 1860.

"The enclosed tells its own story. The offer of the London chapel has come at last! and Quebec Chapel too. It has come unsought and now it has come I am tempted to wish it had not come at all.

"I received this only two hours ago. I drove off first to see M'Neile. He is strongly for my accepting. He looks upon it as a marked and clear promotion: and as likely to lead to more. I am going now to see Gurney and get all the information from him that I can, and then to see Goulburn.

"I mean to ask for time to consider. Oh, how I shrink from all the anxiety and responsibility of the coming decision! But I have not sought it, and cannot avoid it. We must pray earnestly for guidance and help and for a single mind to know and do what is right, not what is pleasant. "W. C. M."

"Corpus Christi College, Cambridge,
"*Sunday, May* 13, 1860.

"Your letter reached me safely yesterday on my arrival here. I hope to be with you at six o'clock on Tuesday to dinner. Right glad shall I be to find myself once more in my quiet home after all this knocking about. I addressed the undergraduates last night, about two hundred of them, and I think they were pleased with what I said, and Mr. Perowne expressed himself as thankful for it.

"I preach twice to-day, and speak once to-morrow, leaving, I hope, in the afternoon for London, and sleeping there Monday night.

"I have had a long interview with Gurney and find the idea of Quebec ministry growing strongly upon me. It is confessedly the most prominent and important post for a preacher in London and, therefore, in England. The district, however, attached to it is 6000 souls! of these, however, not more than 2000 would require looking after, and there is an energetic curate and a scripture reader. However, we will talk all this over when we meet.

"I have three weeks to make up my mind, and should I accept, need not commence duty in London until October.

"My heart, I confess, sinks at the thought of leaving all our comforts and pleasure and kind friends in Bath, and plunging into the great wide unknown sea of London. But this does look like a call of Providence, and as it brings neither increase of income nor leisure, I am not in danger of accepting it from lower and unworthy motives. May God guide us aright. "W. C. M."

He had received on his appointment the following appreciative letter from his bishop, Lord Auckland.

2 GROSVENOR CRESCENT, S.W.,
May 23, 1860.

MY DEAR MAGEE,—I congratulate you on your appointment to Quebec Chapel, which has been one of the best filled chapels in London.

But whilst I congratulate you on being placed in a more important post, I must add that I am very sorry to lose you out of the diocese. Your influence at Bath was always exerted for good, and it had a telling effect. You will be much missed. I shall be only too glad to keep the string that slightly attaches you to my diocese unbroken, and to express my hope that when called to preach at the Cathedral you will make the Palace of Wells your resting-place.—Ever yours, my dear Magee, very truly, AUCKLAND, BATH AND WELLS.

All this correspondence ended in Magee's acceptance of the Quebec Chapel and his removal to London the following October. Meanwhile the University of Dublin offered him an honour which he very highly valued—the degree of Doctor of Divinity, without payment of fees. Magee's "Act Sermon"* for the degree was preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, June 24th, 1860, and received universal commendation not only from the public, but from the Heads of the University, who were well satisfied with the manner in which they had bestowed their degree.

The "Commencements" at which the degree was bestowed took place in the week following. It was in one respect an occasion of unusual importance, as the degree of LL.D. was then conferred upon all the English judges of the superior courts, nine in number, who were graduates of Dublin.

A Doctors' Dinner on an unusual scale was given in the dining hall of Trinity College. The Earl of Carlisle, then Lord Lieutenant

* See "Christ the Light of all Scripture," No. I.

of Ireland, was among the guests, and he brought with him Charles Kingsley and Mr. Froude the historian, who had just arrived at the Castle. The Provost arranged that Magee should sit next Kingsley. I remember well a number gathering round Kingsley in the common room after dinner listening to his conversation. Magee was specially delighted by his praises of our great speaker and theologian, prematurely cut off, William Archer Butler. I remember Kingsley speaking to this effect, "We all soar at times to higher thoughts and more heavenly regions, but we cannot keep there long—would God we could; but Butler seemed to be always there, and never to come down to earth."

His vacation over, Magee returned to Bath as a D.D. to deliver his last sermons in the Octagon, and to take leave of his Bath friends.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Bath, *September* 18, 1860.

"....So now that is off my mind, and I think only of London and its duties as much at least as Bath and its leave takings will allow me to do. It is a far more painful thing than I imagined to take leave of a congregation to whom one has been ministering for nine years. A very solemn time it is too, with all its memories of ministerial shortcomings, and unfaithfulness to many who in that time have passed to their account.

"I wish my last sermon here and my first at Quebec* were over. I hardly know which I dread most.

"We expect to leave this in a fortnight, and I have got two sermons to get ready for Quebec and four for the Octagon and a speech for Wells, so I must cut this short. I do hope that we shall be on Loch Inagh next autumn; but that is a long look out. —Always affectionately yours, "W. C. Magee."

I have spoken of his valuable catechetical instruction and his Bible classes at the Octagon. Many of those who had attended them joined in presenting him with a clock which he valued highly and always kept upon his study chimney-piece in every house he afterwards occupied. It seemed at Cork and Peterborough to be almost part of his necessary surroundings.

* "Christ the Light of all Scripture," No. 6.

CHAPTER IV

QUEBEC CHAPEL, LONDON; ENNISKILLEN; CORK

Dr. Magee preached his first sermon at Quebec Chapel on Sunday, October 7, 1860. Three weeks before he had written thus from Bath:

"The packers are in our house, and we leave it to-day, for a friend's, to stay the next fortnight. I do not like this flitting from a house which I had fitted and furnished with the idea that I was making a *home* for many years to come. It gives such a feeling of insecurity and change, this pitching and striking of our tents; and these frequent good-byes are very depressing, and sadden our hopes for the rest of our pilgrimage. I begin to feel as if there were to be no long resting-place for me and mine on the journey hereafter. But I suppose all men feel more or less morbidly at every crisis in their life, especially as they grow older."

He little thought, when he penned these words, that another month would see him face to face with more serious change—a complete change of life, a removal to Ireland. Not, indeed, to as remote and wild a region as the living he had before refused, but to a place which must have contrasted strangely with the West End of London. The Board of Trinity College, Dublin, tried him a second time in October 1860 with the offer of a living, the rectory of Enniskillen. It was free from many of the disadvantages which belonged to the living which he had refused a year before, and it offered a field of labour and usefulness where his talents would not be thrown away.

Still it is probable that he would not have accepted it, but that he was not strong, and his medical adviser told him he thought the strain of London work might be too much for him. He did not hesitate long before accepting Enniskillen. Many of his

friends thought him unwise, or at least had serious misgivings about his leaving England.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells wrote to him on this subject on October 26, 1860.

My dear Magee,—I do not know whether to congratulate you or not upon your appointment to an Irish rectory. I think that with your talents and industry you were designed for London, and it was only yesterday I had a letter from one of your London congregation who said that your chapel was full.

I cannot help thinking that in a few years, you would have fought your way up to a very influential position in London, and have done an immense deal of good to our Church. But every man ought to be the best judge of his own position; and all I can say is this, that I and my family most sincerely desire your happiness wherever you may be, though we are very sorry that we shall not have the opportunity of meeting in London so often as we had hoped. But we trust that when you come to England you will be able to pay us a visit at Wells.—With every wish for your welfare, believe me, my dear Magee, yours very truly,

Auckland, Bath and Wells.

On October 31, 1860, I accompanied Magee to Enniskillen on a visit of inspection. It was the dreary time of an exceptionally dismal season, and the empty house looked unpromising enough. But nothing could conceal the beauty of the situation both of the rectory and its surroundings, close to Lough Erne. To the parish of Enniskillen was attached the precentorship of the Cathedral of Clogher, and the rectory on this account bore the title of "Chanter Hill."

He wrote then about it himself to a friend, the Rev. Aubrey Townsend.

"19 Westbourne Square, W.,
"*Wednesday, November* 5, 1860.

"My dear Townsend,—I have just returned from a flying visit to Enniskillen and Armagh, and thought you might like to hear my report of what I have seen and heard. I spent Wednesday evening and the whole of Thursday last in Enniskillen, and saw the church and the rectory. The latter is a charming spot, about an Irish mile from the town, of which there is a fine view from it. The house is a comfortable though old-fashioned one, situated on the top of a hill, with very pretty and park-like grounds, large gardens, and all the offices and appurtenances of a country rectory on a large—rather too large—scale.

"The church is a large and handsome one. But to my English

eyes it seems greatly in need of paint and whitewash. The town is one large straggling street, where thatched and slated houses alternate in a fashion very unlike that of Westbourne Terrace, or Park Street, Bath. There is a great deal of Methodism and not a little Popery in it.

"There are no less than nine Sunday duties in the town and neighbourhood, exclusive of the services in a district church about seven miles off. I shall require three curates, but they will be enough. The net value of the living, after deducting their salaries and all expenses, will be £400 a year; rather a tight fit in money matters. But then it will be £400 a year, *sick or well*, as I shall always have three curates to do the work, and there is the house besides.

"The expense of living is not so much below that in London as I had supposed. Railways are fast equalising prices in Ireland, as they have done in England.

"I spent Friday in Armagh, as Archdeacon Irwin's guest, and found him all you had described him. A very able, clear-headed and kind-hearted man, one whom it will be a great pleasure to me to know, and to know as secretary and managing officer to my Diocesan. He has obtained leave for me from the Primate until March next. More than this I could not reasonably expect, as the living has been vacant now since June last, and this will give Gurney ample time to look about for a successor to me.—Always affectionately yours, "W. C. MAGEE."

Later in the month Dr. and Mrs. Magee went over together to see their new home. He was instituted at Armagh to the rectory of Enniskillen and precentorship of Clogher on November 28, 1860, and inducted on the following day by the Rev. Callwell, Rector of Brookborough, near Enniskillen.

Having made all necessary arrangements with a view to occupying their new house the following March, they returned to London, and there Magee carried on his ministry at Quebec Chapel long enough to make himself well known and useful. The character and the friends he gained in his five months' ministry in London were a great help to him through all his after life.

After his acceptance of the living of Enniskillen came a great disappointment, in the discovery that it would be necessary for him to resign his stall as Prebendary in Wells Cathedral, before his institution to any preferment in Ireland.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells wrote about this as follows:

November 23, 1860.

My dear Magee,—Davies came to me and showed me the Act of Parliament which relates to your Prebendal Stall. He seemed to think that no Irishman could hold any English preferment without vacating his Irish preferments, so I told him to write to you. I must say this is not justice to Ireland, and that I am very sorry to lose you. I was in hopes that you had still a little anchorage in England; and that we should occasionally hear you in our Cathedral. . . . .—Ever yours most truly, Auckland, Bath and Wells.

In March 1861 he took leave of the Quebec Chapel. It was marvellous the impression which in so short a time he left upon many minds.

There remain many letters attesting the influence for good which he had exerted. I select two witnesses of a very different kind. A lady wrote thus to Dr. Magee:

Dear Sir,—I venture to write to you believing that you will be glad to hear that you have been the means, under God, of helping a poor soul—who for a long time has been harassed with distressing doubts and fears—to see God's love more clearly and to believe that even these very doubts are washed away in the blood of Jesus. I thank God for leading me to hear you, and I thank you for your earnest and faithful sermons; and it is a sad grief to me that I shall no longer be able to hear them.

Believe me my prayers will follow you, that you may be blessed to many souls.

Rev. J. H. Gurney wrote thus, just before the Magees removed to Ireland:

63 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.
February 11, 1861.

Dear Mrs. Magee,—I did not see you were so near me last night, or I must have shaken you by the hand to congratulate you on your husband's *entire* success in a very arduous post—subject, matter, diction, manner, everything that could be desired. God has given him great gifts, and (best of all) a devout and humble spirit with them.

And now you will go away into the far distance, and we shall scarcely see you again.

Can we not spend another evening together? It shall be the quietest of parties, eight and no more, and prayer at parting, if you and he can come. . . . .—Yours truly, J. H. Gurney.

In the first week of March 1861, Dr. Magee, with two of his little girls, left London by the night express for Holyhead. A railway accident very nearly ended their lives; the axle of the carriage they were travelling in broke, and the carriage was bumped violently till nearly broken to pieces. There was no means of communicating with the guard. Some ladies, who were in the next compartment, began to shriek loudly. Magee then desired his own servants to put their heads out of the windows and scream to attract the guard's attention. He himself took his infant girls upon his knees, fully expecting that all would soon fall through the floor of the carriage, which was fast breaking up. The shrieks of the women were however heard by the guard, and the train brought to a stand in time to save their lives.

When they dismounted and looked by the light of the guard's lamp at the shattered carriage from which they had been with difficulty extricated, all marvelled at their escape. It seemed that with another bump or two they must have been thrown under the train. This was the second time in his life, when Magee had been within a hair's breadth of death, and yet was wonderfully saved. Another kick of that frightened horse in the Pyrenees in 1851 would have paralysed his wonderful brain in death; and another bump of the railway carriage would have left him and his children to be crushed under the train. Yet as no one was killed or hurt, no notice of the accident appeared in any of the newspapers. A day or two after the travellers reached Enniskillen in safety.

But though his removal from London to a small town far from the capital of Ireland seemed like banishment from public life, it proved quite the reverse. Relieved from the excessive strain of preaching continually to an intellectual and critical audience, he plunged into practical parochial work, and had time also for those wider duties to the Church, which were the best preparation for the life that lay before him.

A clergyman in a chapel like the Octagon, or Quebec, is surrounded by friends and admirers, chosen by a kind of "natural selection." But in a large parish the rector has to deal with opponents as well as admirers, to hear hard and adverse, as well as friendly criticisms.

Enniskillen was a rough and a wholesome discipline in this respect. When Bishop of Peterborough, he used often to say, that of all his clerical experience he owed more to his three years at Enniskillen than to anything else, in preparing him for his epis-

copal duties. He sometimes chafed under the treatment he met with, especially from some of his brother clergy; but it accustomed him to opposition and adverse criticism.

Not that the Enniskilleners did not appreciate their talented rector, and feel proud of him, but they could sometimes treat him roughly. His new life called forth all those stronger qualities of determination, firmness, and moral courage which he possessed so abundantly, but which were heretofore but rarely called into exercise.

The following letter, written about five weeks after he had entered upon his duties, gives his first impressions:

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Chanter Hill, *April* 6, 1861.

"....As for me and mine, we are, thank God, well and happy. My two little ones who are with us here never were so well. The change the country has wrought in them is marvellous, and would alone reconcile me to my new post, if reconciliation were needed. But it is not. I am more and more convinced that I did right in coming here. I feel, now that I can calmly and at a distance review my London life, that it must have been a very short one. I never could have stood the pace. Here the only danger is of mental inactivity. Of bodily exercise there is plenty. My great want, and one that I shall of course feel more when I have more leisure, is cultivated society.

"My parish work is already beginning to shape itself very satisfactorily. Irwin's son has taken the vacant curacy. He keeps a horse, and has taken all the country duty, doing duty each Sunday at each of the two country school-houses.

"I preach morning and evening, and the people like me, and the church is filling. My chief difficulty has been the necessity, or supposed necessity, of conciliating the Primitive Methodists; by far the largest body here, who call themselves Churchmen, and who certainly are most of them communicants, and who hate the Wesleyans with a perfect hatred, but who nevertheless require some delicate attention on our part to keep them with us. This town is split into sects—religious, political, and social—beyond any place I ever knew of. I am gradually, however, and quietly taking the reins into my own hands, and will not strain upon the bit until I am firm in the saddle. To do the people justice they are very well disposed

to follow any man who can make good his claim to *lead* them. But they will not *be driven* an inch.

"I see good materials for work. And I am getting the people with me by degrees.

"On the whole my prospects of usefulness and of comfort are quite as good and better than I reckoned on when I took Enniskillen; and truly this place is a very pleasant one. In summer it will be lovely. No fishing I fear is possible for me in Connemara this year. I shall not have money or time.

"But come you up here instead. The best fishing in Lough Erne is under my curate's windows, and he has the right reserved, *verbum sap.* Hold your tongue about this, but come.

"Forget the 'Essays and Reviews;' depend upon it we shall have only too ample time for writing on the controversy they have opened. This is only the outburst of a long-pent and slowly-gathering deluge of infidelity. Those men have made the first hole in the dyke; it will be long before the waters drain themselves off. Our crisis will, I trust and believe, be shorter than the German one has been, but we must pass through it, and long ere then we shall have worse to deal with than the Essayists. I should greatly like, nevertheless, to join you in some effort against these men, but I fear that I must wait too long for needful leisure. "W. C. M."

The following letter gives an interesting account of Dr. Robinson, the Astronomer Royal at Armagh.

To the Rev. AUBREY TOWNSEND.

"CHANTER HILL, *July* 24, 1861.

"I have been so busy since I received your last two letters, travelling to and from Monaghan and Armagh, and preaching the Visitation sermons in the former place, that I have not had time to thank you as I ought to have done for your kind and most satisfactory management.

. . . . . .

"I spent two very delightful evenings this week. One with Archdeacon Russell, the friend and biographer of the poet Wolfe, a very pleasing and amiable old man; and with his guest, Dr. Robinson of Armagh, certainly one of the ablest and the best informed men I ever met. A perfect hogshead of learning, well-refined and ready to flow out to any one's tapping; an Irish Whewell.

"He held us by the ears for hour after hour, talking on every conceivable subject, and talking equally well on all.

"The next day after the visitation your friend, Alexander Irwin, carried me off to Armagh to the palace, where (the Primate being from home) his chaplain, Jones, entertained us, and I finished off the next morning by attending service in the cathedral, where I heard much better choral music than is now to be heard at St. Patrick's. . . . . "W. C. M."

This letter and the following show that he was not cut off, as he feared, from cultivated society.

To the Rev. Aubrey Townsend.

"Chanter Hill, *August* 19, 1861.

"I was sorry not to be able to get to Glastonbury, to have met you there and had a day with you and Rhodes. But I had too many friends to see in Bath.

"I spent two days last week at Crom Castle, Lord Erne's splendid place on the upper lake Erne, to meet Samuel of Oxford; and an exceedingly pleasant time I had of it, Samuel being one of the most delightful of the sons of men in society. He is making an Irish tour for his health, and seems to enjoy himself greatly. I had a good deal of very interesting conversation with him *de omnibus rebus*.

"The weather here is really alarming, whole miles almost of land flooded; hay and potatoes utterly swept away, the corn lodged, and no sign of any improvement.

"I fear something like the famine of '47, unless the weather should take up soon.

"What is to become of the small farmers and the poor generally I know not. I hope you are better off in England.—Always, my dear friend, affectionately yours, "W. C. Magee."

There is one point in Dr. Magee's management of his parish which ought to be recorded for the instruction and encouragement of younger brethren. I visited him at Chanter Hill in 1862, and he took me to see his Sunday School, which was held in the church (a practice not unusual in Ireland), for one hour before morning service. He told me that when he came to Enniskillen he found a thoroughly inefficient set of teachers, some of whom were Methodists, and others scarcely Church people.

The Church Catechism was little used, and there was scarcely any Church teaching.

He at once laid down a course of Sunday School lessons, including catechism, and insisted on the teachers attending once a week to be instructed by him in the business for the following Sunday. A large number of the teachers immediately resigned; others who would not fall in with his plans, or who were quite incompetent, he dismissed.

He set to work and collected a fresh band of Church teachers, who attended his weekly lessons and were content to repeat his questions to their classes. When the system was fairly at work, the attendance of children increased. When I visited the Sunday School there were nearly 300 children in classes of about ten each. His habit was to go round, at least to the senior classes, listen to the teaching of each class for a couple of minutes, ask a question or two himself, and then pass on to the next class. I never saw anything more successful than this system, in his hands, seemed to be. He said to me, "It is pleasant to hear my own teaching repeated from thirty throats." Of course the system owed much to his marvellous power of giving catechetical instruction. The teachers grasped his teaching and passed it on to the children, of whom the greater number were not in attendance at the parochial day schools. After a few months the Sunday School became to him a pleasure, as well as a most efficient help.

Dr. Magee had scarcely arrived at Enniskillen when he was reluctantly drawn into a most harassing controversy with many of the neighbouring clergy. The parochial schools throughout most of Ireland were under a voluntary society called the Church Education Society. In them the clergy had entire control of the education, secular and religious, of all the children in their schools. They gave (as a general rule) the same religious instruction to Dissenters as to Church children, but this sometimes led to sinking a good deal of Church teaching so as to avoid invidious distinctions among the pupils. The National Board of Education was everywhere setting up new schools in which a conscience clause was enforced.

This did not satisfy the Irish clergy in general. They insisted on having schools, without a conscience clause, into which they might walk at any hour, and give any religious instruction to any child, as they pleased. Those who insisted upon these conditions, have never consequently received any share in the education grants,

but have had to support their schools wholly by voluntary subscriptions. Roman Catholic patrons on the other hand have secured large grants for their schools in all parts of Ireland, except where these schools were taught by the "Christian Brothers," a Roman Catholic teaching order, who refused, like the Irish clergy, to allow any restrictions upon their religious teaching.

Magee had thrown himself early into this struggle in his college days and argued zealously for the schools of the Church Education Society, without a conscience clause. Many were the friendly arguments we had upon the subject, as my opinion was strongly opposed to his. On one occasion he invited me to hear his favourite orator (Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan) speak at a Church Education meeting. I went and listened entranced to the great speaker, who held an audience of two thousand people spellbound for nearly two hours. As we came out, Magee said to me triumphantly, "What do you think of that speech?" I replied, "It was the finest speech I ever heard, but it has left me of the same opinion still."

But a few years of English experience changed his views upon that and many other questions, and when he went to Enniskillen, he was not so wedded to either view as to sacrifice the education of his young parishioners to any abstract theory. The following letters will show the steps which led him, with characteristic courage and firmness, to brave the anger of his brother clergy, and accepting a conscience clause to put his school under the National Board, and render it thoroughly efficient by the aid of a Government grant.

It will appear from the following letter how soon he was obliged to take a decided stand in this controversy.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"19 Westbourne Square, W.,
"*December* 8, 1860.

"We have just returned—at twelve o'clock last night—from Enniskillen.

"I 'read in' on Sunday last—but did not preach—wanting to hear the curates.

. . . . . .

"I do not know what you will say when I tell you that I have already hoisted my colours on the Education question.

"I found that a meeting of the provincial committee, Lord Erne in the chair, was to be held on Tuesday last in Enniskillen, and

that I was expected to attend. As it was known that I was aware of the meeting I feared that my absenting myself might look like shirking the question; and as I knew my sentiments could not long be concealed, I thought best to take so good an opportunity of stating them clearly and precisely, before a number of witnesses.

"I need not trouble you with what I said—as you know my views pretty well. Briefly, I told them that I preferred being patron of a Church Education school to a National Board school; but that was a matter of *preference*, not *principle* with me, and that the *sine quâ non* with me was a good school for my parishioners; that if the Enniskilleners would pay for this under the Church Education Society, I would make no change; if not, I would accept aid from the Board, having no notion of paying for other men's principles. As to the society generally—I should be happy to subscribe to it, and to preach for it—but as my ideas differed so widely from theirs, I thought it best not to be on their committee. I finished off with a few civil words of respect for their consciences, and a claim of like respect for mine.

"Their secretary, a Mr. Bailey, a very clever and gentlemanlike fellow, replied in a very civil and proper manner, waiving all right to question my decision but begging me to announce or allow them to announce for me, a decided preference for the Church Education Society over the National Board, adding many polite things about my influence, character, etc. I was not to be caught by all this salt on my tail, and told him my preference was not for the Church Education Society, whose present position in refusing a separate grant I altogether disapproved of, but only that I should prefer being a patron of a school under them as being more free than under the Board.

"All this went off very well, when suddenly up started a fiery curate, who said he did not understand 'trimming,' and talked very fiercely, and not a little insolently, about 'principle,' and 'putting of people's hands in their pockets in support of their principles.' I heard him very quietly until he had done, and then waited until Lord Erne as chairman called him to order and rebuked him. I then got up, and very gently and slowly, and with elaborate politeness, informed the gentleman who had just spoken, that I had not come to propose any course of action to the committee, or to discuss any question with them, but simply to inform them, as I thought only respectful to them ('hear, hear,' from sundry young curates) of the course I intended adopting. That I had no

wish to discuss that gentleman's principles with him, and that I did not intend to allow him to discuss mine with me.

"The gentleman shut his lips very tight, and collapsed immediately into absolute silence. As I thought he or some others might like to blow off a little steam, I made my bow then and there, and departed with the honours of war. I have since heard that Lord Erne expressed himself much pleased with my conduct, and more than one clergyman has said that he quite agrees with me —Callwell entirely so. In fact, I suspect that a good many of them will not be sorry for the stand I have taken. They are many of them desirous of getting out of a false position if they could, but terribly afraid of a few noisy blustering fellows like this Mr. ——, and I think they greatly relished the setting down I gave him.

"I was, I confess, glad of his attack, as it gave me an opportunity of showing that I was not a man to be bullied; and, on the whole, I think this little episode will do good.

"Finally, I like Enniskillen better upon better acquaintance, and have little fear but that, with tact and temper and patience and God's blessing, I shall get on and do good.

. . . . . .

"This is an awfully long and egotistical letter, but I have the privilege of boring you about Enniskillen, on the principle on which Dick Swiveller recommended his friend to eat some of the wedding-cake of his successful rival, whose success was owing to that friend's advice. 'Eat it,' said Dick, gloomily; 'you ought to like it, for it is your own making.' So say I to you, only not gloomily, my Enniskillen cake is a good deal of it your baking, so you have to eat no small share of it.—Always affectionately yours,

"W. C. MAGEE."

The sequel to this will be found in the following letter, written nine months after:

To J. C. MACDONNELL.

"CHANTER HILL, *September 26*, 1861.

"I dare say you have wondered at my silence. You will wonder no longer when I tell you that I have been working out, for the last month, the problem of National Board or Church Education for my schools here; and that at last I have come to the conclusion National Board—and acted on it! You should have been among

the clergy here to estimate all the difficulty and anxiety that this step has cost me, and all the moral courage it needed to take it.

"Fierce as the Irish clergy generally are on this question, the Clogher clergy are absolutely *mad* upon it. In their eyes I have committed the unpardonable sin. I shall have to brave a torrent of invective and obloquy which most men would dread to encounter; and more than this, I lose for the present all hope of meeting and leading them for good. Spite of all this, my mind is clear that I am right. I send you a *Fermanagh Reporter*, which will show you my first step—what I told the Church Education men last year would be my first step—to see what my parishioners would do.

"The result was £48 promised from the whole parish, town and country, and £12 from my two curates, hot Church Education men—£60 in all! Not enough to pay the teachers' salaries.

"Nearly one-half the parish refused to give on the ground that they preferred the National system, and several even of those who did subscribe avowed a similar preference.

"I found, therefore, that my parishioners were *not* Church Education men, nor was I. I saw, therefore, no reason why I should have bad schools to please my brother clergy, especially as nothing would really please them short of a thick and thin advocacy of their principles.

"The proposed National Board Model school will not be in operation for three years to come—too long to wait with my Protestant children running off to the priests' schools to get a good education. I took my resolve then finally, and have sent in my application to the Board. Expect a howl accordingly! However, I am not one who is given to heed too much the *civium ardor prava jubentium*, and I hope to hold on my own way in spite of all howlings.

"One thing will, I fear, add an element of bitterness to a matter full enough of bitterness as it was.

"My junior curate foolishly persuaded a neighbouring rector to call a meeting of friends of the Church Education Society in my parish, *without consulting me*, in order to make energetic efforts to continue *my* school in connection with the Church Education Society! Said meeting accordingly proceed to solicit subscriptions for my schools to be given on the above condition, and actually asked the Primate and Lords Erne and Enniskillen for subscriptions!

"Of course, I declined the profferred gift. The result, however,

must be a good deal of misunderstanding and explanation and statement and counter-statement—which had been better avoided. This, however, will blow over.

"I mean to say *nothing*, unless some attack be made on my personal character. I am not going to add another to the endless series of pamphlets on the education question.

"I hope I shall be able to resist the temptation of cutting up the bad logic and worse Christianity of some of the Church Education advocates, and in patience to possess my soul in spite of all they say to me or of me. "W. C. M."

I do not know whether it was at the meeting alluded to in the foregoing letter, or one held subsequently in Enniskillen, that an influential layman, who happened to be in town that day, asked a clergyman whom he met, "what was going on, as he had seen a great number of parsons about." The other answered, "Oh, Dr. Magee is going to put his schools under the National Board, and we are holding a meeting of all the neighbouring clergy to oppose it." "Indeed," said the layman, "did Dr. Magee interfere in any of your parishes?" The other replied, "No, I don't think he did." "Then why," said the layman, "do you interfere in his?"

This affair caused an unfortunate estrangement between Dr. Magee and many of his brother clergy, and put an end to any chance—at least, for a long time—of their recognising him as a leader. But gradually this estrangement wore off so as to prevent his feeling it socially. But in the course of the following year something went wrong in his health. He had pain and stiffness internally, which the physicians could not account for. It might be something that would pass away, but it might prove to be something very serious indeed. He writes thus a year after the date of the letter last quoted:

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Chanter Hill, Enniskillen,
"*September* 19, 1862.

"I returned here last Friday, better, I think, as regards my principal ailment.

"The truth of my case seems to be that it has puzzled the doctors. They all say that the symptoms are 'obscure,' indicating, however, so far as they can see, no organic disease, but calling for watchfulness and care.

"However, I am better—freer from pain and able to take more exercise—and with this for the present I must be content. The rest time will tell; and meanwhile I have to exercise patience and faith and to try and take as hopeful a view of things as possible, a good discipline for a man of a desponding temperament such as mine.

"——, I hear, is to be Dean of Ferns. So, after a short passing dream about possible promotion, I am settling down steadily and quietly to my work here, and troubling myself no more about men and things of high estate.

"After all, I would give all the deaneries in Ireland (*pace tua, vir reverendior*) for a clean bill of health and power to walk three Irish miles without risk or pain. But I am not, it seems, likely to have my choice.

"I am going to take 'St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, and the Church in his days,' for my lecture in Dublin. Chiefly, I believe, because I have his works in my library—and it is a fine subject for a little oblique dealing with sundry modern heresies, Evangelical and others. I only hope I may not be stoned for a Broad Churchman, or a Puseyite, before I have done with him.

"I have been reading 'Tracts for Priests and People,' in two volumes. There is a great deal of truth in them, mixed, of course, with much error and more mist. Mind, I tell you there is room and need for a series of Evangelical Broad Church tracts—'By J. C M. and W. C. M.', or 'By two Irish Rectors.' But how we should be pelted by the *Record!*

"Yet the Evangelicals sorely need somebody to tell them a few plain truths about themselves, even at the risk of being stung to death by the hive that he kicks over. I wish you would jam down your broad-brimmed hat over your eyes, and try it. Truly my soul is stirred within me by the Calvinistic Methodism of our Low Church clergy.

"I was at a clerical meeting in Wicklow last week, and saw more than enough of it. "W. C. M."

Again he writes, September 23, 1862:

". . . . I begin to hope and trust that my ailment is wearing out. Truly it has been a heavier trial than I have cared to speak about—this long suspense, with its doubts and fears, not for myself so much as for those dear ones whose future depends, humanly speaking, on my being granted a few more years of life.

"But I feel how much I have deserved, or, rather, should I not say needed, this chastening. My life for the last two years has been a busy, hurried, angry, secular existence; and it is good for me to be reminded of the 'end' of it all. My present trial does this effectually. I trust that if it pass away I may walk henceforth with a more patient and trustful spirit on my appointed path, and look more to the end and aim of my course, and less to the troubles or the gains I encounter in it. "W. C. M."

This idea of a series of tracts was much in his mind, and the very next day he wrote me a long letter explaining his views. The project was never carried out. Stirring times came, which were inconsistent with much literary work.

His Donnellan lectures also soon largely occupied his thoughts. But I give the following quotations to show exactly how his relations to the Evangelical party had changed and were changing. I had many letters upon the same subject, but this letter will sufficiently explain his views, and will furnish a key to much of his subsequent preaching. The proposed essays were never written, but the idea which suggested them shaped many a subsequent sermon.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Chanter Hill, *September* 24, 1862.

". . . . And now about our proposed partnership. In the first place, the more I think of the work we propose to ourselves, the more I feel it is a needful and an important work, and the more I feel too that you and I together are legitimately called to do it—and, if I may say so, fitted for it. Is not our task, first to endeavour to show the thinking laity that there is a middle ground between narrow and ultra Evangelicanism and the broad, but equally ultra views, of Maurice and Jowett and MacNaught? Secondly, if possible, to awaken the Evangelical clergy to the danger they are in of losing altogether the intelligent laity, by clinging to the traditions of Simeon and Venn, as if they contained all 'the Gospel,' and refusing to admit and adopt whatever of truth has been brought out, either by the critics or the theologians of later days.

"In one word, our task would be to attempt to harmonise all that is really true and sound in Evangelicanism with all that is really true and sound both in High and Broad Churchism; and to

show the outsiders—the intelligent, thoughtful laity, who are now wearied and disgusted with the parrot-like iteration of stock phrases by narrow-minded 'Gospel preachers'—that these phrases, in their right place and connection, involve great truths; truths which can be left out of no system of theology, and which really they themselves unconsciously hold under other forms; and at the same time to show such men that men mainly Evangelical, and writing from the Evangelical standpoint, can understand and sympathise with their doubts and difficulties, and can do more for them than merely yell them down from the pulpit or in fifth-rate magazine articles and letters in newspapers.

"Again, I know there are moderate and thinking men among the Evangelicals, who are not represented either by the *Record* or the *Christian Examiner*, who would gladly accept such a setting forth of Evangelicalism without cant, at once broader and deeper than what they get in the 'Sound Gospel' tracts and sermons of the day.

"Lastly, I think our aim should be to oppose some correction to the Dissenting leanings of our Evangelical clergy. Endeavouring to set out an Evangelical Churchmanship, in which, by the way, the writings of the earlier Evangelicals, Simeon, Venn, and Wesley too, would largely help us.

"These, at least, are the ideas floating through my mind at present.

"I think that you and I could carry them out better than many men; firstly, because we are, I think, Evangelical Broad Churchmen, having sympathies with both parties. Secondly, because we know each other's minds thoroughly. Thirdly, because you have large Irish and I large English experience of thinking laymen, and know what our Evangelicals do not know, something of the world outside their little clique. Fourthly, because we can bear mutual criticism. I at least would recognise you from the first as my *editor*, and submit to your judgment readily.

"I think that you and I together could do something for truth and for the Church. My acid, duly tempered by your oil, might make a tolerable salad.

"I think we have a good work before us, and may expect, with much discouragement and rough criticism, yet with God's blessing, to do some good by it in our day and generation.

"What more could we or ought we to desire?

"W. C. M."

Among the difficulties in his parish which stirred Dr. Magee's spirit were some collisions with his poorer parishioners, who were much more of Orangemen than Churchmen. I happened to visit Chanter Hill in the beginning of July 1862, just before the great Orange anniversary of July 12. The Government had sent out strict orders to prevent the exhibition of party emblems—as of Orange flags on churches—and the ringing of party tunes. Dr. Magee, with his usual firmness, resisted all applications to have the peal of bells in Enniskillen Church used for ringing party tunes, or the Orange flag hoisted upon the spire. He had a service (as it so happened) upon the eve of the anniversary, and he ordered the sexton, after the service, to lock the church, and admit no one. But the sexton was himself an Orangeman, and no doubt connived at the admission of a party during service time, who spent the night in the steeple ringing party tunes. Of this the rector knew nothing till we went in the forenoon to sit in the open air before the rectory, a spot which commanded a lovely view over the church and town.

The first thing that caught our eyes was an Orange flag at the very top of the lofty spire; and notwithstanding its being more than a mile distance snatches of the "Protestant Boys," "Croppies lie down," and other party tunes were distinctly audible. Dr. Magee seemed at first much disconcerted, but he said, "Well, I did my best to carry out the Government orders; I told my sexton to lock the church and admit no one. I have done my part; I am not bound to turn them out, if I could. There are plenty of police there. If these men are doing anything illegal, let the police interfere."

He then became quite interested in a discussion as to how the flag was hoisted, and we both came to the conclusion that the man who did it must have climbed up in the night by the lightning conductor, a daring feat that quite won his admiration. He kept away from the church and town all that day. Still these things often caused friction with his parishioners, and he did not remain at Enniskillen long enough for such people thoroughly to understand him.

He told me that he once took the Orange "Profession of Principles" with him into the pulpit and lectured the Orangemen on their failure to carry out their own principles. He said nothing could be more beautiful than the principles professed; nothing more unchristian than their reduction to practice by many.

In one acute crisis of his parochial life, he was assailed with anonymous letters; and he took a number of them into the pulpit and spoke his mind strongly about them. He began his remarks by saying that, "Every anonymous letter is a *disgrace* to the person who sends it, and an *insult* to him who receives it."

That sermon effectually stopped the sending of such epistles to him. He had often to suffer from them when he was a bishop; and no such means were available of conveying to the writers, who probably lived at a distance, his contempt for them and their letters.

In July 1862, his diocesan, the Archbishop of Armagh, the princely Lord John Beresford, died, after an episcopate of nearly sixty years.

Magee wrote thus to his friend Townsend on August 2nd, 1862:

"The death of the good and noble old Primate is in many respects a heavy blow and a great discouragement to the Irish Church.

"But if his successor be wisely chosen it must prove in some respects a gain. A new man will bring some new ways that we greatly require.

"I attended the funeral on Wednesday last, one of some five hundred clergy who came from all parts of Ireland to testify their love and respect for him who was gone.

"The death of the Primate will be a heavy, I think a fatal, loss to the Church Education Society. He gave them upwards of £500 a year, while the new man not only cannot give them this, but in all human probability will be a supporter of the National Board.

"My quarrel with the Church Education Society has nearly died out. With all the better and more leading clergy in my neighbourhood, I am becoming on friendly terms, and in Dublin and elsewhere I am entirely unhurt by all the venom of this spring.

"W. C. M."

The year 1863 was a very active year in Magee's life. The storms which had greeted his first efforts at Enniskillen had calmed down. His mysterious illness of the previous year seemed passing away. His letters were full of projects, literary and practical, of which only a few came to maturity, as he could seldom decline the calls to preach on public occasions, while he never escaped from the strain of parochial work.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Chanter Hill,
"*February* 3, 1863.

"I have too many safety valves for my steam just now, in the shape of parish and farm work, to say nothing of desk work, to have any to spare for you. Here is my programme for the next three months.

February 22nd.—A sermon for Female Orphan Asylum, Dublin.
Same week.—Lecture on Scepticism (not half ready).
March 1st.—Two charity sermons in Liverpool.
March 5th.—A lecture to young men (Bath).
March 15th.—Special sermon, St. Paul's, London.
April 12th.—Church Missionary Sermon, Dublin.
May 8th, 9th, 10th.—Two speeches, two sermons, and an address to young men, Cambridge.

"Add to this little list of work, an acre of potatoes, ditto mangel wurzel, ditto oats, ditto rye and grass seed; also, five miles of parish without a second curate, and I think you will agree that I have just about as much work as I can stagger under at present, without being very impatient for you to join me in more.

"After the second week of May, I am my own man and yours; and I think I must contrive on my return from my visit to Cambridge to look in on you at Cashel, and have a good talk *de omnibus rebus*.

"Thank you for thinking of me, and the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History; but it would not suit me. I think a Professorship of Ecclesiastical History just about the most dangerous post a man can take, whose previous studies have not led up to it.

"I certainly should not think myself fitted for the post, nor think therefore of trying for it.

"I mean, D.V., to try for the Donnellan lectureship next year; and that, if I get it, will give me more than enough to do.

"I am, thank God, infinitely better than when we last met, and able now to take good exercise, a thing I have not been able to do for months.

"As pain is almost gone, and other symptoms greatly lessened, I think I may conclude that I am wearing out the ailment, whatever it may be, which at one time threatened to wear out me.

"I am rejoiced to hear so good an account of your Charley. Every month that he holds his own is, at his age, so much solid

gain, as he is making strength and growth. Time is the great medicine of the young as it is the canker of the old.

"I get on capitally now here with all the Church Education Society men who are worth caring for. Most of the 'rabid' ones have happily left the diocese, and we are all drawing together again pleasantly once more as brethren. My neighbouring rectors are going to take part in my special Lent services, and I have been specially invited to take my place at the Committee of the Protestant Orphan Society, which last year nearly decided against my being allowed to speak at its annual meeting, in my own parish! 'And thus,' as the immortal William hath it, 'the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.'

"I spent an evening lately at Crom Castle (Lord Erne's) with the Primate and Lord Chelmsford as fellow guests. The latter, one of the most entertaining of all shrewd, clever, courtly lawyers, full of varied anecdotes of men and things. Here is one: 'An old woman who was standing sponsor for a child in a country church, was asked the usual question, whether she would renounce the devil and all his works. "No, I *wunt*," said the old lady, "I *wunnot*." "Do'ee now," says the father of the child, "do'ee, old 'oman, just to oblige me." "Well," says the old lady, after great pressing, "I will for this once, but mind, I wun't never do it again!"'

"Better though was his story of the man who was being tried for murdering his father, and who when the case was going against him, hoped that the judge 'wouldn't be *hard* on a poor orphan!'—Yours affectionately, "W. C. MAGEE."

The lecture on "Scepticism," delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association in Dublin, was as great a success as that on "Baxter" a few years before had been. A great surprise and pleasure was in store for Magee in connection with this lecture. Writing to me on May 24, 1863, he says:

"I have just had a letter from Amsterdam to say that the Young Men's Christian Association there are translating my lecture on Scepticism into Dutch, with a preface by a certain Professor von Ostenzee! And so you see 'We too are somebody.'"

He writes thus from London, March 19, 1863:

"The week of the April Meetings I must be in Dublin. The committee of management have asked me to speak on the subject

of the 'Clergyman dealing with Scepticism.' Dr. Salmon to open the same.

"Last year they would have *eaten me* before they would have asked me near them.

"I preached* at St. Paul's last Sunday evening to nearly 7000 people! The largest congregation yet known there. Numbers coming down to see the Danish Prince, who did not attend, and to hear 'God save the Queen' sung after the sermon, which was certainly one of the grandest things I have ever heard or witnessed; I say witnessed, for that vast multitude standing up to join in it was a sight to be remembered. Dean Milman told me I was 'perfectly heard' by all, a thing I can hardly believe. . . . It is a tremendous effort, for mind and body, one of those sermons.

"W. C. M."

His mind was much occupied with the public affairs of the Church, and he entered warmly into some movements for making the national system of education more useful to Church people; and also he discussed anxiously some projects of Archdeacon Stopford's upon Church Reform. He was too clear-sighted not to foresee the imminent peril of the Irish Church.

He wrote thus after the debate on Mr. Dillwyn's motion in the House of Commons:

"*May* 24, 1863.

"I thought Whiteside's speech utterly unworthy of the occasion.

"Not that I think it matters much who defends us. Twenty years' purchase is about the value of your cocked hat. Perhaps my rectory may be worth twenty-five. After that the deluge. Still I wish we could fall with some dignity, and not with Whiteside's jokes, for our dying speech.

"Stopford is right. The Conservatives are short-sighted. They are throwing away a precious opportunity of reforming the Irish Church for the sake of a party triumph, and, like all short-sighted Conservatism, this reform resisted will end ere long in revolution accomplished.

"W. C. M."

But with all his political foresight how little he anticipated that six years from that time would see him speaking in vain in the House of Lords against a Bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church!

* After the Prince of Wales's marriage.

About this time it was intimated to him that he might, if he wished, be elected by the Heads of Trinity College to deliver the Donnellan Lectures for the year 1864—a course of six sermons on some theological subject, analogous to the Bampton Lectures at Oxford.

He wrote on June 19, 1863:

"As to the Donnellans. The news that Salmon wished for 1865; and that I could have time for preparation till May next (1864), decided me to accept; and, though with fear and trembling, I have written to say so. As to a subject I am sadly at sea.

"I do not yet see my way to anything; save, I fear, to a superficial and hasty production of some kind or other. "W. C. M."

Various friends in England in 1862 and 1863 had interested themselves in laying his merits and claims for promotion before the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Carlisle. Dr. Magee had nothing to do with these efforts, and in some cases was entirely ignorant of them. He was never sanguine about his own prospects; and was not always well informed in his guesses.

He wrote to me on September 14, 1863:

"I am amused at your calculations as to the successor of poor Whately. —— is to be the man. This is absolutely certain. I have it from very good authorities, and —— himself knows it is so to be.

"As for me, my chances of promotion of any degree, never very great, diminish yearly. I lose English friends by death and absence. I have no Irish friends. Shaftesbury gives the greater appointments, and Carlisle will naturally give the minor ones to his personal and political friends. Shaftesbury dislikes me, and Carlisle neither likes me nor dislikes me; while I have no party at my back to puff me, and am unpopular with the Church Education clergy.

"*Ergo*, I am fixed in Enniskillen for my natural life, and mean chiefly to grow cabbages, also when the season suits, onions—likewise mangel and turnips!

"So much for myself. Too much, you will say; but I want to gain credit with you as a prophet.

"Alas, for the brave old man* whose race is so nearly run. With

* Archbishop Whately.

all his weaknesses and eccentricities, he was a giant among pigmies here. His death is at this crisis a 'heavy blow and great discouragement' to the Irish Church. He was a link, and a strong one between us and England; and we shall feel the loss of him in the coming struggle.

. . . . . .

"I have not yet blocked out my Donnellans. I fear I shall only succeed in making a blockhead of myself! I am at sea about them still. "W. C. M."

His surmise as to the successor of Archbishop Whately was altogether wrong. Dr. Trench, Dean of Westminster, whom few had anticipated, became Archbishop. So far from Lord Carlisle being indifferent to Magee's claims, he meditated recommending him for the Archbishopric of Dublin. Whether he actually did so is not certain; but there is no doubt that he finally recommended to the Prime Minister (Lord Palmerston) that Dr. FitzGerald, Bishop of Killaloe, should be translated to Dublin, and Magee made Bishop of Killaloe. Neither proposal was accepted, and Lord Carlisle was extremely mortified at the refusal of his recommendations, and took care to express his displeasure. All this was unknown to Magee till about twenty years after, when Mr. Hatchell, who had been Lord Carlisle's private Secretary at the time, informed him. This made it easier for him to win the less exalted post which it will appear from the following letter that he wished for, and which his friends sought for him. I quote it almost at length, as it shows his loving character.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Chanter Hill, Enniskillen,
"*December* 26, 1863.

"Your kind letter reached me on Christmas morning, and I heartily return you all the best wishes of this happy and holy season. The longer we live the more we feel, I think, the blessedness of these anniversary days, with their messages of peace and hope breaking in on the weary toil and strife and care of our everyday life.

"Our Christmas has been altogether a more cheerful ending of the year than we had hoped for. Our baby is vastly better. My own health is improved. And I have succeeded, by dint of begging, in rolling off a debt incurred for my schools, of upwards of £60; which

with the expense of baby's illness, has weighed me down very heavily indeed.

"I am, moreover, now on very happy terms with my brother clergy. I had twenty-three of them at a clerical meeting and dinner in my house last month, when all was most brotherly and pleasant.

"My parish, too, is working pleasantly with my new curate. So that, altogether, 1864 dawns more brightly than 1863; and my secession warfare is over at last. Thank God for all these His mercies.

"I grieve to hear the news you give me of your poor little sufferer at home.

"I hardly like to talk to you of the hope of his recovery, though it does seem to me almost impossible to kill a child. Their *vis vitæ* is something marvellous. If, however, it should be God's will to take him from *your* home to *His*, it may be that this long previous stage of suffering will prove mercifully appointed as a preparation for the parting, bitter as that will be.

"Still, I trust you may be spared this trial. God knows best.

"With respect to what you say of the Deanery of Cork, I am of the same mind that I was when last we spoke of it. I shall be thankful for *any* change, not absolutely for the worse in point of income, which would take me out of this. It would give me the leisure I so sorely need, and with the *dignitate* to which no man objects.

"I think it ought to give £430, *after* paying some £70 a year rent and taxes for a house in a healthier locality. I think that both you and I would hesitate before giving up our present residences for a house in a churchyard. While I write I see that the Dean of St. Patrick's is dead.

"I believe the election of his successor rests with the Chapter, and not with the Crown.

. . . . . .

"Thackeray, I see, is dead. Death is busy just now—or, rather, seems so to those who, like you and me, are in the middle of their generation, and see the passing off of the previous one all nearly together like a landslip.

"Best wishes and kindest regards from me to you and from mine to yours.—Ever affectionately, "W. C. MAGEE."

On January 6, 1864, he writes on the same subject:

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Chanter Hill, Enniskillen,
"*January* 6, 1864.

"There are only two things that make me at all hesitate about the Deanery of Cork. One is the great healthfulness and beauty of my present residence.

"The other, the fact that my warfare having been ended here, and my people and brother clergy now most happily with me, a great work seems to be opening to me here to raise up the Church in this stronghold of Protestantism, and arrest the progress of Dissent.

"I think I could *now* do this. And the thought crosses my my mind—Am I not a second time 'turning back in the day of battle'?

"Against this I set, however, my precarious health, my need of rest, my character—more suited for preacher than pastor—and the fact of my having been compelled to decline such an opportunity of usefulness as the Donnellan Lectureship by reason of my parish work here.

"Strange that I should live to regret leaving Enniskillen parish—if I should leave it! How little do we know what is good for us. With this original reflection I conclude."

"Chanter Hill, *January* 11, 1864.

"This morning's post brought a letter from Lord Carlisle, appointing me to the deanery; and that in the handsomest manner, and making me one of his chaplains besides.

"I feel by my delight at it how strong my longing for it had unconsciously become, and how sore a trial a disappointment would have been.

"I need not say, my dear friend, how much it adds to my pleasure, in gaining this relief from pressing toil and anxiety, to feel that I owe it almost entirely, under God, to your affectionate zeal for me.

"We are certainly going up the hill hand in hand, though yours has always been the helping hand. It certainly does seem a token for good to me in this matter that all my rough work here should have been accomplished, and that I am not running away from Enniskillen a defeated man, but carrying away, not only the remembrance of hard fights and troubles, but a pleasant conscious-

ness of success, and leaving behind me easy work for my successor. —Ever, my dear friend, most affectionately and gratefully yours,

"W. C. MAGEE.

"P.S.—What are cocked hats quoted at just now?"

The following from the Bishops of London and of Bath and Wells show how anxiously his progress was watched:

FULHAM PALACE, S.W., *January* 16, 1864.

MY DEAR DR. MAGEE,—I write to express my congratulations on your announced appointment to the deanery of Cork. I hope the post is such as will be agreeable and suitable.

Yet I regard it only as a step in the direction of the bench. Mrs. Tait joins in very kind regards to Mrs. Magee.—Ever yours truly,

A. C. LONDON.

P.S.—I have endeavoured to procure your services for St. Paul's and Whitehall.

THE PALACE, WELLS, *January* 16, 1864.

MY DEAR DR. MAGEE,—It was with the greatest pleasure I read this morning of your appointment to the deanery of Cork—the least thing that you could have expected from the Government. But I trust it is only a stepping-stone to something better. I assure you that the appointment gave great satisfaction to a large party assembled at Cuddesden, amongst whom was the new Archbishop of Dublin.*—I remain, my dear Magee, yours very truly,

AUCKLAND, BATH AND WELLS.

Thus Dr. Magee entered upon a new era of his life with thankfulness and hope. The income of the deanery was better than he expected, being nearly £600 a year. The house, though in too close proximity to the churchyard of the cathedral, was a really comfortable and not an unhealthy residence. It stood within a stone's throw of the cathedral library, where the new dean had been born forty-two years before. There was no parochial work attached to the deanery, as there was in many of the Irish cathedrals, the duty of the cathedral parish being otherwise provided for. Henceforth Dean Magee was more free to discharge those public duties which now multiplied fast—too fast for his peace and comfort. He bade adieu to Enniskillen, not without regret, but still with the full conviction that the change was a blessing both to himself and his family.

* Dr. Trench.

CHAPTER V

CORK; CARLSBAD; EDUCATION CONTROVERSY

Dr. Magee visited Cork several times before he finally left Enniskillen. He did not go at once to reside in the deanery, which had to be left for some time in the hands of workmen, but took a house at Youghal, which was near enough to enable him to visit Cork whenever business required. His active mind was never idle; and while he enjoyed the freedom from parochial cares, he was bracing himself, mind and body, for the public life which lay before him. He threw himself energetically into the proposed building of a new cathedral for Cork, upon the site of the old one, which was one of those structures built at the period when the taste for church architecture was at its worst, and which scarcely admitted of a fitting restoration.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"The Palace, Cork,
"*February* 3, 1864.

"I have delayed writing to you, until I had gained all the information that I could respecting my new post. And now I have a budget almost too long for a letter.

"Imprimis, then. The income I still think is £500 net.

"The house is a fair one; not as good, by any means, as Chanter Hill—fewer and smaller rooms. The situation *awful*, but, I am told, not unhealthy in winter. Cure of souls, I have absolutely none whatever in St. Finbarr's, and only nominally in the three parishes forming the corps of the deanery. But there are all manner of intricate and nasty questions—as to what body the cure is vested in, whether in Dean and Chapter or Vicars choral. Two directly conflicting opinions have been taken, and considerable pecuniary interests are involved in the decision. The curates are *not* mine, and are *not* paid by me. The cathedral! the service!!

How shall I describe them? Cashel Cathedral is a temple to Cork —and as to service!

"The pews old square dens—glazed with dirt. Everything filthy, careless, nasty in the last degree. How I am ever to set this all to right, God knows. It is at present simply disgraceful; and yet the old dean would allow no improvement, and I fear some of his followers in the Chapter will oppose any. I think, however, the majority will be for having things done properly.

"Then, the building of the new cathedral is beginning to cause strife as to how it is to be carried out.

"In fact, I see it will need most critical steering on the part of the new dean, in every possible way.

"I am quietly picking up information of men and things on all sides, hearing everything and saying nothing. I must *act*, however, soon, in some things. I am to be installed here on March 7. I have managed this delay with difficulty, as they have been postponing a public meeting for the cathedral until I am dean, and cannot wait longer.

"My patent has not yet come down; I cannot imagine why.

"I must write again from Enniskillen, to ask you sundry questions about Chapter business, and the dean's power over the services.

"I have a host of other things to write to you about, but must postpone them as John Cork's dinner bell will ring in a few minutes."

"CHANTER HILL, *February* 11, 1864.

"Can you send me Reichel's paper on 'The Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century'?

"I have to make a speech at Cork for the new cathedral on the 8th of March, and want to get myself up carefully.

"First impressions are everything. The said cathedral will, I fear, unless great care be taken, prove a *lapis offensionis* in more ways than one in Cork.

"Can you tell me whether the dean has *any* control over the services in the cathedral; and if so, what? The precentor, I know, has considerable power over the choral department; but is the rest under control of the dean, or of the dean and Chapter conjointly?

"I hope to hear that you have cleared your *keel* of all the barnacles, in the way of secular muddles, that impede your progress so terribly, and are in consequence sailing along more smoothly and pleasantly."

"CHANTER HILL, *February* 15, 1864.

"You certainly have done your duty by me as a correspondent in the last few days.

"Your letter on cathedral matters is very valuable, and I will lay up in my mind all your hints. I fear, however, that we are not in 'parallel lines' at Cork and Cashel; though I am rejoiced to see your way made so much plainer by your recent discoveries.

"In our case, the question is, in whom is the cure of souls of the parish of St. Finbarr's vested? In the Dean and Chapter or in the vicars choral? If in the former, the Economy fund pays the curate; if in the latter, first, the vicars choral pay the curate, and, secondly, a strong case is made out for the restoration of the two lapsed vicar choralships from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, as in the case of Lismore.

"As to ancient records, there are more than enough of them; and the weight of them, I think, clearly shows that the cure of souls is in the vicars choral.

"But it seems that the appointments, nominations, payments and dismissal of the curates have been bandied about with such ingenious irregularity between Chapter, dean, and bishop, at various times, and there has been such an amount of *jobbing* with the Economy fund—robbing Peter to pay Paul—that against any one view of the case there are certain facts and acts adducible to favour the opposite one. Ball's opinion is dead against Stephens'. The latter gives no reasons for his view. But it coincides with Archdeacon Kyle's (*who is a vicar choral*), that the cure of souls is in the Dean and Chapter, and the vicars choral are their curates. This, I gather from your letter, is the case with you.

"If Ball be right, and if we can prove him so, the cathedral regains £1200 a year, which otherwise lapses to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, from the four vicar choralships; and the Economy fund gains about £150, now paid yearly to curates, and which the vicars choral aforesaid would have to pay. This arrangement would give us a first-rate choir.

"However, I will do nothing in a hurry. My present idea is to get a third opinion drawn up by the two contending parties, in which all the facts relied on on either side shall be fully set forth so as to make the case exhaustive, and to take on this our final decision.

"I will show you the two cases when I get them. There may be matter in them which will help you.

"I cannot put off the Cork meeting. They have put it off for a month for me. "W. C. M."

But though much absorbed in the cares of his new office, and the removal of his family from Enniskillen to Cork, his mind was working on the great problems of the day.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Chanter Hill, *March* 28, 1864.

"At last I restore you your 'legions,' not much damaged by their encounter with me.

"The only point of importance where I differ from you and Mansel, I have written out at some length. I remember thinking that his argument from the analogy of the human will* had exactly the flaw in it which I note in yours, and it seems strange to me that he came so near, yet missed what seemed to me the true analogy. I should like to hear what you have to say in reply to me.

"Your contrasts between Jewish and Christian miracles are good, and would bear expanding.

"Do you remember a remark (I think of Salmon's), that the Jewish miracles, like the Christian, are to be found clustered only in certain spaces in the Sacred History, and that they occur when the Church is not at its best, but at its worst?—pillars of fire in the *night*, and the ordinary revelation being the pillar of cloud by *day*.

"This law has a bearing on the question of the cessation of Christian miracles and on the spurious miracles of Rome.

"Have you looked at Renan's modification of Heine's argument? It has mainly reference to the *scientific* worth of the testimony of the eye-witnesses of Christian miracles. The witnesses, Renan argues, being ignorant of science, and unaccustomed to scientific investigation, are untrustworthy to give evidence of alleged strange facts. The answer is plain enough.

"The witnesses record the *phenomena*, and for these an ignorant

* The argument in favour of the possibility of miracles from the analogy of the human will, is not peculiar to Mansel, but has been used by many before him. The great objection to the possibility of a miracle is that it suspends or alters the laws of nature. To this it is answered that it suspends them only in the same way as the human will suspends them, when in obedience to its fiat the hand lifts a weight from the ground, and so far reverses the law of gravity. I mention this in order to explain not only the passing remark in this letter, but his fuller discussion of the same point in a letter of April 2, 1864.

man with good eyes is as good a witness as any savant. The cause of the facts is a question for discussion now as then, and then as now. The *fact* is all the witnesses attest.

"There is, however, this fact I think to be borne in mind in our use of miracles as evidences. They were all wrought for those who believed in the possibility of the *supernatural*; and were not and could not, I think, be intended for the conviction of those who deny the possibility of anything *super*natural.

"I think you ought just to notice *en passant* E. Renan as the latest assailant of the miracles.

"A word or two, on the Oxford Declaration.* I signed it, not because I altogether approved of such declarations, but because once it *was* issued, I thought all who could conscientiously sign it ought to do so; lest the minority who sympathise with Williams and company should be unfairly magnified by the refusal of others to sign who do not sympathise with these writers.

"As to the object and wording of the Declaration—1. I do not regard it as a *test*, or I should not have signed it; nor, 2, as a protest against the judgment: in which case, neither would I have signed it; but, as our protest against a very general but very false view of the judgment, viz., that it declared the views of those men to be those of the Church of England.

I regard the judgment as simply declaring, that these men have not denied explicitly, and in categorical terms, the doctrines of the Church of England. But I hold that our Church *implicitly* teaches a great deal that she does not *explicitly* require us to assert in express terms, under pain of deprivation or suspension.

"For instance, I hold that the Church in the whole tone and tenour of her writings does hold the Scriptures to be God's word; though she does not require us to use *no other form of speech* respecting Scripture, and though the form of speech which Williams used was so contrived as not actually to contradict her statements.

"I hold in short, that Williams' conduct was not *illegal* but eminently *unconstitutional*; and that we are free to say so.

"As to the terms of the Declaration, the fault I find with them morally is their ambiguity.

"They do not seem to me to assert the verbal dictation or *any*

* The Declaration here alluded to was against "Essays and Reviews." Dean Magee's remarks here are almost entirely upon the essay (No. 2) on Bunsen's "Biblical Researches," by Rowland Williams, D.D., Vice Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter.

theory of inspiration. If they had, I could not have signed them. They say all Scripture, not only contains, but *is* 'God's word.' So say I, and so I think could, or at least ought, the broadest of the broad to say.

"Scripture is God's word, seems to me exactly parallel to Christ is God.

"But the *humanity* of Christ had its infirmities and imperfections; so has the *humanity* of Scripture. Nevertheless, the whole Book and the whole Man are the word of God, ῥῆμα and λόγος respectively.

"It is curious that Rhodes and I were talking over this point last week, and he agreed with me that 'Scripture *is* God's word' is the only formulary he would use; and yet he is decidedly broader than I am, or than you are.

"*Quot homines tot sententiæ.* I am happily resting after very hard work in Cork, London, and Dublin; upon the whole I think successful work.

"I was very kindly received at Cork, and I think 'improved my opportunities' there in several ways. "W. C. M."

His views about the inspiration of Scripture, notwithstanding its human defects in history, science and fact, are singularly like those ascribed to Dr. Arnold in a letter from Bonamy Price to Dean Stanley. Magee and Arnold, though approaching the question from different sides, had this in common, that they were thoroughly sensible of the difficulties which trouble so many, and yet both had the deepest conviction of an all-pervading inspiration. Magee used to compare the Rationalistic critics to a surgeon dissecting a human body, who finding nothing spiritual or intellectual in the parts which he examined in detail, concluded that man, as he shares his bodily structure with the lower animals, is only one of the beasts that perish.

His comparison of God's word to the Incarnate Son of God, in its union of the human and divine, was one which he afterwards perfected and developed. It is the central thought of one of his finest sermons, that preached in Peterborough Cathedral, at the jubilee of the local branch of the Bible Society in 1882 (the "Gospel and the Age," page 311). It is one of those ideas, which, when firmly grasped, seem to throw a clearer light upon what must ever be an obscure subject.

Writing to me a few days later he says:

"I am glad you agree with me in my idea as to the essential unity of Scripture. I think the analogy of the Incarnation will carry us a long way into the subject of Inspiration."

He returns in the same letter to the subject of miracles.

"CHANTER HILL, *Saturday, April* 2, 1864.

"I have carefully read over your enclosure. I think your alteration mends the omission or 'flaw' I spoke of,* and leaves your argument from analogy watertight. *But*, I still think that thus amended it loses its force very much. I cannot, I fear, make myself clear in a short letter.

"But there seems to me an essential difference in *kind* between a man saying to the sea, 'Be thou dried up,' and its obeying his voice, and a man willing the sea to be dried up, and using his arms and other mechanical appliances to dry it up.

"Or to take the instance of the 'stone.' If I *say* to a stone, 'Go up into the air,' or will it to go up, and it goes up; this is an *essentially* different thing from my saying to myself—*i.e.*, willing, that I will throw the stone up, and throwing it up accordingly.

"In both cases certainly there is a modification of the laws of Nature, originating ultimately in *a will* (and I grant fully that *a self-originating will* is the greatest of all miracles), and this is the 'analogy' I spoke of in my former letter; but, in the one case, the will acts through certain known agencies, *each acknowledged capable of producing its immediate effect;* in the other case the will acts through no intermediate agencies, or at least none known or discoverable by us. And it is this power of mere spiritual volition on external matter that seems to me the essence of the miracle.

"'What manner of man is this for he *commandeth* the winds and the sea, and they *obey* him?'

"This is a hasty memorandum, and does not, I see, as I read it over, fully convey my meaning.

"You will realise my difficulty, I think, if you proceed to define a miracle, and then to show how the events we call miraculous fit this definition, and how those we call ordinary or natural fail to do so.

"However, as I say, I think your analogy will hold, so far as it goes, only I do not think it goes so far as you and Mansel press it, or rather I should say, seem disposed to press it.

* See note on letter of March 28, 1864, p. 98.

"Youghal is dear, and there is no good boating; this latter 'flaw' will, I fear, be fatal in your eyes, for Charlie's sake."

"YOUGHAL, *May* 31, 1864.

"I hope your plans for Ardmore hold good still. We are looking forward longingly for your arrival.

"I wish Ardmore might do poor Charlie as much good as this place has done our invalid. He has grown quite strong and sturdy even since you left us. This air is certainly very invigorating and strongly impregnated with iodine.

"I see that some one has been attacking me in the Enniskillen paper for 'refusing to resign the living of Enniskillen'! So history is written in this wicked world!

"I shall not trouble myself to answer, unless the thing gets copied into some Dublin paper.

"What do you think too of my respected uncle, Hugh M'Neile, making a fierce attack on a speech of mine for the Irish Society, in one of his for the Irish Church Mission in London the other day?

"The speeches are quite too long to quote to you. But his main point is, that I have no right to call the Irish Church a missionary church, unless I regard Roman Catholics as 'Mahommedans or Hindoos,' as 'without Christianity'; such, the reverend doctor observes, being the only meaning of the word 'missionary,' that is, 'one sent to teach Christianity to those who have it not!' In which light, he insists, we ought all of us to regard our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen!

"I wrote him a private letter of remonstrance on sundry misrepresentations of his, but I do not wish, if possible, to have a newspaper squabble with my own uncle.

"I certainly have him on the hip, if I choose to smite him.

"Fancy a clergyman of a Church which admits Roman Catholic Baptism and Orders, coolly declaring that they are not Christians!

"I have not received his reply. When it comes I shall probably send him a rejoinder, and will show you the correspondence some hot day on the 'breezy headland' at Ardmore.

"I am very idle just now; fishing is my chief occupation. I have discovered a couple of streams near this, tenanted by little trout, among whom I make havoc twice or thrice a week.

"Our cathedral collection progresses slowly. Our choral service and daily service question is looming up again like a heavy storm-cloud, and Webster is skirling before it like a seamew before foul

weather. I must get a good grip of the helm. No more at present from yours ever affectionately, "W. C. MAGEE."

This summer at Youghal was perhaps the greatest rest in his life, and, like all such peaceful interludes in the lives of really active men, it helped not only to refresh him after the wear and tear and worry of the past few years, but to brace him for still greater efforts. Occasional visits to Cork left him many peaceful days to enjoy the seaside with his family. These were varied by an occasional ramble with his fishing-rod, or a day spent with us on the cliffs of Ardmore.

But though resting he was not inactive. The subject of national education, and the reforms needed in the Irish Church, were much in his thoughts. On coming to Ireland he had renewed his intimacy with his old school-fellow, Dr. Newell, one of the secretaries of the National Board of Education.

There is a letter belonging to this period, which will be read with interest by many who have taken part in the educational controversies in Ireland. The Presbyterians had for the most part accepted the system of the National Board. So had a large number of Roman Catholic patrons, chiefly priests. The Church as a body had stood aloof; while many of the Roman Catholic priests, though taking grants from the National Board, were pressing for purely denominational schools without a conscience clause.

To Dr. NEWELL.

"YOUGHAL, *May* 13, 1864.

"Thank you for the copy of rules of the National Board.

"I confess that, much as I lament the change,* not only for the real, but also for the apparent violence it does to the principles of mixed and unsectarian education, I am not surprised at it.

"I am only surprised that any government could have so long withstood the double pressure of the Ultramontanists and Church Educationalists, both driving in the direction of Denominationalism.

"Had the latter joined the Presbyterians, their united opposition might have saved the National System.

"As it is, nothing can save it, but the firmness and good sense of the English laity, a good sense to which we might safely trust in

* Relaxing the ordinary rules of the Board in favour of Convent schools.

an *English* question, but which too often forsakes our English friends when they come, with imperfect information, and with great weariness and impatience, to deal with our vexed and vexing Irish questions. I see no hope for the National System but in the substitution of three paid Commissioners and an unalterable code of laws (fundamental at least) for the present mixed Board, with its Protean code of laws.

"This I fear neither you nor I will see.

"What a curse seems to blight all efforts to serve or save our ill-fated country!—Ever yours sincerely, "W. C. MAGEE."

In September 1864, Dean and Mrs. Magee went to Bath for the meeting of the British Association, and I had the pleasure of going with them. The Dean was far from being scientific in his tastes, but he watched anxiously the tone of the scientific men, with regard to Christianity.

The distrust between the teachers of religion and science was then almost at its height.

Nothing occurred at the meetings to bring on a direct collision between them; but the animus of a great number of scientists was unmistakable. Magee watched all these signs of the times with the deepest interest, and they enabled him afterwards to understand better the difficulties with which he was called to deal. On one occasion, we were present when some flints were produced which a geologist, who was reading a paper, seemed most anxious to prove to have been weapons used by man, as they were found in a situation which proved their vast antiquity. These flints seemed to our eyes to be merely water-worn; but the speaker pointed out marks, which he tried to show must have been produced by an intelligent effort to fit them for human use. I turned round and looked at the Dean, and he at once said: "I know what is in your mind. You are thinking that our scientific friends fully appreciate the argument from design, when it helps their own theories."

The following letter is the only one of his that remains from that time.

To the Rev. AUBREY TOWNSEND.

"30 CRESCENT, BATH,
"*September* 21, 1864.

"I have not had until now a moment to reply to either of your letters, and even now I have but three moments.

"I am still whirling about in this scientific maëlstrom here, and shall not be on the dry land of leisure until Friday, when the last meeting and last excursion will be over. To-morrow's excursion to Salisbury and Stonehenge is to be the wind-up.

"I have spent a delightful week among the lions, who have roared as gently as sucking doves, and wagged their tails and shaken their manes most gracefully. I dined last night with Livingstone, Sir H. Rawlinson, Sir J. Richardson, Sir J. Bowring, and sundry other celebrities. Don't you wish you had been there? In haste.—Yours ever affectionately, "W. C. MAGEE."

After the British Association had left Bath Dean Magee shifted his quarters to Clifton to be near the scene of the Church Congress which was to be held in Bristol in October.

He had undertaken to make a speech at the Congress upon the question of the Irish Church. Unfortunately the official report of the speech was unusually defective, so that it cannot be handed down with his other great speeches on this question.

He was himself grievously disappointed when he saw the report. He used to say often that he considered himself lucky when he was not reported as saying the opposite of what he did say, or as talking nonsense. He had an amusing experience of a reporter's mistake in one of his earlier lectures. He had quoted the familiar saying *Solvitur ambulando*, which was transformed in the report into "Salvation ambulances."

But in truth the reporters were not always to blame. He had a splendid voice and perfect articulation, and when he spoke slowly (as in his sermons at St. Paul's) he was easily reported; but when he became excited he spoke very rapidly, far too rapidly for any accurate report.

Dean Magee was followed at the Congress by a speaker who had evidently a very tender regard for the Church of Rome, and who said in the course of his remarks that though he had a deep love for his *mother* the Church of England, he had also a great regard for his *grandmother* the Church of Rome. "Tell him," whispered Magee to me, as I was to speak afterwards, "that it is not lawful for a man to marry his grandmother."

Magee lamented that, by some mistake of ours about the order of proceedings, we missed seeing and hearing Keble and Pusey, who both spoke at one of the sectional meetings and then disappeared from the Congress.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*October* 23, 1864.

"We got through a good deal of business at our Chapter meeting.

"I think things are now in a fair way of settlement, but are not yet quite settled. We meet again next Wednesday; I trust for the signing of the contract.*

"I have had the pleasure of receiving the report of the Commission on Chanter Hill, and of finding it within £8 of the last, though I spent upwards of £200 on the premises.

"I am disposed to appeal, but dread that the costs would more than counterbalance any reduction I might obtain.

"Certainly our law of dilapidations is a mere lottery, and I have contrived twice to draw blanks.

"The *Guardian* gives a flaming account of my speech at the Congress—rather too flaming.

"I do not like to appear as an impetuous orator, all fire and smoke. However, I should be very ungracious to complain of such a notice."

"Deanery, Cork,
"*November* 5, 1864.

"A stiff neck has prevented my writing. I am a little better to-day, and able to stoop over my desk. I think we must give up the idea of borrowing your choir. The Chapter is not much inclined to spend money just now, and I fear our programme† altogether will be rather a mean one.

"The organist tells me he can get some volunteers here, and with them we must manage as we best can.

"I have infinite trouble just now in managing Webster the Archdeacon and Bence Jones, as queer a *unicorn* as any unhappy charioteer of a Chapter ever drove.

"However, I find that a 'masterly inactivity' is sometimes the best way of settling things here. There is a deal of froth in Cork politics which must be allowed time to blow away before you go to see what really is in the cup.

"I had a very kind letter from the Bishop of Limerick,‡ to whom I sent a copy of my sermon in return for one of his charges which

* For the building of the new cathedral.
† For laying the foundation stone of the cathedral. ‡ Dr. Griffin.

he had sent me. I like the Charge, though it smacks a good deal of the old Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, of fifty years ago.

"I am already seeing my way into the Donnellans, and feel a pleasure in the idea I have of them, and which I had not in the former one.

"I will lecture in London, but will change my subject to 'The Christian Student,' which will work in with the Donnellans. I am to preach for Lord Wodehouse on the first Sunday in December. Poole wants me to preach an S. P. G. sermon for his father; this cannot be, nor, I fear, one for you, as I must hurry back to our ceremony here on December 8, and must stay here to the last day, before going to Dublin to set things in train.

"I regret to see from Reichel's letter that he has been ill and worried.

. . . . . .

"What an unfair advantage you Jacobs have over us poor Esaus. You fat kine always swallow up us lean ones."

"Deanery, Cork,
"*December* 9, 1864.

"I have not had time until now to send you any account of myself and my doings since we parted, so now accept a letter as full of I's as a peacock's tail.

"I spent a very pleasant time in Dublin, gave a fair sermon at St. Peter's for the Meath Hospital, a right down bad one for Archdeacon Lee, though it was the same in idea I preached for you. But I was not at all myself in Dublin; so much for extemporising! I got on better at the Castle. Dean Graves was very kind to me, lunching me and driving me out in the evening to the Viceregal Lodge, where we spent a pleasant evening. Lord Wodehouse is an uncommonly clever man, with a will of his own, manifestly, and not likely to be humbugged by any one.

"Lady W. is charming, certain to fascinate Irishmen and Irishwomen too. I took her ladyship in to dinner, and found out that she had sat under me at Quebec Chapel.

"Poor Lord Carlisle has gone to his rest. I feel almost as if I had lost a personal friend. It was impossible to know him even slightly as I did without feeling a personal regard for him. Graves gave me a very touching account of his patience and Christian resignation during his last illness.

"John Cork was telling me to-day of the strong interest he (Lord

C.) took in me, and of his wish for my promotion; and spoke very affectionately and warmly of the personal excellences and sincere piety of his old friend and patron."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*December* 31, 1864.

"'The same to you and yours, and many of them,' with health and peace. I too had meditated sending you this good wish at Christmas, but our cathedral preparations have kept me very busy. The stone is to be laid on the 12th prox., and all the arrangements have been left to me.

"I agree with you that my [Donnellan] subject will be a laborious and troublesome one. But so must any one at all worthy of the occasion have been. Alas! my own ignorance is my chief trouble.

"Imagine, for instance, my vexation, after working hard at an analysis of the conscience with Butler, Mansel, Kant, and others, to find the whole of my theory stated, much better than I could hope to state it, in a book so well known as M'Cosh's 'Divine Government'! I am like some ignorant mechanician getting up a patent invention of some mechanical device, which he discovers, when he comes to the Patent Office, has been patented long ago.

"No amount of originality or vigour of thought, were it ten times what I possess, or a hundred times, can compensate for this waste of power in working at what is already done. I have now a ludicrous feeling that, when I have done my best, I shall have simply produced what everybody knows or ought to know already. I shall come out as a discoverer of mares'-nests, or an unconscious poacher of other men's ideas, which in the innocence of my heart I had thought to be *ferœ naturæ*. However I am in for it now; tied to the stake, to be torn in pieces by fierce Fellows of T.C.D., and barked at by miserable 'Gibs.'

"I have been sorely tantalised by a request from the London C.M.S. to preach their anniversary sermon this year. This is the 'blue ribbon' of the Evangelical pulpit, and it would have been an identification of myself with the best of Evangelical Churchmanship, and a kind of *testamur* from them that I should have been glad of. I mean with respect to usefulness among the Evangelicals, who I hear are accusing me in England of deserting them.

"I have had, however, to forego this. But Venn has booked me for 1866. So distant an engagement has the air of presumption;

but after all not really more so than an engagement for the next week. The day and the hour have their unknown births as well as the year or the life.

"I am, therefore, now clear to give myself to my work, when the cathedral ceremony is over.

"I am sincerely sorry to hear what you say of Archbishop Trench and the Evangelicals. Trench is our last hope for the Irish Church. If he seriously estranges himself from the Evangelicals, before he can reform and elevate them, we shall have to encounter a fierce Puritanical re-action, making the Irish clergy, if possible, more Calvinistic and Low Church than they are now, and utterly alienating the Irish ultra-Protestant laity. —— seems to me the A.B's. evil genius. But I trust that his own piety, kindliness and sympathetic nature may overflow the limits of those round him. If not, we are indeed in an evil case. What a curse of perversity and wrong-headedness seems to rest upon our country!"

"Deanery, Cork,
"*January* 4, 1865.

"'On Wednesday, 4th, at the Deanery, Cork, Mrs. Magee, of a daughter.'

"Mother and child doing well. Father middling, greatly troubled with many letters to kinsfolk and acquaintances to announce the happy event.

"Baby small, microscopic rather, but fat and healthy, notwithstanding her Celtic impatience in entering too soon upon the duties of a post for which she was not yet properly qualified.

"Father unshaven and rather dishevelled in his general appearance; also, however, very thankful.

"The women of the house important and exultant, as if each of them had gone and been and done it for herself; and rather patronising and pitying the master of the house, as in such cases their use and wont is.

"All things being, therefore, in their normal condition, for which in sober seriousness he heartily thanks God, the Dean of Cork salutes the Dean of Cashel, and is his ever affectionately,

"W. C. M."

"*January* 15, 1865.

"I have been so intensely occupied with the preparations for laying our foundation-stone for the last week, that I have had no time to write to you or to any one else.

"The whole arrangements for the reception of 2000 persons in the church-yard, and for the keeping out of the yard of all the rest of Cork, were left to me. And a sore time I have had of it. However, I succeeded in every respect (though I say so), and actually started my procession of seventy-five Irishmen exactly at the very moment named in our programme. The day was the only fine one we have had for the last week. One short snowstorm came in the middle of our ceremony, but all the rest was bright sunshine. J. Cork was in high good humour, 'God blessed me' before and after, and gave us, as you have seen, £3000.

"The only *amari aliquid* I have had to taste has been the indignation of every individual who did not get a place on a platform which only held 300 persons. This, I suppose, will wear off.

"I had a letter from Reichel the other day, asking me to take up the cudgels for him, or with him, in his quarrel with T.C.D. I had not then seen his letter, and wrote to him accordingly. Since then I saw an extract from it in the *Times*.

"I confess I do not like any public attack on our divinity school just now.

First, it is the only divinity school worthy of the name in the three Universities, and is in the main a very good one. The English readers of Reichel's letter, blind to the defects of their own, will draw damaging and most unjust conclusions from it as to ours. It bodes us no good, the *Times* copying it.

Second, I think Reichel's German training has given him an extravagant idea of the value of the professorial and lecturing system, as opposed to the tutorial and catechetical, which I think infinitely preferable, and at any rate much more suitable to the genius of our countrymen and the age of our T.C.D. students.

"Lecturing may do for *German men*. I am clear it will not do for *Irish lads*.

"I do not mean, as you may gather from the above, to take Reichel's side in this controversy. If I took any I should side against him; but he is perfectly equal to fighting his own battles."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*January* 25, 1865.

"I have read with interest your letter anent the Divinity School controversy. You know my sentiments already. I agree with a good deal of what you say and differ from a good deal of what Reichel says.

"I should like to make a suggestion for turning the site of the school in the great City of Dublin from a disadvantage to an advantage, by making use of the parishes as training schools for pastoral work, much more than is now done.

"I would propose that two or three of the best worked parishes in Dublin be selected by the professors, as parishes for furnishing pastoral testimoniums on the following plan. Let divinity students, *who choose to do so*, obtain for six months after they pass their last examinations, pastoral work under the rectors of these parishes, as parochial visitors, Sunday School superintendents (not teachers), almoners, catechists, etc. etc.

"Let them be trained in the work of a large parish in these offices. Let them keep each one his *speculum gregis* note-books of visits, duties done, etc. Let these, with the certificate of the rector, that for six months they have worked under him, be presented to the divinity professor, and let their certificate of pastoral training be endorsed on the divinity testimonium.

"Such a plan would, I think, have many advantages.

"What do you think of this, and of my suggesting it in a letter? or of you doing so, you who are idle and fat?

"Have you read M. C. W.'s invaluable letters to Mr. Burgon in the *Guardian*, especially his last in this week's *Guardian*, and are you aware that M. C. W. = W. C. M., and that W. C. M. = William C. Magee, who wants your verdict on them?

"And if so, why do you not send it? "W. C. M."

The controversy which Dean Magee, under the initials M. C. W., carried on in the *Guardian* in 1864–65 with Mr. Burgon, afterwards Dean of Chichester, was a very remarkable one; and a good specimen of his accurate and logical precision of statement and reasoning, though doubtless the writer would have expressed himself differently, and more boldly, at a later period of his life. Moreover, his deep respect for his opponent, and his unwillingness to hurt his feelings, led him to soften his expression of many things, which he felt would give pain.

He thus winds up the correspondence:

I believe that whatever discrepancies, differences, and apparent contradictions are in Scripture, after allowing for all errors of MSS., etc., are there by God's special providence, are there just because it is good for us that they should be there. I think I see very important uses which, being there, they serve; uses of trial and discipline to the faith

of the humble, and of stumbling and offence to the unbelief of the proud, warnings too against the old error of seeking to find a mathematical certainty for our faith; the error of the Romanist, who seeks it in an *infallible* Church; of the intuitionist, who seeks it in an *infallible* moral sense; of the fanatic, who seeks it in an *infallible* inward light; and the error, may it not also be, of him who seeks it in an absolutely *infallible* letter of Scripture.

These and other uses might the existence of the human element in Scripture serve. But if it served none such, if I could see no reason why it should be there, it were enough for me to know that it was there just because God willed it to be there. Its presence would not, does not, shake my faith in my incarnate Lord, nor in the Word which He attests to me. I stand, as it seems to me, upon a rock. I do not find myself hanging, as I have seen too many a disciple of Gaussen and his school hanging, over the precipice of unbelief, clinging desperately to the twig of some fragment of a text, dreading lest some sharper stroke of criticism cut it through and leave them to sink in the abyss below. In one word, I assure Mr. Burgon that I find no discrepancy, no contradiction, real or apparent, in Scripture, which causes me the slightest doubt as to its being the Word of God, "able to make me wise unto salvation." May he and I, however we differ here in our theories respecting the Word we both hold to be divine, so read it, so live by it, that we may both at last meet where even its light shall pale and fade away in the brightness of that light from the throne of God, and of the Lamb, in which no shadow of doubt, no mist of ignorance, and therefore no possibility of error or debate, can ever be.

And so I wish Mr. Burgon a happy new year, and farewell.

M. C. W.

There is a long gap in Dean Magee's correspondence with me in 1865, which may be attributed to our frequent personal meetings. During the four years of his residence at Cork, he used frequently, whenever business called him to Dublin, to stop at Cashel, which was nearly half way. But it happened more than once that he got deeply interested in some book, and found himself one or two stations beyond the place where he was to alight. On one occasion he found himself in Thurles, and did not know how to get back without waiting some hours for a train; but the station master kindly sent him back in the guard's van of a goods train, and he turned up to our surprise at a time when it seemed impossible for him to come. His frequent visits to the deanery of Cashel are among the happiest recollections of my life. He threw off the strain of

work, but discussed all matters, public and private, in which he was engaged. My children, as well as their parents, were always glad to hear that the Dean of Cork was expected. He used sometimes to recite to them some story or poem, and I remember well their eager faces round him while he recited Thackeray's ballad of "Little Billee," the climax of interest being reached when he came to the words, "Oh Billy, we're going to kill and eat you, So undo the button of your *chemie*," and Bill's earnest appeal, "First let me say my catechism, Which my poor mammy taught to me."

It was characteristic of his affectionate nature, and his love for children, that he threw his whole heart into attracting their attention and winning their love. On one occasion, one of the children having stopped in repeating a hymn of Mrs. Alexander's, he recited with singular solemnity and pathos the whole verse:

All things bright and beautiful,
All things great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

We found afterwards that the child's hymn had touched one of his deepest and saddest memories, as he had taught it to his eldest little girl who died at Bath. But whether the subject was gay or grave, Thackeray's ballads or Mrs. Alexander's hymns, it was impossible ever to forget the words after hearing him recite them to the children.

The Dean's Donnellan lectures for the University were at this time a serious anxiety to him. He feared the judgment of the "Dons," to whom he had looked up in his college days; and he felt that his training as a popular preacher more or less disqualified him for such a task. With the exception of a few of his earliest sermons as a deacon, the Donnellan lectures were the only sermons which he ever *read* in the pulpit. I have already quoted one letter in which he expresses his distrust of his own fitness and success.

The following is his account of the delivery of his first lecture in the chapel of Trinity College, Dublin.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Provost's House, Trinity College,
"Dublin, *May* 22, 1865.

"I know you will wish to hear how I got through my first battle in the Donnellan campaign: *not* with flying colours. I doubt if

any one liked it; your father and Moore perhaps excepted. Butcher * looked very grave and, as your father tells me, expressed his opinion that I have stated the supremacy of conscience too strongly; while John Jellett tells me he objects to allowing any supremacy of conscience at all!

"I am not sure that this does not indicate that I may have hit the right medium between these two opposites after all. But the great fault I suspect that *all* found with the lecture was, that it was long and dull.

"The 'Gibs' would have tolerated brief, and the Fellows brilliant, heterodoxy; but to be neither brief, nor brilliant, nor heterodox, is a terrible triad of defects.

"The delivery occupied exactly fifty-five minutes; a token that I must abbreviate my next lecture somewhat.

"The 'Gibs' behaved very well until the last ten minutes, when they got very weary, and though I encouraged and lifted them along with 'lastly' and 'in conclusion,' these stimulants failed to rouse them, and they did not recover until they saw the *white* of my last page!

"Altogether I fear I have made *a mess* of it! Your brother Ronald dines here to-night, and we talk over the projected trip to Switzerland.—Yours ever, affectionately and disconsolately,

"W. C. MAGEE."

The "trip" here alluded to was one that Dean Magee had for some time contemplated for the sake of his health. He had never quite got rid of the ailment from which he had suffered at Enniskillen, though it had so far disappeared as to relieve his mind of the apprehension of anything incurable. He had arranged with me that he was to go to Homburg for three weeks, for a course of the waters, and that my brother and I were to join him there, and we were to make a tour in Switzerland together.

He was, however, ordered to Carlsbad; which was not only far from our contemplated route, but specially disarranging to our plans, as the usual course there was five weeks instead of three. The Dean, therefore, went on alone to his destination, and arranged to join us in Switzerland, whenever and wherever he might be able to do so. He thus wrote on his first arrival:

* The Regius Professor of Divinity.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Maison Anglaise, Schloss Platz,
"Carlsbad, *July* 3, 1865.

"After one of the longest and most fatiguing of journeys I have ever made, I arrived on Monday night last at Carlsbad. I had no idea when I started how far and how inaccessible this place is. The nearest railway station is seven hours off, and the nearest and quickest route to that station is viâ Leipzig.

"The regimen here is meagre in the extreme: *café au lait* and dry bread for breakfast; meat dinner, no wine or beer, and a cup of coffee or *bouillon* and a halfpenny roll for supper. This is a spare diet for a Dean! I had myself weighed when I came, for I suspect I shall weigh nothing when I am leaving. I rise every morning at 5.30, drink three cups of the water, hot and quite tasteless, walk for an hour and then breakfast. Dine at 1.30, coffee at seven, and that's all. Strange to say, I am not hungry, and nobody else seems to be so either. The alkaline waters probably are the cause of this.

"In the event (I trust most unlikely) of my being detained beyond the 29th, either by the doctor's orders or by the breaking out of some crisis which might protract the 'Kur' as they call it, is there any point which I could reach rapidly to meet you on your return from the Italian lakes, so that I could have half or a third of a tour with you, if the worst came to the worst? Write this, too, at once, for letters take five days from Ireland here."

To Mrs. Magee.

"Carlsbad, *July* 3, 1865.

"As soon as ever we crossed the frontier into Austria, I could have imagined myself in Ireland. In every village where we stopped, we were surrounded by a crowd of regular Irish beggars: old crones and cripples, just such as Enniskillen furnished, and smart, bright-eyed urchins, all bare-footed and ragged, as if they were landed from sweet Ireland. The likeness was positively startling. I was in a Roman Catholic country again, and beggary was the sign of it. I did not see a beggar from the time I left London until I reached Austria."

"Ratisbon, *August* 8, 1865.

"I had a fine day leaving Carlsbad, which I did at nine o'clock yesterday morning in the Malle-post, and arrived at Eger, which is

an old, dull, dirty and generally uninteresting town on the River Eger, near the borders of Bohemia. The only interest attaching to Eger is the fact of its being the scene of the assassination of Wallenstein. I had read with such delight Coleridge's translation of Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' that it was no small pleasure to me to visit the burgomaster's house where the tragedy took place. I saw the very room where Wallenstein was slain, and had in my hand the halbert with which the deed was done. Wallenstein's sword is kept in the same place, and some other curious relics."

"VEVEY, *August* 20, 1855.

"I am writing this in a little verandah over the Lake of Geneva, in full view of the snowy range.

"I have contrived, in spite of the broken weather, to see one of the great lions of Switzerland, the valley of Grindelwald, with its glaciers and snowy Alps. A drive of three and a half hours from Interlachen brought us to Grindelwald, and two hours climbing brought us (*i.e.*, the two MacDonnells and self) to the *mer de glace* of the Lower Glacier.

"It was my first sight of a glacier, and I felt as I looked at it how impossible it is by picture or description to give any idea of one to a person who has not seen a glacier. It is like nothing else in the world, and is a thing to see and remember for ever after. I am charmed with Vevey and the Lake of Geneva. I prefer it immensely to the Lake of Lucerne, grand as that is. This has a variety and extent of view that the other lacks."

"GENEVA, *August* 22, 1855.

"This is our first stage on our road home. We left Vevey this morning.

"We had a glorious day yesterday on the upper part of the lake. We took a boat early in the morning, and crossed the lake to St. Gingolph, on the opposite side, coasted that side up to the head of the lake where the Rhone flows into it, a torrent of muddy, melted snow disturbing the blue waters of the lake. From the Rhone's mouth we rowed across to the famous Castle of Chillon, which we saw thoroughly—Bonnivard's dungeon, the oubliettes, etc. Then we rowed along the shore by Montreux and Clarens to Vevey. The whole of our course was a series of the loveliest views —mountain, lake, wood, vineyard, châteaux, churches, valleys, all mingled together in ever-varying combinations, as we changed our

points of view. Lake Leman, near Vevey, is on the whole, in my opinion, the most beautiful of Swiss lakes. "W. C. M."

Our expedition that day was one of those occasions (too few, alas! and far between) to be "marked with white" in the calendar of life. When we had crossed the lake, and landed at St. Gingolph, the Dean's piscatory instincts were suddenly roused by seeing a man carrying a large basket of fish from the lake. He followed the man to his house, and got him to take out each fish and give its name, and point out those that were good for eating. The fisherman was most obliging, but seemed highly amused at his visitor's curiosity.

The Dean had left Carlsbad, reduced almost to a skeleton by the treatment and a feverish attack which had obliged him to cut short the "Kur." He joined me at Lucerne, and we travelled by easy journeys over the Brunig to Interlachen; and after a successful visit to Grindelwald, made our way to Vevey, where he was very ill. Had I fully understood the peculiarity of the Carlsbad waters, I would have counselled the Dean to go straight home after his "Kur." For many weeks after a course of those waters, butter, and everything cooked in butter, is almost poisonous to the patient. I had a hard time, therefore, trying to keep my companion from injury, and yet to find sufficient food for him in his emaciated state.

We got home safely to Bath, and then, after a few days' rest, to Cork. But the difficulties of diet, added to the attenuating effects of the Carlsbad waters, had so changed her husband that Mrs. Magee was shocked when she saw him, and vowed she would never again let him go on such an expedition without her. But in the end the "Kur" proved a complete success. It removed the internal ailment which had alarmed and crippled him at Enniskillen, and for five or six years he was never troubled with any illness worse than a cold. Thus he was enabled not only to put in the two years of active work, which ended in his removal to an English see, but to meet the demands upon his time and energy which his new position involved, and which included all the agitation and the debates upon the fate of the Irish Church. Dean Magee had been spared, in early life, to surmount an illness which at one time threatened either death or retirement from work. He was now given a measure of strength which enabled him, despite of serious interruptions from illness in later years, to do a vast amount of intellectual and active work, and leave his mark on the Church and on the nation, in the twenty-six years of life which were mercifully given him.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*September* 21, 1865.

"The Donnellan is only sketched, neither coloured nor filled up. I do not like it much; *it smells of Carlsbad.* However, I will inflict it on you duly, either on October 10, or some time later, before I deliver it.

"As to my going to you, it cannot be. The Archbishop is to arrive here at 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning, after charging you on Monday. I do not think he either will or can stop in Cashel more than the time occupied in the Visitation. As to *my* travelling at 2 o'clock at night, I do not think I ought to do it under an archbishopric; besides I have all the arrangements to make for the Visitation in Christ Church, which is to be the cathedral.

"We have been in a great fizz here since Sunday about the Fenians; troops pouring into Cork, police riding about armed, arrests made by day and night, rumours of the most gigantic size and awful character flying about, country gentry packing up their plate and buying revolvers, and a general notion prevailing that we are all to be murdered in our beds on some day appointed. The panic among really respectable and intelligent people is quite preposterous. The miserable creatures who cause it could be stamped out of existence in a week, if they were to do anything so beyond their courage as to rise. "W. C. M."

Nothwithstanding what he here says, Dean Magee contrived to come to the Deanery of Cashel to meet Archbishop Trench. The two or three days spent in his company laid the foundation of an intimacy which lasted to the end. The Dean had a most profound respect for the Archbishop's piety and learning, though their minds were cast in such different moulds. He used to say that he found the Archbishop a peculiarly difficult man to discuss any question with; that he listened without speaking, till he suddenly interposed, "not to answer, but to cut your line of argument across."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*December* 16, 1865.

"I received the same circular from Birkenhead that you did, and the same request to be a vice-president. I declined without any hesitation, and I strongly advise you to do the same.

"This is not an association solely for the purpose of suppressing lights and vestments. Its objects are of the vaguest and most expansive kind, 'to uphold the Reformation generally' by pamphlets, speeches, meetings. This may mean anything, and in the hands of the promoters of the movement would certainly mean a great deal more than you or I would endorse. The prayer-book after Skinner and Bennett is very bad; I should not like to see it replaced by the prayer-book after Ryle and Close.

"I wrote them a very short note (as there is *no knowing what use may be made of a long statement of reasons*) to this effect, 'That while I was as far as possible from sympathising with Romanising movements in our Church, I did not think such an association as that described in their circulars the best means of opposing them.'

"*Si quid novisti rectius*, etc. etc.

"But I have no hesitation whatever in declining. Indeed, long experience convinces me that associations for party ends in the Church do, in the long run, more harm than good, even when the party is in the right."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*December* 23, 1865.

"I send you the first volume of Robertson, and also a review of the same in the *Record*, more intensely Recordite, more bitter, spiteful, and narrow, than anything I have seen for some time. H. M'Neile has just issued an invitation to all *truly evangelical men* (the italics are his) to join in united prayer against Rome proper, Rome Anglican, and the Sceptical party.

"What an evangelical Balak! And how many a Balaam will respond to the invitation, and curse the army of their opponents from some little evangelical ant hill, whence he can just see 'the uttermost part of them.'"

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*December* 27, 1865.

"I have had experience of the sorrows and the anxieties of paternity; and the latter seems to me far the hardest trial to our faith.

"It is easier to think of our darlings safe in heaven, than to think of them in peril and suffering on earth. It should not be so; for the heavenly Father is as near them here as there; but it *is* so, and I grow sick and sore at heart as I think of it. What a selfish Christmas letter this is! I have not said a word of you and yours, or of your reasons for welcoming gravely, if not sadly, this happy

season. The vacant chair at the hearth is hard to see with undimmed eyes, and especially so on the first anniversary that gathers the family round the fireside. For years after our loss we had not the heart to keep Christmas. Ours were taken from us at the Christmas time, and still we feel a shadow over our mirth. But you will find a yearly increasing comfort in the thought of the quiet, peaceful rest and safety of your child, as the others grow year by year an increasing cause of anxiety for the future. So at least we feel it. I thank God with all my heart now that two of my children are in heaven. I used to say I would not wish them back for their sakes; I have learned to add not even now for mine.

"What a stirring, exciting, anxious year seems breaking on us—wars and rumours of war, revolutions and change, pestilence and famine. I begin to think the apocalyptic interpreters more reasonable and less extravagantly literal than I used to do. Certainly vials of wrath are being poured out on the earth. Whether those that St. John saw or no, at any rate our work is still the same. God give me grace to do it with patience and faith!

"Best wishes and love to your 'circle' and its 'head centre' from ours. A happy New Year to you all."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*January* 15, 1866.

"I think it better for your health and mine for you to well 'shake and take' this Donnellan now, and I will call and see how you are after it on my way to town. I expect to have bolus No. 5 ready for you nearly by that time.

"I do not like this one. In fact I do not enjoy either writing or reading any of them, and am only longing to have them done and buried. My mind is full of other work and I am worried by the thoughts of it coming on."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*January* 17, 1866.

"On your peril lose not my Donnellan. Remember it is for me like the Scotch laird's head which he was relieved of by the headsman, which was for him 'but a puir sort of a head, but he was gey an' fashed for the loss of it, puir man!'"

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*January* 19, 1866.

"If the Provost will kindly give me the Sundays before and after the Levee, I will, D.V., be ready. I did not like writing to

him until I was nearly ready, for fear of difficulties in my accouchement.

"I shall be very glad now however to present my twins to the neighbours who, as in such cases usually is done, will say 'fine children' to the parent, and turn up their noses mentally and subjectively at them all the same.

"I am glad you like No. 4; very glad, for I did not like it.

. . . . . .

"Have you ever read Hare's sermons on the Victory of Faith? They are very noble, and bear a good deal on my present subject.

"The Fenians are at it again in America and still at it here.

"My disgust and contempt for the Celt increases day by day. Alas! I have too much of him in myself, and I like him none the more for that. "W. C. M."

We have seen the keen interest which Dr. Magee took in the Education controversy at Enniskillen, when he was drawn into it by the circumstances of his own school sorely against his will. Having made up his mind for the principle of the National Board, he never swerved afterwards from the same line of policy.

But he was afraid that the pressure put upon the Government by the Ultramontane Roman Catholics on one side, and the Church Education Society on the other, might lead to a change in the law, and to the practical subversion of the principle of the National System. Mr. Butt, the well-known champion of Home Rule in Ireland, had written a pamphlet for the express purpose of getting the National System altered into one nearly denominational. Dean Magee expresses his views fully on this subject in the following letter.

To Dr. Newell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*September* 15, 1865.

"I have read Butt's book . . . . The answer seems to me very simple. His whole book is an argument for the Denominational System as distinguished from the United System of Education. There is a good deal to be said for the Denominational System properly and truly such, and Butt has said it; and a good deal to be said against it, especially as regards Ireland, and Butt has *not* said this. But the one fatal flaw in Butt's book is this: *that the system he recommends is after all not Denominational!* Butt

lays down the essential principles for National Education to be carried out in every school.

"1st. A good secular education.

"2nd. No attempt to interfere with the religious belief of the children.

"Now this second principle is essentially opposed to the Denominational principle, which is, that the patron of a school shall be free to teach to *all* the children in it *all* that he believes. If he is not free to do this, if the conscience of any child is to be protected from the religious teaching of the patron, the school is not Denominational. The conscience of the patron is not the sole rule in that school. The conscience of the child, or its parents, is taken into account.

"This protection to the child's conscience can only be given by limiting either (*a*) the quality of the religious teaching to what patron and child both agree in, or (*b*) the hours of religious teaching so that the child need not receive it from the patron at all—*i.e.*, the patron must either teach *all* he believes to a *part* of the school or a *part* of what he believes to *all* the school.

"The former is the course adopted by the National System.

"The latter is the course adopted in the Church Education Society schools as regards Protestant Dissenters,who are not required to learn Church catechism but learn the Bible with the Church children. But neither of these schools are, properly speaking, denominational.

"The schools of the Christian Brothers are properly so. Now Butt objects strongly to proselytising in schools. I want to know *how is he to prevent it and yet leave the school* denominational?

"He laughs at the plan pursued in the National schools, that the children shall withdraw during, or not arrive till after, religious instruction. But he has not given any other. He says indeed that he could in one hour draw up such a rule as would amply secure this. It is a pity he did not give this hour before he wrote his book. If he did succeed in doing this he would have solved in an hour the problem that has been puzzling all statesmen for thirty years; namely, *how best to arrange a compromise between the two consciences of teacher and taught.* I ask Mr. Butt this one plain question: How do you propose to secure that your new schools shall be at once denominational and not proselytising?

"When Mr. Butt answers this question he will have written to some purpose.

"In one word:

"(1) Either the patron is to be free,

"(2) Or the child is to be protected.

"If the patron is free, he must be free to proselytise.

"If the child is to be protected, the patron must be restrained from proselytising.

"(1) *was* the English System, or Denominational, now modified by the conscience clause

"(2) *is* the National System

"I can understand a great deal being said for either of these plans. But I cannot understand a man of Butt's ability imagining there is any *tertium quid*—anything between these two. Of course there is a third and entirely different plan, viz., a *secular* school into which all religious teachers should have access at certain hours to look after their own. But this is the model school system to which Butt equally objects.

"There is a good deal of minor criticism possible on Butt's book. For instance:

"The falseness of the assertion that the Protestants of Ireland dislike the system; the laity generally approving of it.

"Again, the fact that the Denominational System, in the West and South of Ireland, would simply hand over the Protestant children to be educated by the priests. But the one fatal flaw which runs through the whole book is, I think, the one I have noticed above. It admits of being briefly stated; and I think Butt would not find it easy to reply to such a statement.

"I might write anonymously some short newspaper critique to that effect. But I dislike anonymous letter-writing, and I really have not the time for fighting the nest of hornets that every man brings about his ears who stirs in this miserable education squabble; not that the question itself is not a truly great one, but that here in Ireland it is dwarfed into the meanest party and personal warfare. I do not think there are ten men of the Church Education Society party who would hear reason on the question, or if they did would have the courage to avow it. And as for the English public, the only danger is of their impatient weariness of our Irish controversies; a weariness which another pamphlet would not lessen. The conscience clause in England *will work its way and will* do more for us than one hundred pamphlets.

"If the National System in Ireland is overthrown, it will be as a concession to Irish Ultramontanism by some English Ministry too

weak to exist, except by the aid of the Irish vote. In such a case the merits of the question will go for little. The ablest paper defence of the system would avail nothing against a political exigency. This I confess is my fear for the National System. I fear that ere long some English Ministry may be compelled to buy a lease of its existence, by the surrender of liberal education to the Romish, and ultra-Protestant fanaticism of its opponents. The Ministry that does this will be the most popular and the most mischievous that ever ruled this country; and that is saying a good deal. They will, amidst the acclamations and applause of three-fourths of the Irish people, have inflicted a blow upon Irish education and Irish progress that will throw us back a century in the race of nations, where God knows we hold no forward place as it is, and they will have indirectly, but most seriously, injured the cause of liberal education in England.

"The Government that has the courage to maintain the Irish system of education through a few years more of unpopularity and clamour will have preserved to Ireland one of its best hopes of enlightenment and progress, and ultimate tranquillity. It is a great crisis at the moment that we are passing through. *God save the right!*—Yours ever most truly, "W. C. MAGEE."

To J. C. MACDONNELL.

"TRINITY COLLEGE,
"*February* 6, 1866.

"I thought you might like to know how Donnellan No. 5 went off. I understand it was approved of nearly as much as No. 4. Sundry men said sundry civil things to me about it. Butcher seemed really pleased and so was the Provost. Butt and Whiteside breakfasted with us and were very amusing; and so was Haughton.

"I dined at the Literary Club last night, a party of twelve, and very pleasant. The Duke of Leinster, the Recorder, Sir Bernard Burke, Archdeacon Lee, Jellett, Butcher, Judge Berwick, etc.

"Did you see the Presbyterian deputation to his Excellency on education question? Do you not think that the Churchmen who prefer the United to the Denominational System ought to make some similar move? As it is, the whole Irish Church seems to be siding with the Ultramontanes, and the Presbyterians are making capital as the sole supporters of the National System. This is a false position for us to be placed in, and specially mischievous just

now. I spoke to Graves about some Church demonstration. He inclines to my view, and only dreads the paucity of our numbers, as looking weak, and emphasising the anti-National Board complexion of the majority in the Church. My reply was, 'that we should have a large amount of lay support and a very respectable number of clerical names.'

"J. Jellett agrees with me. What do you think?

"My idea of a manifesto would run somewhat thus, 'We, the undersigned members of Established Church, believing that the principle of united secular and separate religious instruction is best suited to the present condition and circumstances of Ireland; without pledging ourselves to the approval of all the details of its working by the National Board, earnestly deprecate the substitution for it of the denominational system.'

"Something of this kind might gain large numbers of signatures.

"Turn this over in your mind and write to me to Wicklow. Write, too, your sentiments to Graves."

"*February* 18, 1866.

"What a timely measure the suspension of the 'Habeas Corpus' was! The resident magistrate here says, that the Government had positive information of an immediate outbreak in Dublin, and they have now one hundred and forty suspects in prison, including forty Americans. Of course the cost of all this will yet have to be paid out of the revenues of the Irish Church."

"Deanery, Cork,
"*February* 21, 1866.

"*The Primate gives his adhesion!* The movement if only worked out properly now promises to be a most important one. I earnestly wish you would be Secretary.

"You *must* act. Go up to Dublin on Monday, see Jellett, go on with the work like a man, and you will do a good deed for the Irish Church. I am quite willing to act, if you will not. But my name provokes a certain amount of Church Education Society hostility that yours does not; and our object is to get as many signatures, with as little hostility as possible.

"My programme is: A meeting at the Provost's house (if he will give it) of some twenty representative men, bishops (if available) peers, judges, fellows, deans, and rectors.

"Three resolutions passed.

"1st. Affirming the substance of a declaration.

"2nd. Inviting signatures.

"3rd. Appointing secretaries, lay and clerical.

"Print these resolutions with names of mover and seconder, and send with them a copy of declaration, and a request, if approved, to affix signatures and send to secretaries at such a place, Dublin.

"A clerk, a Thom's Directory, and some £20 will do the rest.

"I expect a very large and influential lay, and a very influential clerical adhesion.

"You may depend upon it that with the Primate and four bishops, the Duke of Leinster and some twenty or thirty peers at our head we shall not be a despicable body, and will be a very hard nut for our Church Education Society friends next April.

"I think with you that the Fenian crisis is not over. I look for St. Patrick's Day as our 'Ides of March.'

"The suspension of the 'Habeas Corpus' will, however, precipitate, if it does not prevent, a rising. In any case *we* 'pay the piper.' *Delenda est Ecclesia Hibernica* is now the motto of the Liberal party."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*February* 23, 1866.

"The Primate not only will sanction the movement, but will *sign the declaration.* Kilmore, I hear, is likely to follow suit. Tuam will, I suppose, of course. This would give seven out of twelve Irish hierarchs. You may depend upon it, 'the pear is ripe' at last.

"Our Church Education Society friends will receive a blow exactly between wind and water.

"Mind, you must be secretary.

"A meeting will be called next week. *Go up to it.* I cannot. Oxford and London are sitting on me, and giving me nightmare."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*February* 25, 1866.

"His Grace has not, I think, mended our declaration.

"I give myself some credit for foreseeing the possibility of a political turn being given to this movement.

"His Grace of Armagh, like an old sportsman, *can hit right and left*, and I object to being brought down by his second barrel.

"Please affix my name to any declaration agreed to by the meeting.

"I should not like it to be omitted from the first batch of signatures.

"In short, *use my name as you would your own.*"

To Dr. Newell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*February* 28, 1866.

"I do not like the account you gave me of the meeting.

"I had a copy of the amended declaration this morning from the Dean of Cashel. It reverts very nearly to my first draft, and, *if* the Primate will sign it, all may yet go well.

"These very great men can be neither done with nor without.—Yours ever sincerely, "W. C. Magee."

The meeting, which arose out of Dean Magee's efforts, was held at the Provost's House, Trinity College, and led to the issuing of a Declaration which was sent to all the Peers, M.Ps., D.Ls., J.Ps., and clergy in Ireland, and of which the following is a copy:

DECLARATION

We, the undersigned members of the United Church of England and Ireland, desire to express our earnest hope that the principle of United Secular Education, as opposed to the Denominational System, may be maintained in Ireland.

Without pledging ourselves to an approval of the National System in all respects, we entirely admit the justice and policy of the rule which protects scholars from interference with their religious principles, and thus enables the members of different denominations to receive together, in harmony and peace, the benefits of a good education.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*Monday, March* 12, 1866.

"You certainly have been 'in labours most abundant,' and are not, it seems, after all, likely to receive 'stripes above measure' from our Church Education Society 'brethren after the flesh.' Leinster and Kildare are all-important names. They are representative in the education question.

"I send you this day's *Cork Reporter* (R. C. paper), showing the view Liberal R. Cs. take of Ultramontane demands. The letter of the R. C. Prelates is invaluable. It will strengthen not only the National System, but the Irish Church. The English Liberals

must now see the price they will have to pay for an Irish concordat. Oh, if our Church were but alive to the importance of this crisis, and would buy even the last of the Sybilline books while she has the opportunity! Depend upon it, our movement is a very important one. It is affording an opportunity for many of the clergy quietly to back out of ultra Church Education Society principles, while it commits the younger clergy to a declaration which will strengthen them against local Church Education Society influences and solicitations.

"I am laid up with a very heavy influenza cold, and cannot yet get out.

"I hope to leave for London this day week."

"10 UPPER GROSVENOR STREET, W.,
"*March* 23, 1866.

"Our movement is now a great fact; we ought, however, to utilise it. Our declaration ought to appear in the English papers. I have had a good deal of talk with sundry English M.Ps. since I came here—all of the Liberal party, as my host (Mr. Hanbury) is. They are very curious just now about Irish affairs, and beginning to have a little more knowledge about them.

"Fenianism is doing us this much good, at least.

"I had to answer, however, the oft-repeated story about the 200 parishes without Protestant parishioners, and the like.

"The Bishop of London is, I am sorry to say, seriously, though not dangerously, ill—some internal inflammation, or irritation rather, which seized him after preaching at St. Paul's on Tuesday last. The doctor has ordered him rest for six weeks. At present he is ill in bed.

"I shall, please God, be with you at Cashel to dinner on Good Friday. Please give me a little meat, as I am still very shaky, my cold clinging to me. The weather here has been bitter.

"We had a very interesting meeting here last night for the London Diocesan Home Mission, and some half-dozen missionaries told the stories of their work in neglected districts, a work exceeding, to my mind, in interest and importance, and even in romance, anything of foreign missions.

"I must not run on any longer. I wish I could run off away from work and with you to the river-side. Alas! it may not be. My work rolls up like a snow-ball. I am an ecclesiastical Sisyphus, and very weary of rolling the stone up the hill."

"The Declaration is excellent. Some of the signatures have *petrified* me, especially two or three county Fermanagh names.

"W. C. M."

The movement about national education culminated in a deputation to the Lord Lieutenant at the Viceregal Lodge, headed by the Lord Justice of Appeal (Blackburne), who presented his Excellency with copies of the Declaration with the signatures attached. It had been signed by the Archbishop of Armagh, the Lord Justice of Appeal, 45 noblemen, five bishops, 146 deputy-lieutenants, 636 justices of the peace, 733 clergymen (*i.e.*, about one-third of the Irish clergy), 800 barristers, physicians, and other professional men, and 387 miscellaneous persons, making a total of 2754 signatures. It was a very important movement, and put an end to the delusion that nearly all the clergy and a majority of the laity were opposed to education under the protection of a conscience clause. Dean Magee returned from London to find the movement more successful than he had anticipated; though few knew how much its origin and success were due to him. In London and Oxford, in spite of his indisposition, he had produced a profound impression wherever he spoke or preached. At the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, he had an immense congregation, including several members of the Royal Family, and Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, on this and many other occasions showed a full appreciation of Dr. Magee's preaching, not only by his presence, but by the earnest attention which he gave to every word that fell from the preacher's lips. The newspapers pronounced this to be one of his finest sermons, but it is not one of those that have been preserved and printed. During his absence the death of the Bishop of Limerick (Dr. Griffin) was daily expected. It occurred immediately after his return.

Some of Dean Magee's friends hoped that the choice of the Government would fall upon him. He did not expect it himself, and he was relieved when the announcement of Dr. Graves' well-merited promotion put an end to allusions to himself, and comparisons in the newspapers of his claims with those of others. This subject is referred to in the following letters.

To Dr. Newell.

"Cork, *April* 2, 1866.

". . . . As to what you say of promotion, I am trying to put all thoughts of it out of my head, and to settle contentedly down to £500 a year and six children.

"Wishing, somebody says, 'is the hectic of fools,' and certainly is a sad consumption of mind and heart.

"I am not the first, and shall not be the last man who has seen himself distanced in the race of life by men no better, as he thinks, than himself; and, after all, this same race of life is not the race we have really to run.

"The crown at the end of that race is open to all. Meanwhile, 'patience and work.'"

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*April* 7, 1866.

"Newell sent me the first sheet of your pamphlet of signatures, with your preface, which I like exceedingly. Only I should like at the end, of preface or pamphlet, an analysis of signatures stating number of peers, D.Ls., J.Ps., and clergy.

"You will be sifted by Wodehouse on Monday, thrashed by Whiteside and J. T. Ossory on Tuesday, and roasted by the *Evening Mail* on Wednesday.

"I wish you well through it, and shall be glad to see what is left of you here on Monday week.

"Deans A. and B. are ordering a pair of lawn sleeves between them, the winner to pay. Their wives are cautioning their daughters not to be too familiar with curates. I have an application for the agency of the see of Limerick!

"I wonder, do the parasites on the hind legs of blue-bottles make interest for promotion to the fore legs on a death vacancy? What a world it is! and fifty years hence what will it all matter?"

"*April* 14, 1866.

"My wife, on household cares intent, is too busy to write to yours, so I say for self and partner how delighted we are to find that Mrs. M. will come. I will try and get her a lobster as a reward, and she shall have it for supper on Friday night; not before, lest you partake and spoil your addresses by indigestion.

"You need not fear my disappointment about Limerick. I never dreamed of it.

"I may be thankful I am where I am and what I am. Many better men are worse off!

"I agree with you about the Church Education Society field day. Ossory was evidently fighting a losing battle, and felt it. He has

succeeded in drawing attention to the fact that the Archbishop of Dublin is against them on the principle of the question; so that virtually both the Primates are now against the Church Education Society *principles*.

"The silence of all the speakers as to the Declaration proves clearly that the order was given to avoid it. Depend upon it, they have got a blow they will never recover from.

"I think I may now write off my debt to them on our Enniskillen account. I shall have the balance on my side yet. I must not write on now as we shall have a week to talk in."

To Dr. Newell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*April* 23, 1866.

"I do not agree with you as to the silence with which our Declaration has been met by the Church Education Society men. It was not cleverness, you may be assured, dictated it, but fear. It has told upon them most seriously, as *I already know*, and will tell more and more. It is a breakwater behind which, year by year, timid rectors and curates will shelter themselves; while it completely silences the plea that the Church Education Society represents the Irish Church. They must speak henceforth with bated breath, and indeed they evidently did so at their last meeting.

"It must however be worked in the English press as soon as the reform fever is over. J. Bull cannot mind anything but reform just now.

"I do not like the change in your rule you tell me of. Change of any kind gives an air of instability just now; and this change will be assailed as a concession to Popery, though I do not think it gives more to one side than to the other.

"I do not now trouble myself much about promotion. If it rained mitres my head would not be wet. Graves is a very good appointment.

"I wish the newspaper editors would leave off their odious comparisons of the three deans. They only make Atkins and me ridiculous. "W. C. M."

The annual religious meetings in Cork, which had degenerated into discussions in which only one Church party had full liberty of speech, under Dean Magee's chairmanship attracted men of all

schools, and gave a fresh impulse in the diocese to religious thought and free discussion of all the great questions of the day. The Dean had pre-eminently the combination of qualities which make a good chairman. Naturally impatient of those who were slow and prosy, he exercised the most thorough self-restraint, and showed the most perfect fairness as chairman. His talents in this way, which were practised and cultivated at the Cork meetings, were fully appreciated afterwards when he became a Bishop. As chairman of his Diocesan Conferences, and conspicuously of the Church Congress in Leicester in 1880, he showed a marvellous power of controlling a great assembly. The Cork meetings represented little more than the diocese, except a few speakers whom he invited to preach or speak.

But the Cork clergy were among the ablest and most thoughtful in Ireland, and fully appreciated the opportunities of discussion which these meetings afforded. The following letter shows how much the Dean disliked the party tone which such meetings had assumed generally in Ireland.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*March* 2, 1866.

"As to your invitation to the Dublin meetings, I sincerely hope you will decline it. So long as those meetings are conducted on their present decidedly illiberal and party basis, I think no man who objects to party conferences ought to lend them his countenance.

"I think, on the contrary, that our only hope of widening them is by standing aloof, all of us Liberals, until they are widened.

"One or other of us, going singly, is simply a captive in the evangelical and Church Education Society triumph; just enough to allow them to point to his presence as a proof of their catholicity, but not enough to make the meeting really catholic.

"I am resolved, for one, rigidly to eschew them, until their administration is reformed.

"I hope, however, that you will come to me during our week of meetings (from April 16 to 20). Subjects: Ritualism; Authority and Inspiration of S.S.; Hindrances to Ministerial Usefulness; Present Position of Irish Church; treatment catholic, chairmanship dignified and impartial! Breakfast hot at 8.30; Dinner, clerical and social, at 6 P.M. every day. Mind you *do* come."

"*March* 17, 1866.

"Reichel writes to me that he is coming to me for the meetings. He, H. Jellett, you and I, will have, I expect, a very pleasant week here, and discuss everything ecclesiastical and theological.—Ever yours affectionately, "W. C. MAGEE."

The meetings were all that the Dean anticipated, and what he said in joke was realised in earnest. The chairmanship was "dignified and impartial," and a great step in the chairman's education for his future duties.

CHAPTER VI

DUBLIN CASTLE; CHURCH CONGRESS, YORK; 1866.

Immediately after the Cork Clerical Meetings a great change took place in Dean Magee's life and work. The promotion of Dr. Graves to the Bishopric of Limerick left the Deanery of the Chapel Royal, Dublin Castle, vacant. It occurred to me and other friends that it would be a good thing for Dean Magee if he held this Deanery along with the Deanery of Cork. It had at one time been held by his grandfather along with the Bishopric of Raphoe. We did not think it would entail more than three months' residence at the Castle. We took some steps to suggest such an arrangement to those in power. The Dean had gone over to Bath after his Cork meetings to fulfil various engagements in England, and among others to preach for C.M.S. at St. Paul's Cathedral.

The following extracts from his letters will tell the sequel:

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"1 Church Street, Bath,
"*April* 29, 1866.

"I got your letter this morning. You have done exactly the right thing, and exactly what one friend in such a case ought to do for another. Whatever comes of it, offer or no offer, I shall always feel this. It does not at all follow, because I wished for it, that therefore the Deanery would be good for me. I might, after I got it, find sundry reasons for regretting my choice; so, I will not think twice about it, if it be not offered; and if it be offered, I shall take it, and there is an end of that matter.

"I see the Ministers have a majority of only five. Their resignation is expected, but disbelieved here. Gladstone's speech was the inauguration of an ultra democratic career, taken up as much from pique and passion as conviction. He and Russell and Bright are an ominous conjunction."

"LONDON, *May* 2, 1866.

"My C.M.S. sermon is over, preached on Monday evening to an enormous congregation, including some three hundred clergy. I hear it gave satisfaction. I am glad that some things in it did not give offence. I am hard at work now for the next fortnight, and S. Oxon has bagged me for an Oxford Clerical Conference, July 5–7."

"12 HYDE PARK TERRACE, W.,
"*May* 3, 1866.

"I received this evening a very civil letter from Lord Wodehouse, offering me the Deanery of Chapel Royal. I reply by this post gratefully accepting.

"I write by this post a few lines to Dean Graves, stating that you had told me that his brother might be willing to act as sub-Dean, adding that I left it to you to make such arrangements as to duty and income as I hoped might be mutually satisfactory. All this is of course no news to the Bishop designate, who retains the Deanery of Chapel Royal until June 24th, when his consecration takes places.

. . . . . .

"I trust this may all turn out for good. I have not sought it, and I hope I may not regret it.

"Dean Alford and R. Gurney dined here to-night."

"LONDON, *May* 7, 1866.

"I have just returned from an interview with Lord Wodehouse, who is in town. Very satisfactory in some respects, not so in others.

"I found him very gracious, and very clear and business-like as to duties, etc.

"To my dismay, however, I find that he expects a great deal of residence from me, and residence in the Castle.

"He particularly named the Castle season—January, February and March—as a time when it would be necessary for me to reside, and evidently wished me to understand that he expected more.

"I fear that at least six months in the year I must be at the Castle.

"This is a state of things quite unexpected by me, and the discovery of it quite turns me upside down. It is not merely that this absence must materially affect my position at Cork, but that it will entail heavy expense if I bring my family up to town, or

long separation from them if I do not. The apartments I evidently must keep.

. . . . . .

"This is certainly a strange change in my whole life, and a very unexpected one. In some respects I am not sorry to get away so much from Cork, and to get within reach of good education for children; and, also, to have a valid excuse for shirking a good deal of public work. In other respects I feel the loss of independence.

"I have put on livery, and feel the livery coat already a tight fit.

"I think the matter will resolve itself into my being from October to March in Dublin and March to October in Cork; but all this is yet very misty to me.

. . . . . .

"I preached twice yesterday, and spoke on Friday night at a Reformatory Union. I sat beside Lord Shaftesbury.

Between his darkness and my brightness
There passed a mutual glance of great politeness.

He looked black, and I looked blacker. He said nothing; I said less. He had bad lumbago, I had bad rheumatism, etc. etc. etc.

"We go to Bath to-morrow."

To Dr. NEWELL.

"CORK, *May* 30, 1866.

"Many thanks for your kind letter of congratulations on my appointment to the Chapel Royal Deanery. The offer of it was made very unexpectedly, and was accompanied by such very handsome allowance of absence on the ground of important duties in Cork, that I did not feel myself free to decline it. It will add literally nothing to my income, and much to my work and responsibility. Something, of course, it adds to my position; but not, I think, to my prospects.

"I have just returned with my wife and two eldest girls from a month's absence in England, where I took them for pleasure, and went myself for very hard work. Five sermons and five speeches in three weeks is nearly enough even for a man fonder of hearing his own voice than I am.

. . . . . .

"The Model Schools are, I fear, doomed, and then the Deno-

minational system must come! Ireland governed by Protestant ascendency was bad enough, but Ireland governed by Roman Catholic ascendency! God help us all, Roman Catholics and Protestants alike."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"The Beach, Youghal,
"*June* 20, 1866.

"*Celeres quatit pennas.* My little fortune has shaken her wings, and flown away with the Ministry and the 7-pounders.

"The reign of Whiteside and Co. in Ireland may not be a very long one, but it will be long enough to give away Meath. To say nothing of the fact that when a Liberal Ministry does come in again, its Lord-Lieutenant will in all probability not be Lord Kimberley.

"So here I am stranded fairly; my little cockboat gone down with bigger ships. I only wish my £7 9s. 0d. office fees had not gone down in her!

"I am only anxious now to fall with dignity (to change the metaphor) and am just a little puzzled how to act. The new Lord-Lieutenant, whoever he may be, will probably not be disposed to give me the same leave of non-residence as Lord Kimberley gave, out of personal kindness. If he requires more permanent residence it would be tantamount to requesting my resignation, which I should of course give at once.

"The question for me is, should I wait for this dismissal, or should I, when his new Excellency comes over, place my office at his disposal, leaving him to reappoint me if he thinks fit?

"In short, the choice seems to me to lie between going out and being turned out; for though I could hold on in spite of the Lord Lieutenant, it would be a very unpleasant position and one I could hardly hold with self respect.

"Upon the whole, my mind at present inclines to waiting for the Viceregal kick. Tell me what are your sentiments. What an up and down life it is! and how little use there is in fretting ourselves about its ups and down! Happily for me, I have never been a sanguine speculator in the great stock exchange of life, and never invested at any time my happiness either as bull or bear; so I take with tolerable patience the bankruptcy of the firm of Russell, Gladstone and Kimberley, and stand aside to watch the game of the new set of players.

"Setting aside all personal questions, I am sorry for the defeat of the Reform Bill; it entails, I fear, eventually a more democratic one. The Tories cannot carry a Tory Reform Bill. They might have usefully amended a Whig one.

"A reform agitation in England, with high prices, cattle-plague, and cholera, bodes ill for the future.

"What a wicked and desperate war we are now to witness! Never I suppose in history did all the contending powers enter into a contest so absolutely without cause or excuse, or even the pretence of either.

"For sheer cynical impudence I think the manifesto of Napoleon the worst I have ever read. France will not go to war unless she can get something by it.

"His uncle had more decency and always had some great principle to announce, like a grace, before he bolted a kingdom or two. This man simply shews his teeth, sharpens his knives and falls to."

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*June* 30, 1866.

"Here I am in the 'Cawstle,' and like Jacques in the Forest of Arden, I am disposed to say 'The more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place.'

"We got in last night and found the house in very good order, and think it on the whole a fairly comfortable abode.

"I saw the Bishop of Limerick this morning, and am to see him on Monday to have a long interview and be coached in the duties of the office.

"I have learned from him one or two things already about my new position.

"It seems I am (1) Dean of the Chapel Royal and (2) Chaplain to the household and (3) First Chaplain.

"The two former offices are permanent, the third vacates with the Lord-Lieutenancy. With the two former go the salary and residence, with the latter the confidential relations and adviserships on matters ecclesiastical. I cannot see much use, and I do see much awkwardness, in my holding the two former without the latter after a change of Lord-Lieutenants.

"Dean Tighe held the two former, while Gould held the latter under Lord Eglinton; but then Dean Tighe was a kind of tame cat about the Castle, which Dean Magee I fear could never convert himself into."

"*July* 3, 1866.

"What do you mean to do about the University Election? Chatterton is, I fear, late in the field.

"Walshe is an ultra Tory and C. E. S. man, but even he were better than the disgrace of being represented by that used up old Orangeman ——.

"Did you hear of Salmon's *bon mot* respecting him? One of the Fellows was talking of voting for him. 'Don't, my dear fellow' said Salmon; 'I admit he is a very stupid man, but don't pledge yourself to him; *a stupider may come forward* yet!'

"I understand that Lord and Lady Kimberley go in less than three weeks, and the new man I suppose comes over at once."

"Dublin Castle,
"*July* 9, 1866.

"You will see by to-day's *Express* that there is to be an undress *levée* on Monday next. I think that the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Kimberley rather look for as large a gathering of their friends as possible, and would be gratified by it. If you could come up it might be as well. I dined at the Viceregal Lodge last night, and Mrs. Magee too.

"Archdeacon Lee was there as Chaplain, and I was uncommonly amused by watching the effect on him of some ultra-Erastian sentiments of Lord Kimberley's, delivered, I thought, especially for Lee's benefit.

"I hear that the new Lord-Lieutenant, the Marquis of Abercorn, is a thorough Orangeman. He comes over to do the pageantry and keep up a great state. Lord Naas and Whiteside will govern Ireland with the help of Sir H. Cairns.

"The general opinion is here that the Tories will hold on for nine months, and be succeeded by Lord Clarendon.

"I give them a longer lease. The dread and dislike of Bright is too deep and real amongst the English Whigs to allow of their coalescing with him, and they cannot do without him.

"I think it quite possible the Tories may have three or five years of office, sliding gradually into Liberalism."

"Dublin Castle,
"*July* 21, 1866.

"I dare say you would like to hear how I saw the old Lord-Lieutenant out, and the new one in, and any small gossip theret

belonging. We bid good-bye to Lord and Lady Kimberley on the deck of the steamer at Kingstown on Tuesday.

"The cheering of the spectators was not very enthusiastic, nor the crowd very great; but the adieux of the immediate friends of the departing Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Kimberley were very warm. Lady Kimberley was deeply affected and even the stoicism of her husband was a little shaken, in spite of his professions of indifference beforehand. After all Lord-Lieutenants are 'flesh and blood'!

"Half an hour after I had shaken hands with him I read the news of Singer, Bishop of Meath's death! It was like a coincidence in a novel, and just came neatly in to point the moral. Somehow though this made my position no worse than it was four weeks before, I felt as if I had got a fresh blow. The cup seemed to have been brought nearer to my lips than if the good man had departed some months later.

"Lord Abercorn came in yesterday morning. I met him at Westland Row at 7.30 A.M.—in the newspapers; being, in the body, asleep in bed in the Castle. I did, however, see him at the Viceregal Lodge yesterday, before the swearing in, to get him to settle some things about the chaplaincies; as I thought it hardly fair to bring men up from the country who might not be appointed.

"And now for a really good joke. The A.D.C. told me his Excellency was out in the grounds, but he would bring me to Lord Hamilton. He brought me into the study, and after I waited there a little he came, a young, slight looking, handsome man, apparently thirty-five or it might be forty years of age, 'who was happy to make my acquaintance,' and with whom I shook hands very affably, and then sat down and chatted over my business very familiarly and pleasantly, and rather confidentially. I took my leave and told my wife when I came back how pleased I was to meet such a very agreeable and gentlemanlike official as Lord Hamilton seemed to be. Presently I go over to do 'flunky' at the reception. I form up in the hall, with the other head servants; up drives a carriage and out steps Lord Hamilton! Very odd, say I; where is Lord Abercorn? On we go to the council room, and again my friend Lord Hamilton comes forward, to make his declaration that he does not believe in Transubstantiation and has no particular respect for the B.V.M. This was past a joke! My Lord Hamilton was the Marquis of Abercorn, and I had paid him the

compliment of mistaking him for his eldest son! If I had been the most subtle of courtiers I could not have made a better hit.

"However as I have nothing to ask or get, this is a grand opportunity lost. Seriously, I am glad that one annoyance I anticipated in my position here is removed. Lord Abercorn is not an unpleasant man to deal with personally, and means to be civil to me.

"He named three chaplains to stop the gap until his list should be filled up. "W. C. M."

The certain information that he was marked out to succeed to the Bishopric of Meath, and that, if the Ministry had stayed in for three weeks longer, or if the aged Bishop Singer had died three weeks earlier, he would have been the bishop, was naturally trying; and the trial was unintentionally aggravated by his friends, who could not help expressing their disappointment, and so rather irritating the sore they wished to heal. The very unusual occurrence took place of three vacancies among the twelve Irish Sees in the one year 1866. Magee felt that it was only the natural course of things when Dr. Graves, a man of great learning, who had for a long time been Dean of the Chapel Royal, and the personal friend and adviser of more than one Lord Lieutenant, was nominated to fill the first vacancy, that of Limerick. But when his appointment to one of the two Sees (Meath and Tuam) which fell vacant very soon after, was stopped by the sudden change of Ministry, he felt the disappointment acutely, though he seldom said a word on the subject even to his most intimate friends. His disappointment shows itself in the following letter to his friend Townsend. He little thought what a revolution in his life and prospects was to take place two years later, and how much the vicissitudes of his life and his incessant occupations of various kinds were acting as a discipline and preparation for higher duties. He wrote thus to Rev. Aubrey Townsend.

"YOUGHAL, *August* 1, 1866.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your affectionate letter has been a great gratification to me in what I cannot affect to speak of as other than a time of trial. The Bishopric of Meath would, I believe, have been mine had Dr. Singer's death taken place just three weeks sooner than it did. Three weeks of an expiring, and seemingly useless, life lay between me and all that the bishopric implies. The goal of a life of severe toil and effort was in view; and now it is

indefinitely remote if not absolutely and certainly beyond my reach.

"So I sit down patiently to endure what it has pleased God to send me of trial and disappointment; and only feel thankful that I have so many blessings and comforts. There are many better men than I who doubtless think my lot an enviable one. I have one comfort in this trial; it has not been the result of any word or deed of mine. The hand of God appears in it plainly, and His only. Let Him do as seemeth Him good.

"I must not however write more about myself, lest you should think me more cast down than I really am. At any rate I am always affectionately yours, "W. C. MAGEE."

To J. C. MACDONNELL.

"THE BEACH, YOUGHAL,
"*August* 2, 1866.

"I am thinking very seriously of resigning the Chapel Deanery; not immediately of course, but some six months hence, when no one could ascribe my resignation to pique.

"I find everything goes in Cork to sixes and sevens when I am away, and I feel already how fettering and muzzling in public life the Chapel Royal post is.

"However, I will do nothing rashly or without due consultation with wise men like yourself. "W. C. M."

When Dr. Butcher, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, was appointed to the Bishopric of Meath, the Dean wrote thus to me:

"*September* 21, 1866.

"Butcher's is an excellent appointment; all things considered, the best that could be made, not merely by the Tories but by any Government; and setting aside, as you say, my own disappointment, I am on all other grounds heartily glad of it, and so I told him. I got a very nice letter from him in reply.

"I see my prophecy is coming true. Kimberley's speech has been followed by an intimation that Gladstone and company are going in for a tri-partition of our revenue, Church, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian.

"This or some such measure will be the Trojan horse of the new Liberal party.

"It will place moderate Liberals like you and me in an awkward

fix. With any enemies of the Irish Church we can have nothing to do; and yet the Tory squirearchy, non-reforming and Orange ascendency men, are a miserable alternative. They will not reform the Church; they cannot save it. "W. C. M."

At this time occurred the death of the Dean's beloved friend and mentor, the Rev. Edward Duncan Rhodes, Vicar of Bathampton and Prebendary of Wells. He died quite suddenly at the age of sixty-nine.

The following extracts from his letters to Rev. A. Townsend, and Miss Rhodes, will show how deeply the Dean felt his loss, and how much gratitude mingled with his admiration for his departed friend.

To the Rev. Aubrey Townsend.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*September* 24, 1866.

"You were indeed right in believing that I would acutely feel the loss of our dear and lamented friend. I loved and honoured him as I have loved and honoured few other men. He was one from whose mind I learned more than from contact with most books, or living minds; and there was in him a nobility of nature, a tenderness and refinement of feeling, that drew to him with an irresistible charm the friends whom he admitted to nearer intimacy. I think I was as intimate with him as any, perhaps more intimate than most of his friends; and I shall always be proud to remember that I was so. How little the outside world knew him! How hardly and ignorantly many judged him who were not fit to tie the latchet of his shoes, and how he felt this! How he used to complain to me of 'his loneliness,' and how he and I used to enjoy our free unchecked interchange of thought and feeling, as we sat in that perfection of an English gentleman's study, looking out on that glorious view that he loved so much. What a great capacious mind was his, and so filled with golden stores of thought and reading; what a manliness, what broad common sense; what a hearty love of all that was good and honest in all men! He was truly what you call him, a large-hearted, noble-minded man. He has not left his equal among us. For me, I feel as you do, as if I could not bear to pass by that dear house again. I see it with the eye of my mind, with him as the foremost figure there, and with all his surroundings, his books, his pictures, his flowers, his affectionate servants, his simple parishioners that loved him, his model

English church and parish. I do not wish ever to see it again in reality. Bath is indeed rapidly changing for me. It is becoming a large cemetery, friend after friend departing. I live there more and more in the past, and care less and less to revisit it.

"They asked me to his funeral, and to preach the funeral sermon the Sunday after. I am thankful, selfishly thankful, that pressing duty here made it impossible for me to do either. Had I been free I could not have refused to show my love for him by doing what they asked; and I should, I am sure, have found the effort far too great for me. To me the shock of his sudden death was very great; for though I thought him ailing when last we met, I thought the ailment only gout, and hoped to hear that the fit he was suffering from then had done him good. Did you hear that he was found dead in his garden? Something appropriate, was there not, in his last look being on the face of Nature, that he loved to the last so well?

"How often he used to say to me 'that he found his love of all things beautiful increase with his years,' a sure proof of a blameless life and a pure heart.

. . . . . .

"What do I not owe him? I regard my acquaintance with Rhodes as an era in my mental history. He first lifted me out of the narrow groove of party thought and life, and gave me something of his own broad catholic spirit. He taught me how to think; before I met him I only knew how to argue.

. . . . . .

"How wearisome life grows, and how sad! 'If in this life only we had hope'! Thanks, dear friend, for your affectionate friendship. I count my friends jealously, for I make no new ones.—Ever most affectionately yours, "W. C. MAGEE."

To Miss RHODES.

"*September* 24, 1866.

"How much of all my best thoughts, and deepest views of truth, do I owe to him. I shall feel all my life a better man for having known him, and proud to think I had the friendship of such a man.

"So true, so high-minded, so large-hearted, so affectionate a friend, I never knew and never hope to know again.

"How rapidly does heaven grow peopled for us with those we love, as we grow older. Before we are very old we come to have more there whom we desire to be with than here. And so heaven

grows more and more our home, and comes still nearer and nearer to us. I feel at this moment as if the world that has received my dear and loving friend was nearer to me than ever it seemed before.

"W. C. M."

The Dean had accepted an invitation to speak at York at the Church Congress in October (1866). He sent me the notes of a speech he intended to make; and to these he alludes in the following letter:

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*September* 30, 1866.

"Many thanks for your notes on my notes, of which I mean to avail myself largely.

"I see I must qualify my observations about science. They are, like all mine, too dogmatic and epigrammatic. Science loves hypotheses and theories, and theology abhors them. That is nearer the mark. Science regards knowledge as progressive by the discovery of new facts. Theology regards knowledge as progressive only by the revelation of new facts or dogmas. The dogmas of science are conclusions; the dogmas of theology are premises.

"I think I shall try the journey to York in one day.

"I am to preach at Armagh Cathedral for S.P.G. next Sunday. Woe is me! When shall I have rest of mind and body? I have never had a broad shade to recline under yet, and my shovel hat casts the broadest shadow I have yet sat under. The Archbishop pressed this Armagh sermon upon me; and I know not how I am to make it.

"I am going now to preach a charity sermon for the C.M.S. Oh, how I *hate* charity sermons! I am transformed into one of the horse-leech's daughters; I seem to say nothing but 'Give, give.'

"W. C. M."

Notwithstanding interruptions that made it almost impossible for the Dean to give due preparation to his speech at York, he never, perhaps, made a more profound impression. His subject was 'Dogmatic Teaching from the Pulpit.' He followed the Dean of Emly (now the Archbishop of Armagh), whose great powers as an orator would have thrown almost any other speaker into the shade. How little we who heard them dreamed that Archbishop Thomson, who ruled the Congress with a firm and impartial hand—the very

impersonation of that strength of mind and will that shows its power in controlling a great assembly—would twenty-four years later be succeeded in his high office by Dean Magee, and that the voice of the Dean of Emly would be heard in York Minster on the day of the enthronement, delivering one of those great sermons for which his name has become famous.

How strange to think of that scene at the York Congress in the light of subsequent events, but it was in itself most impressive. As no report of these speeches has been recently published, I give a portion of Dean Magee's speech.

He said, as reported by the *Guardian:*

After what you have heard with such manifest delight from my friend, the Dean of Emly, as to the duty of dogmatic teaching by the Church, I think I may safely assume that your opinion is, that the Church should give dogmatic teaching from the pulpit.

But, I wish to draw your attention to one fact, and a very important one, that dogmatic teaching is at present largely unpopular, and that it is specially unpopular with the liberally educated and thinking classes. It is impossible to converse with such men, or to read the popular literature which reflects their minds, without being struck with their increasing impatience of what they call dogmatism in the pulpit. There is nothing they resent and disapprove of more than the assertion by the preacher of distinctive essential truths. The model sermon, in their eyes, is that which contains the least amount of religious doctrine, with the largest amount of religious sentiment—a sermon all colour, and no form. They like to lose their way in a sort of warm haze of vague religious thought, in company with a preacher who assures them that out of this mist he has neither the mission nor the power to guide them. Anything more than this, any attempt to mark before them a clear path, hedged in by boundaries of definite truth, and to say "This is the way, walk ye in it," they resent as an impertinence. It is presumption, it is dogmatism. Now I say this unpopularity of dogmatic teaching is a very serious fact; not because unpopularity is in itself a serious evil: it is not the mission of the Church to please the age, but to instruct and to reform, and therefore if need be, to rebuke and displease the age. It might be well for us to remember this.

. . . . . .

What then is it which the age really needs in this matter? And how far is the Church supplying that need?

And first, I observe the dislike of dogmatic teaching is really a dislike of dogma itself, a dislike quite as much of what is taught in our

creeds as in our pulpits. Indeed to allow of dogma, and to forbid dogmatic teaching, is absurd. There can be no teaching without some dogma. Dogma—*i.e.*, accepted and fixed truth—is the ground of all precept, and it is the reason for all sentiment. Precept is only dogma in the imperative form. "Thou shalt not steal" is only another form of the dogma "It is a wrong thing to steal," and that again resolves itself into dogmas about the grounds of moral obligation. "I love God" is the expression of a sentiment; but the reason for that sentiment is the dogma "God is love, God loves me." Nay, the very words which denote the objects of our worship—God, and Christ—are concentrated dogmas. Dogma is the one essential part of all teaching. To expect teaching without dogma is just as reasonable as to expect language without grammar, or argument without logic. You may have bad grammar, or bad logic, or bad dogma, in a sermon, and I am afraid you sometimes have all three; but grammar, and logic, and dogma of some kind you must have in every sermon.

But there is a cause for dislike of dogmatic teaching, in the Church as well as in the age; and that is, sectarianism in the Church. It is clear that every sect must be intensely dogmatic. It is for the sake of some distinctive opinion or dogma of its own, that it has split off from the Church Catholic.

If it does not maintain and defend that dogma, it ceases to exist; it has nothing else to live for, or to live by. Accordingly all its teaching is steeped in this dogmatic colour. Its pulpits will always ring the changes on the little set of notions which are its very life. And in like manner *within the Church* the peculiar, the distinctive, ideas of each school or party will find the most prominent, often an exclusive, place in their teaching; and they will be presented mostly in a strong, exaggerated, controversial form. Now the natural result of this to men of liberal minds is an utter weariness of the incessant party strife of the pulpit.

. . . . . .

Depend upon it, if anything will ever exorcise the spirit of small sectarian dogmatism, it will be the preaching of the great dogmas of the Church Catholic. It is in the back streams and eddies of sects and parties that the straws and sticks, and froth of private opinion, are always whirling round and round.

The remedy is not to dry up the stream of truth, but to deepen its channel and strengthen its banks. Do this, and the rush of its waters will soon sweep away these small disfigurements from its surface.

Lastly, there is a reason for the unpopularity of dogmatic teaching in the nature of dogma itself. Dogma conveys ideas, *fixed truth*, to which are fixed forms of speech.

Now while truth is eternally the same, the vehicle which conveys its

language, is constantly changing, not merely because words themselves become obsolete, but because the forms of thought, the philosophy, the metaphysics which have tinged them, change. The more perfectly any idea has clothed itself in the thought and philosophy of any one age, the less likely it is to be clearly and easily intelligible to the succeeding age. Formularies, therefore, are always in danger of becoming more and more a dead language; in danger of losing the features and colour and softened outlines of the living body, and becoming merely the dried mummy or skeleton of truth; and as such, not only unpopular but unintelligible to all save the scientific theologian. This is a real danger. But what is the remedy for it? Not certainly in the alteration of these ancient formularies into modern phraseology and thought.

. . . . . .

The remedy lies, not in perpetual alteration of the original, but in perpetual translation; lies in the art of rendering these old and fixed forms into modern thought and language, not in the book, but in the pulpit. Then there should be a perpetual clothing of the framework of truth with the flesh and colour of modern life, and thought and feeling. This is the special office of the pulpit, to mediate between what is in danger of becoming the dead book, and the living hearts of the people. The book is to be the standard of the preacher and the preacher is to be the illustrator of the book.

The formularies of the Church have been called in scorn "petrified forms." No word more happily expresses their true merits. They are truly *petrified.*

The word truly represents the firmness and solidity, the sharp, clear, and well-defined outline of the rock, on which rests our faith. The office of the preacher is to smite the rock, that the living waters may gush forth to satisfy the thirst of the age. I trust we may have wisdom rightly to discharge our task as guardians of the rock, dispensers of the stream. If we are thus faithful to our mission, that stream will follow still the Church's pilgrimage, weary and difficult as that pilgrimage may be. And if, in our day, cold shadows of doubt, or the darker night of unbelief, should settle down about us; still along the course of those waters,

"*Deepening their voice with the deepening of the night,*"

shall come to us the voice of the dead past, and yet of the living present; the voice of the one unbroken stream of undying Catholic truth.

But Dean Magee's greatest popular success at the Congress was in his speech at the working-men's meeting. This was the first meeting of the kind held in connection with the Church Congress,

and it was held at the Archbishop's suggestion. The Archbishop opened it with a manly and telling speech. He was followed by Dean Magee, who made a profound impression. He then first took up a line of thought which appears in various forms in subsequent speeches. He said much the same when, as Archbishop of York, he addressed the working men of Hull, in March 1891. He dwelt upon the increasing power, in Church and State, that was coming to the working classes, and deprecated the flattery which so many were ready to offer them on that account.

He described a despotic monarch, in times past, surrounded with his courtiers and flatterers. He said the same danger, which had been the ruin of kings, was now threatening the working men. He drew a picture of a modern demagogue paying the same court to the people that royal flunkeys paid to kings, and he finished off by saying that a demagogue was only a "flunkey turned inside out."

Before returning to Ireland, the Dean went to Scarborough for the Sunday, where he preached in the evening, the Bishop of Oxford preaching in the morning, for a new church that was much needed in the suburbs at Falsgrave. He wrote to me before leaving for Ireland, on October 17, 1866:

"I wish you could have spent Sunday at Scarborough, and heard S. Oxon. I had a walk with him next day, and a talk about Irish Church matters. Brady has been writing to him. I told him to look out for your article in the next *Contemporary*.

"W. C. M."

He returned from England, with an increased reputation. Perhaps at no period of his life were his powers as a speaker and preacher exercised in greater perfection. Though hard worked and much pressed for time, as his letters show, he scarcely delivered a sermon or made a public speech without intense thought and careful preparation.

Dean Magee's life after his return from the York Congress, in October 1866, to the same month in 1867, was not marked, like the years that preceded and followed it, by any striking change in his own position or prospects. But it was a year of incessant work both in England and Ireland. He had friends in England whose invitations to speak and preach he did not like to refuse. In Ireland there was a ferment both religious and political.

Disestablishment was in the air, and wise men like the Dean

were preparing, and urging others to prepare, for the struggle, and for what might follow. Dean Magee's great anxiety was to revive the corporate life of the Church, and give it some sort of representative government by which it could express its mind and act in an emergency. His letters at that time are valuable as a record of the transition from the old to a new state of things. He was fond of forecasting the political future, and predicting the effect of party politics upon the fortunes of the Church. Some of his predictions were never realised, but many of them proved true to the letter. Take as instance parts of his letters of May 11 and May 30, 1867.

The reader will bear in mind that the letters in these volumes were written *currente calamo*. They are the unrestrained and uncorrected utterances of one who, writing confidentially to intimate friends, never weighed his words. In many cases they may be truly described as "blowing off the steam," which he could not repress.

The following letters will be chiefly interesting to those who wish to know how the old state of things in Ireland and its Church passed into the very different conditions of Church and State existing now.

The period was one of transition, and the acts and utterances of men like Dean Magee were more or less tentative—indicative of a ferment which was essentially transitional.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*November* 9, 1866.

". . . . I confess that any presumptuous dreams I had of 'doing good' to the Irish Church, by raising (with a few like-minded men, yourself and others) a standard of liberality and moderation in theology or politics, are dissipated by an experience of five years. You and I, and the like of us, are anachronisms by twenty-five years. Tory politics and 'Gospel' theology will sway the Irish Church for at least one generation more.

"I think I was of some use in England, and might be again.

"I am a speaker only, and cannot bring myself to howl in Ireland after the fashion most approved by Irish Churchmen. I wish myself back in England once a day at least, and have no heart for work here. Why should I not go back there while I have any work left in me?

"Most of my friends are there; I have yourself and some

three or four others here whom I should grieve to separate from, but we could still see a good deal of each other. Tell me what you think I should do. Do not think I am writing in any silly huff at being '*roqué*-d' for a bishopric. My mind has been turning in this direction for months, and I honestly think I can do more good in England than in Ireland."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*November* 15, 1866.

"I preach, as you say, at St. Andrew's (Dublin) this day fortnight. I hope I may be able to stop the night before with you, and have some Donnellan to read you. An earlier visit is impossible. We are in a sea of troubles here with our contractor and architect; threatened with law, and certain of loss and delay. I have to attend some wretched Chapter or Committee meeting every day and all day long, and have not a minute to myself till night.

"I am meditating relieving my mind at St. Andrew's by preaching on this text from Nehemiah: 'And there is much rubbish'—the difficulty made by Judah when asked to help in rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem.

"I think of describing the difficulties in the way of building up and defending the Irish Church.

"Look at the chapter: it is full of curious analogies—the enemies deriding and threatening, the friends half-hearted, the wall encumbered with rubbish and 'too large' for its defenders.

"It would greatly ease my 'innards' to improve on that text, and give a fifthly and lastly to the ruffianly disciples of —— who insulted an Archbishop to show their piety and hissed his daughter to show their manliness.

"Not one of our Irish papers has had the courage to denounce this outrageous indecency; and the *Mail* actually glories in it, and denounces the Archbishop as the cause of it.

"The wolf and the lamb!

"That one scene at St. Mark's will do us more harm in England than a year of Bright's speeches. "W. C. M."

This sermon was afterwards preached, and was one of his most successful sermons.* St. Andrew's Church in Dublin had been burned down, and the new church was in architecture a marvellous contrast to, and improvement upon, the church which it replaced.

It was consecrated on St. Andrew's Day, 1866. Archbishop

* "The Gospel and the Age," p. 87.

Trench preached in the morning, Dean Magee in the evening. His mind was full of the restoration of the living Church; and the analogy of rebuilding walls in the troublous times of Nehemiah caught hold of his imagination, and he worked out the parable in the happiest way. He had intended to give out as his text only the words, "There is much rubbish," but when he got into the pulpit his courage failed, and he read the whole passage from Nehemiah iv. 10. His original idea had been so enlarged that the words, "There is much rubbish," however they might have attracted attention as a motto, would not have expressed the purpose of the preacher. Still he always spoke of it as his "Rubbish sermon."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Dublin Castle,
"*December* 25, 1866.

"I preached the last Donnellan (Laus Deo!) on Sunday last. Oddly enough it was on the legal aspect of the Atonement, and I had Whiteside, Napier, and Longfield sitting under me,* whom I duly instructed in the ultimate principles of law!

"I preached to their Excellencies this morning, and that ends my heavy duties for some time.

"I have a tract to write still for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, however."

"Dublin Castle,
"*December* 31, 1866.

"I may perhaps have to go down to Cork to hunt up Chapter records, and if so would take you *en route* on my return, if you can have me, to talk over my case.

"All with us are well and peacefully seeing the old year out. It is departing in a shroud of snow and sludge, cold, dirty, and half-and half, like the history of England and Ireland for the last twelve months. Let us hope for brighter days; *post nubila Phœbus!*"

"Dublin Castle,
"*January* 19, 1867.

"I am trying my hand at a tract on the Evidences of Prophecy for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. I prophesy it will be an evidence of the rashness of undertaking work that is out of one's line. I am cramming hard, and digesting dyspeptically sundry

* All eminent judges of the Superior Courts.

books on the subject; but it seems to me to be nearly worn threadbare.

"What a misleading word evidences is. People are always empanneling themselves into juries on Christianity, and giving the *Advocatus Diaboli* the merciful benefit of every possible doubt in the true spirit of the modern British juryman. The *evidence* of Christianity will be given at the day of judgment; perhaps not even then.

"There are meanwhile many arguments and probabilities and presumptions in favour of Christianity; that is, in favour of a man trying the practical experiment whether Christianity can do for him what it professes to be able to do—raise him out of sin and death into life and holiness.

"But that is not enough to satisfy men who will only believe in Jesus Christ on the same kind and amount of evidence as would justify them in hanging you or me.

"Paley, and Whately and his school, have a deal to answer for, for having given currency to this wretchedly legal idea of Christian evidences.

"I have just finished reading F. Newman's 'Hebrew Monarchy'; far inferior to the 'Soul,' or the 'Phases of Faith': even more unfair and bitter than the latter, and far less spiritual than the former. But he shows clearly the mistake the ultra-literalists and evidence-writers like Keith have made in their treatment of the argument from prophecy. They have given Newman and his school weapons against us, difficult to parry.

"I have just refused going to a meeting of 'evangelical' clergy at Southport, to give an address on the Church of England doctrine of the Sacraments.

"Oh my! if I had gone and said my say, in how many little pieces should I have been sent home to my sorrowing wife and bereaved orphans!

"I have also declined lecturing on Ritualism in London for the National Club. I fear to the end of my days I shall be reckoned amongst the evangelicals; why, I cannot imagine.

"Whom do you think I sat next at our Literary Club Dinner the other day, but my Lord Naas!

"I *asked him for*—the salt-cellar—and got it!

"The Archbishop is living down the bleating of the Cork lambs; whose friends are, I think, a little ashamed of them.

"The snow is thick outside still, but there are some signs of a thaw.

"Come up, and let us have a cheerful talk. I am getting frozen and moped to death.

"Love to all yours."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*May* 8, 1867.

"I am truly sorry to hear of your many worries, small and great. I wish I could go with you to Newtownbarry, to blow away yours, and mine too (many in number), by the river side. But this is totally out of the question. I am knee-deep in work of all kinds. The Chapter have thrown on me all the arrangements about the new contract for the cathedral; and I must not leave Cork, or its vicinity at least, until it is settled.

"In June I have to preach in Dublin and London for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. My other works are all in arrear.

"I condole with you most heartily in the vexatious quashing of your cathedral projects by your Chapter.

"The *rôle* of reformer or improver in this Irish Church is that of Sisyphus, and I am baffled at every turn here in the same way, and am fast making up my mind to entire residence in Dublin.

"Henry Brougham's letter is highly amusing and characteristic. He will see fair play enough at the meetings here, and have it too if he speaks. I hope he will come. I reckon absolutely on you. Bernard, Rector of Walcot, Bath, is to be with me that week. You would enjoy him greatly. He is a very superior man.

"Webster has enlarged his phylacteries, and is more picturesque than ever."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*May* 11, 1867.

"I am engaged to preach in Dublin on June 16; to preach for the S.P.G. in Westminster Abbey their annual sermon on June 27; to preach in Quebec Chapel, London, on June 30, for Consumptive Hospital; and to give an address to the Oxford clergy at their conference, July 3–5.

"This is a trifle of work for the next seven weeks; and besides this, I have one week of meetings here.

"Judge therefore if I have much time for 'diversion.'

"Newtownbarry is totally out of the question. I should be glad, nevertheless, to spend a few days with you on my way home after preaching in Dublin, and to give you your *concio* on a week day, say Wednesday, and pump your brains for my Oxford address; subject 'Foundations of the Faith,'

"As to the Irish Church, my prophecy that it had five years to last is nearer the mark than some of Cummings'.

"I always felt that, Reform settled, our time must come, and all the quicker if Reform was settled by the Tories. The Liberals have no other trump card in their hand now. The time of the English Church has not yet come. 'The time of figs is not yet,' though those same figs are ripening fast. The Liberals, if they had carried Reform, might have rested a while on their laurels. As it is, they must attack us if they want to put the Tories out.

"One of two things will happen. The Tories will oppose them and either succeed or fail. If they fail, of course all is over. If they succeed, they will refuse all reform in the Church as long as they are in; then when they go out, oppose all modest measures, by a Liberal government, either of Roman Catholic endowment, or Protestant redistribution; get in on this cry, backed by the 'glorious memory' squires and clergy, and then sell them as remorselessly as they have sold them in Reform. In short the game will be played out, as all such games are now—Tories putting Liberals out, and then keeping their places by turning democrats. The demolition of the Irish Church will come very soon, but it will be more sweeping and reckless if made by a Tory Government than by a Whig one. As for its effect on us, it is hard to say. I fear the Irish Church has not strength to survive the Establishment.

. . . . . .

"The Irish clergy as a body have no principles to fall back on when the outer line of their Establishment is gone. We shall see then what howling the gospel will do against men who can howl always louder and cheaper than we can.

"The history of the Irish Church may then be written in two sentences. For 300 years a Church without Church principles, and then Church principles without a Church.

"After all, have we any right to expect anything else? If there be a Nemesis in ecclesiastical history how could the Irish Church escape?"

To Dr. Newell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*May* 30, 1867.

"I have been up to my eyes in cathedral chapters, religious meetings, speeches, sermons etc., and only now am home from the last of our public assemblages. As to the L.L.'s dinner party, I was there only in spirit and *in the papers!*

"I see that you and the National Board have escaped meddling with for the present. The Irish Church is in more danger. My prophecy of five years' life for it is coming more true than some of Dr. Cummings'. Gladstone is prepared to play trumps next hand; and the best trump he has is the Irish Church.

"Our friends are waking up at last and too late to the necessity of Reform.

"Brady's pamphlet is not a nice one and Godkin's book is a very nasty and mischievous one.

"The hanging of Burke would have hastened our fate by a year or two. But it is nearer than many think.

"We shall soon have to drink its 'Glorious Memory.'"

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*June* 13, 1867.

"I know you will be pleased to hear, as I confess I was, that I have her Majesty's commands to preach at her private chapel, Windsor, on June 30.

"This has put me a little into a fluster, coming as it does just between my S.P.G. sermon at Westminster and my Oxford Conference essay on the rule of faith! However, I must do my best and think of her Majesty as of any other mortal being to whom I have a truth to speak.

"I expect to leave on the 25th by the Bristol boat and go straight through to London. I wish greatly you could come here on Monday 24th.

"I want to show you some letters of Napier's and Stopford's anent the coming Royal Commission on the Irish Church.

"It is very important that this Commission, which is now inevitable, should be if possible widened in its scope, and not narrowed into a mere financial one. I want a long talk with you about it.

"I really think the inferior clergy should not allow the coming reform of the Church to be a bishops and lawyers' affair, like Stephens' late muddle."

"Deanery, Cork,
"*July* 13, 1867.

"I had an extraordinary letter from Reichel proposing that I should stand for the University as a tentative candidate, to see if parliament would rescind their resolution against clerical members.

"I think I see myself on the College hustings with a herd of

Church Education Society bulls roaring below me, to say nothing of knocking at the door of St. Stephens, and running the round of all the comic papers as the parson 'what wanted to turn M.P.'

"I see the Bishop of Derry is dead. Alexander's star is in the ascendant. Let us at least hope it may be him rather than ——."

"Deanery, Cork,
"*July* 16, 1867.

"I have written to Reichel much in the same sense as you have done, giving him besides some reasons against *any* clerical M.P.-ship at all. I believe that our great danger from the State nowadays is Erastian usurpation of all the functions of the Church; and that our admission to parliament would greatly help this, in more ways than one.

"The history of National Churches seems to me to divide itself into three phases.

"1st. That of conversion of the State by the Church;

"2nd. That of adoption of the Church by the State;

"3rd. That of contest between Church and State for supremacy; in which the Church in the end is always worsted, and must separate to save her life, generally with the loss of her goods.

1. Courtship; 2. Marriage; and 3. Divorce without alimony, sum up all Church and State relations.

"In the first stage the State is heathen and hostile;

"In the second Christian and friendly, often subservient and lavish, like an uxorious bridegroom.

"In the third stage the State is non-Christian, latitudinarian, stingy and tyrannical; like the same bridegroom grown old and hard, cutting down the pin money, quibbling about the settlements, and impatient for a release; unfaithful, too, now and then, and generally disposed to set up a harem of all sorts.

"Now I believe we have come to this third stage in our history; and our wisdom will be to look out for an amicable separation, and try to secure as much of the dowry as possible. Any clerical share in the representation of the nation, if it ever comes, should come after and not before such separation. Now, it would weaken our position, as we should seem through our representatives to have been parties to measures we could not prevent, to say nothing of the ill-effects on the clerical spiritual mind of electioneering and all its belongings.

"As to the Irish Church, its representative man, if polled for

to-morrow, would be Drew or Day—the one for politics, the other for piety. Either of them would poll ten votes for one that you or I would.

"As to Lord Oxmantown's candidature, I think he most certainly ought to be called on. Our University is becoming the nomination borough of the Tory crown lawyers. Some steps should be taken by the independent members of the University to rescue us from this disgrace. I am sure that Lord Oxmantown would meet with large support.

"The invitation should, I think, contain some saving clause for the Liberal electors stating that their support does not imply absolute agreement in political opinions; otherwise many might not like to support a Conservative, and, if they did, their support might damage Lord Oxmantown with his Tory friends.

"I will do what I can with you, if *you* will move. Though I have some doubt how far the Dean of the Chapel Royal is free to act politically."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*July* 25, 1867.

"I am meditating a pamphlet on Irish Convocation.

"Dean Woodward's seems to me very weak.

"His arguments are—

"1st. That Convocation was only established in James I.'s reign.

"2nd. That it acted ignorantly and foolishly.

"3rd. That at the Union it was promised us that we should be summoned to the English Convocation.

"4th. That there is danger of collisions from multiplying Convocations.

"There is nothing in any of those save in the last.

"There is danger of collision from a third Convocation. But there is more danger of our being utterly ignored and excluded from all Church movements by our English brethren, in consequence of our having no representation, or sign whatever of corporate life.

"How could Woodward dream of our being ever allowed to swamp Canterbury or York with our Irish residuum?

"The choice for us lies between the Irish Convocation and no representation whatever.

"I am confident of success in the end, for a movement in favour of some Church representation in Ireland. The Archbishop and Alexander are with us. "W. C. M."

Next to the Irish Church, the Dean watched anxiously the fortunes of the National system of education, especially as it affected his former parish, Enniskillen. Hence the following letter:

To Dr. Newell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*August* 27, 1867.

"The appointments to the Model school at Enniskillen are a fatal mistake. The large majority of respectable shopkeepers there are Protestant and Orangemen. They are extremely anxious for the education of their boys and indifferent to that of their girls. Enniskillen was just the place of all others where the head-master should have been a member of the Church of England. There are not 150 Presbyterians in the town. And yet the Board sends them a Roman Catholic master. If they wanted the school to fail they have succeeded perfectly, and they have inflicted a heavy blow on the National system in the North. They will conciliate neither Roman Catholic nor Church Education, but have offended both. Enniskillen was ripe for a good Model school, and nowhere would a good Model school have done so much good. Now it will stink in the nostrils of the Enniskilleners; and the Church Education Society will revive and gain ground. How hard it is to get any body of men to go straight; and how many a good cause is wrecked by the treachery of its own supporters!

"As for the Commission on the system, I look for nothing from it but mischief. A paid Board of three, with an unalterable set of fundamental rules, and a rigid carrying out of the principles of mixed education, is what ought to be the result of it.

"The result which will come of it will be the break up of the National system and the substitution of the Denominational, for which the Romanists and the Church Education Society clergy are both crying out."

To Rev. A. Townsend.

"The Palace, Salisbury,
"*September* 14, 1867.

"My dear Friend,—I sent you a message to come to Salisbury for the S.P.G. gathering here, when you would have heard S. Oxon, R. Capetown, the Bishop of New York, and sundry other celebrities.

"I wish with all my heart that I could go to you, even for a day; but all my days in England are mortgaged deeply.

"I am to leave this for London, where I stay ten days; and then on to Norwich, where the Bishop has asked me to speak and preach for the Church Missionary Society.

"It is a curious change from *Salisbury* to *Norwich*; and I require a few days' quarantine, before passing from one palace to the other.

"I enjoy these changes and contrasts greatly and find good in both sides. My life has been a changing, and in some respects a very trying one, since we met last. More than one up and down in it. Thank God for good health, however, and many blessings."

To Dr. Newell.

"The Palace, Norwich,
"*October* 1, 1867.

"Many thanks for your friendly anxiety about my speech. It was, as you may suppose, reported without my sanction or correction, and is not, therefore, verbally accurate. I did not say, or at least mean to say, that the Irish Church is a Colonial Church, which would be absurd. But I did say, that it is very much in the position of a Colonial Church, and so I think it is and always has been, and will be, spite of all Dr. Lee and Stopford may take out of old records to prove that ecclesiastically we are the National Church of Ireland. It is the simple fact, that the Irish Established Church never has been since the Reformation, or, indeed, for long before it, the Church of the nation.

"It has been all along the Church of the pale and the Church of the Anglo-Celtic colony in Ireland.

"Outside that pale lay, and lies still, the Celtic population. To that population the Irish Church Established ought to have been missionary. It was not.

"It remained the Church of the English colony in Ireland; and it is that, and nothing else, at this moment.

"It is mere folly to talk of it, or to try to defend it, as *de facto* the Church of the Irish nation. As the Church of the Anglo-Celtic colony in Ireland, paid as it is by *these colonists* almost exclusively, and entitled as they are to English support for having held Ireland loyally for England, it has a perfectly valid ground of defence.

"Further, the analogy between the Irish and the Colonial Church

holds good as to their probable future. The English Government is *disestablishing* and disendowing all its Colonial Churches. But it has not yet sufficiently recognised the right of such disendowed and voluntary Churches to perfect freedom from the State. This they are clearly entitled to, and it is vital for them to obtain it.

"Now, what I fear for our Irish Church is partial or even total disendowment, and yet at the same time the State control continued. This is what the English Government are doing at the Cape, and what I fear they may do in Ireland. What I feel most strongly ought to be the line taken by Irish Churchmen just now is—firstly, of course, fight for the endowments; but if *they* must go, insist upon freedom.

"In these respects I see a strong analogy between the condition of the Irish and Colonial Churches.

"You have pulled a shower bath over your head, you see, by your letter. I have given you an essay in return for it.

"I hope to preach in Dublin on Sunday next, and will try and see you.—Ever yours most truly, "W. C. MAGEE."

CHAPTER VII

CHURCH CONGRESS, DUBLIN; CONTROVERSY WITH MAURICE; ATTACK UPON THE IRISH CHURCH

The year which preceded his consecration to the see of Peterborough, was one of the most anxious and eventful in Dean Magee's life. He settled his family in his residence in Dublin Castle early in November 1867, and except for a short but eventful visit to England, he remained in Dublin for six months.

I have said of the previous year, that Disestablishment was in the air, but in 1868 it began to assume a tangible form, and even the most apathetic became alarmed.

The Government of Mr. Disraeli prepared for the crisis by issuing a Royal Commission, with a view to reforming and cutting down the income of the Irish Church, and removing some of those anomalies which were obviously weak points, and invited the attack of every adversary. But what the Government intended to do with the surplus created by the reduction of the Establishment, they never announced. In all probability they had no fixed policy.

This Commission on the Irish Church, and its proceedings, are the subject of many comments in the following letters.

The friends of the Irish Church had invited the Church Congress to hold its next annual meeting (September 1868) in Dublin, and they proposed to make as goodly a muster as possible of Irish Churchmen and their English friends, in the face of their enemies and critics.

Dean Magee was from the first consulted by the Archbishop of Dublin (Trench), and took a leading and active part in shaping the arrangements of the Congress. No one contributed more to its success, not only by his opening sermon and his brilliant speeches, but by those careful arrangements long before, upon which the success of all great gatherings so much depends.

In these private conferences and meetings of committee, he dis-

played an amount of tact and good temper for which he had not always got credit. But sometimes when he had exercised great self-restraint, and carried his point in spite of foolish or factious opposition, he would give vent afterwards to his feelings in private. On one occasion when returning from one of the committee meetings to the Castle, he unconsciously stopped in Dame Street, and striking his umbrella forcibly upon the ground, exclaimed aloud, "Unmitigated ass!" I do not know who the person was that had thus excited this *sæva indignatio*, but it so happened that a gentleman who had some acquaintance with him, and greatly admired him, was exactly opposite the Dean when he uttered the exclamation, and took the action and words as intended for himself! Deeply hurt he wrote and asked what he had done to merit such a severe rebuke. The Dean had no recollection of the circumstance, or of meeting this gentleman at all, and wrote him a full and satisfactory apologetic explanation. He knew what was in his mind as he walked home, but had no recollection of speaking aloud, or doing anything to attract the observation of the bystanders.

He was at the zenith of his powers and fame as a preacher and speaker in this period. His sermon before the British Association in Norwich, in August 1868, his course of afternoon sermons in the Castle Chapel in the early part of the year, his sermons at Whitehall and Cambridge and Oxford, are still remembered by many, not only as masterpieces of pulpit oratory, but as giving a fresh impulse to the convictions and resolutions of his hearers. But all the while his mind was full of thoughts and plans for the good of the Irish Church. The year opened with a controversy with Maurice, in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*, which was one of the best defences of the Irish Church which appeared at that important crisis.

One great practical effort to benefit the Church was the agitation which originated with him and myself for the restoration of the provincial synods of the Irish Church. I preached a sermon in Belfast on October 28, 1867, at the opening of the Diocesan Conference on "The Corporate Life of the Church, and the best means of promoting it," in which I strongly urged the necessity of taking steps to restore the synodical action of the Church, either by diocesan and provincial synods, or the revival of convocation. The Dean fully concurred in what I said, and threw his whole heart into the movement for the revival of provincial synods, which the Primate and the ecclesiastical lawyers succeeded in smothering for a time.

Irish Churchmen, who want to understand how their present Church organisation arose, will not merely look to the Irish Church Act, but to the previous ferment among Irish Churchmen, which had considerable influence in suggesting and moulding the more favourable provisions of the Act itself. Many efforts, which like this seemed at the time to fail, were the means of disseminating new ideas, and preparing Irish Churchmen for the duties which they so promptly faced and so energetically discharged, as soon as their hands were untied.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Dublin Castle,
"*November* 18, 1867.

"*Imprimis.* Can you have me on Friday night? If so, look out for me at dinner.

"Second, I like your Belfast sermon greatly. It is good from beginning to end, and is particularly suited for exportation to England, whither I am sending the half-dozen copies which you gave me leave to take for distribution.

"I do not remember seeing anywhere put, the distinction between the private and corporate life of a Church, as you put it.

"I think I like that point best of all your sermon, though I thoroughly go with every word of it.

"We had a great night at the old College Historical Society on Wednesday. The auditor's address was a very good one, thoughtful and modest, and occasionally eloquent, and happily free from Irish bombast and flash.

"The auditor made a grateful and graceful allusion to your good father,* which I should like you to see.

"I have seen a good deal of the Archbishop since I came up; I was one of a few who met him on Friday to confer about the Church Congress for next year.

"We are to meet again next Thursday.

"Nothing was done beyond suggesting names of members and secretaries for an Executive Committee. Lee† brought a long list of names, lay and clerical. It seemed to me a fair and Catholic one, ranging from Day to Maturin, and including the Deans of Cashel and Cork.

"Do you know of any leading cleric or Church laymen whose names you would suggest for the Executive Committee?

* The late Provost. † The Archdeacon of Dublin.

"It (the Committee) must, I suppose, be formally appointed by some public meeting; but a prepared list is seldom much altered at such meetings, and generally passed *in globo*.

"All our doings are, of course, informal and preliminary, and just for that reason important, as we can give the thing a safe direction quietly from the first. I was glad to see an evident desire on Lee's part to give the whole thing a thoroughly catholic character.

"I fear we are making a leap in the dark. This Congress will do us great good, or great harm, according as it turns out.

"'Would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well,' is the motto I think of suggesting for the entrance door of the Congress Hall.

"I hear very ominous rumours about Trinity College, Dublin, in the coming session.

"Government are weak and undecided; they have no policy, I fear, on education, any more than on reform, and are prepared to bow to circumstances.

"More when we meet.—Yours ever affectionately,

"W. C. MAGEE."

From the Rev. A. DAUNT *to* Dr. COLLIS.

"*November* 1867.

I went to hear the Dean of Cork at the Historical Society's opening meeting last night. It would be difficult to describe adequately the good taste, healthy tone, and genuine eloquence of his address; or the number and intensity of the rounds of applause with which he was honoured on sitting down. Whiteside "paled into nothingness" beside him. And what pleased me most was, that there was a good "ring" about him. May God give him grace to be faithful and true, and make him a blessing to the Church of Christ.

To J. C. MACDONNELL.

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*January* 4, 1868.

"I have just read through Maurice's article on the Irish Church. I am sketching a reply to it. I think it admits of one, at least from my point of view—that we are not the Church of the Irish nation, but of the Anglo-Celtic colony in Ireland.

"Maurice's theory as to the origin of the Irish Church establishment, 'that it was set up for the furtherance of Protestantism,' is quite untenable.

"His use, too, of the term 'National Church' is ambiguous. When he refers to us, he means a Church which represents the religion of the majority of the nation.

"When he uses it respecting the English and German Reformed Churches, he means a Church which represents the idea of a national polity, as opposed to that of Rome, which represents the idea of an *anti-national* and universal polity of despotism.

"In this latter sense, the Church of Rome in Ireland is not national, and ours is.

"In the former sense, it is national, and ours is not.

"But it is only on the condition of being 'national,' in the sense of being anti-papal, that any Church ought (according to Maurice's own principles) to be established by the English nation.

"The question, then, seems to be whether the Church which is truly national (*i.e.*, anti-papal), but which is that of the minority, or the Church which is anti-national (*i.e.*, papal), but which happens to be that of the majority, should be endowed by the State.

"Again, as to the 'justice' of the case, as put by Maurice.

"This seems to me to resolve itself into the question of the 'justice' of the conquest of Ireland by the English.

"If that were just, then I can see no injustice in England giving part of the soil she conquered to the Irish Church, on condition of its being national and anti-papal. Therefore practically the Irish Church grievance is to the Celt only one part, and that the smallest, of the great original grievance—the English conquest; and the land tenure of the Irish proprietary stands or falls with the Irish Church.

"Oddly enough, the religious justification of the English for their conquest was the grant of a Pope; and the Celtic Churchmen who resisted Strongbow were doing so on truly Protestant principles.

"But I think it may fairly be said that, if we overthrow the Irish Church on the ground of justice, we cannot consistently stop there.

"I think, in short, that on Maurice's own principles—viz., justice and nationality—a case may be made for us.

"Tell me what you think. How telling, though, and how true, is his sketch of Orange and Church Mission parsondom, and the placards!

"He has hit us very hard, and will damage us much. It is the *pronunciamiento* of the Broad Church school, and we shall feel its influence in more quarters than one.

"Let me have your opinion soon. If you approve, I will go on; if you say no, I will stay my hand."

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*January* 7, 1868.

"I have written to Alford,* and am in for the article for better for worse. I noticed, of course, Maurice's astounding blunder about the setting up of an establishment to Protestantise Ireland, the fact being that the establishment in Ireland was Protestantised just because it followed the English Church, of which it was a part.

"It would be much nearer the truth to say that it became Protestant because it was established than to say that it was established on condition of teaching Protestantism. Again, it can be shown that any such care for the souls of the 'mere Irish,' as would have been implied in an elaborate attempt to Protestantise them by setting up an establishment, was far enough from the minds of English statesmen.

"The canons of the Irish Church, as contrasted with some of the enactments of the English Government, show clearly enough that the Church did, and the State did not, wish for the conversion of the Irish *through the means of their own language.*

"Maurice's analogy from Scotland fails, as you point out; and it fails in this further point, that in Scotland at this present day the established Kirk is not truly 'national'—*i.e.*, does not, since the Free Kirk disruption, represent the entire nation. Nevertheless, it remains established as well as endowed. Why? Because it accepts, and the Free Kirk will not accept, the conditions on which the State will consent to establish a Church. If the Free Kirk men demanded the disendowment of the established Church in Scotland, what could Maurice, *on his principles*, say against them?

"Again, there is the case of Wales and Cornwall; Wales especially.

"I agree with you that Maurice's picture of our social and theological condition is very damaging. But then, it is exaggerated and unfair. The Irish Church Missions do not represent the Irish Church; and, moreover, the offensive placards, with their preposterous 'rewards,' were the invention of Dallas, an English clergyman, and approved of and paid for mainly by English subscribers.

"On the whole, I think we have a fair case against Maurice, and

* Dean of Canterbury and editor of the *Contemporary Review.*

I will try to put it. Where can I put my hand on the Statute you mentioned of the Trim Parliament anent the cutting off of the Celts' heads; also the enactment requiring a vacant benefice to be given to an English-speaking man if possible, to an Irish-speaking man only if it could not be avoided?

"The worst for me in answering Maurice is that I shall exasperate the Irish Church Missions folk, whom I must repudiate. However, they know I have no love for them as it is.

"Now I must tell you of our Congress Committee meeting.

"The really critical part of the whole affair, the selection of the Subject Committee, passed off without a word even of inquiry. *Vides, mi Decane,* '*quam minima sapientia gubernatur mundus!*'

"Congress is fixed for Michaelmas Day (*absit omen!*) and the three days following.

"There are to be no sectional meetings. Preacher not yet discussed. Upon the whole, we are now well launched; yesterday's breeze cleared the air.

"The laymen generally impressed me very favourably. They showed good sense and breadth of mind, and contrasted favourably with the feminine fussiness and jealousy of the clergy. Napier behaved uncommonly well, and spoke out against the hot men. We have still rocks ahead, but the appointment of the Committee of Selection is all in all. It includes Maturin and Stanford—two Symplegades, who will probably clash now and then; but I expect the good ship Congress will slip through safely after all. *Ohe, jam satis!* you will say."

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*January* 10, 1868.

"I hope to send you my article, by the middle of next week, so as to give you time to ponder it ere we meet the week after, on my way up from Cork or to it.

"I am very anxious about this article. I feel I may do mischief. Any one can do that now to the Irish Church; and I may not do good.

"Besides I shall be sure to be prodded by the bayonets of our rear rank men here, the Irish Church Mission and ultra-Evangelicals."

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*January* 14, 1868.

"I send you my MSS. for Alford. I fear it is too pungent and Celtic. But on the other hand a little warmth is perhaps desirable in

an Irish Churchman defending his Church against such an attack as that of Maurice. You need not return it to me by post. I will reclaim it in person.

"Indeed in any case I should like to compare notes with you before our Chapter meeting, on Thursday.

"So if it suits your book, expect me by the early train on Monday next."

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*January* 26, 1868.

"Our Chapter passed off quite as pleasantly as yours.

"I had to hurry back from Cork, to dine with his Excellency on Friday night.

"There was a large party, including the Archbishop and wife and daughter, Whiteside, Attorney- and Solicitor-General.

"I lunched twice with the Bishop when in Cork.

"He was pleased to say that he highly approved of the Protestantism of my speech to the Dublin Young Men's Association. I told him that I was sorry to find that Protestantism from me seemed to surprise him, and asked did he think me a bad Protestant? 'Oh no, Mr. Dean! *but*, *but*, you know—you don't say much about Protestantism.' 'No, my lord, I think there is quite enough said about it in Ireland by *others!*'

"Now I must go and get ready for service, and not 'break the Sawbath by whustlin'' to you any longer.

"Reichel preaches, and dines here after. I wish you were here to make the third."

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*January* 30, 1868.

"I sent off the article to Alford, care of Strahan, yesterday, with a line to the latter.

"I think of taking for my afternoon sermons in Dublin Castle part of this year's Oxford Lenten Series in which S. Oxon has enlisted me, one on Personal Responsibility for privileges, talents, money, time. It will help me, too, to fit this in with my Castle sermons so as to have my Oxford and Castle preparation going on together.

"God help me! work accumulates upon me like water in the tub of the Danaïdes. My life is one weary pump, and some day or other the valves will burst, or the well run dry. I should like to turn 'Head Centre' for a change, and make a little money by selling my 'circle'! Reichel and R. P. Graves dined here on

Sunday. We had a very pleasant evening, as you may suppose. Reichel gave us a very able sermon on the raising of Lazarus, and I thought it would make a good anti-Renan article for the *Church Review* and suggested his sending it. Eighty subjects for Church Congress have come in answer to our request for suggestions, amongst others 'tenant right.' 'It is a mad world, my masters.'

> *The times are out of joint. Oh cursed spite*
> *That Cork and Cashel cannot put them right.*
> SHAKESPEARE *Variorum.*"

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*February* 4, 1868.

"I am happily saved the trouble of making up my mind about the Trinity College, Dublin, petition.

"As Dean of the Chapel Royal I am a servant of Government and as such precluded from signing petitions or memorials.

"I should have felt as doubtful as yourself, had I been like you free to sign.

"I confess I rather inclined to Haughton's view, and I cannot bear the idea of 'fusing' Trinity College into a nasty *omnium gatherum* university, of Roman Catholic and Dissenting Colleges, with a board of examiners of all sorts for granting degrees. I had rather see Trinity College made avowedly the University of the Church of Ireland, than swamped with those others.

. . . . . .

"I have more sympathy even with Cullen and his party in their ideas of education than I have with Fawcett and Lowe in theirs, I had rather see young men trained as bigots than as prigs and infidels. The most odious animal under the sun to me is a young doctrinaire, weaned upon scraps of Mill and Jeremy Bentham, a conceited, shallow, pert, Godless cur, with no principles, no feelings, no enthusiasm, nothing but a bundle of opinions which he carries as a pedler does his wares, neatly assorted and carefully packed and only examined *when he wants to sell them.*

"Of course there are great difficulties and serious objections on the other side. It is a difficult question altogether. But I confess I *incline* to the denominational rather than the secular-liberal solution of it.

"I began my course of afternoon sermons on Sunday last on the Gospels and Epistles for Epiphany. The Ἐπιφάνεια of Christ *to* us, as shown in the Gospels; *by* us, as shown in the Epistles, the

Church of Christ, which is His Body, being a continuous Epiphany, each scene described in the Gospels repeating itself in the Christian life described in the Epistles.

"My course nearly suffered shipwreck from a tremendous flare up and roar of the gas in the Chapel, luckily when I had nearly finished my sermon. The congregation got very fidgety, and a rush to the door seemed at one moment rather likely.

"I preached steadily on, however, and his Excellency sat unmoved; so all went off peaceably. The ass of a chapel-keeper never thought of turning down the gas.

"I dined at the Literary Club last night and had a very pleasant evening with Todd, S. Ferguson, David Plunket, Salmon, Russel (V.P. of Maynooth), and others."

"Dublin Castle,
"*February* 8, 1868.

"I have been doing flunkey assiduously this week, and am to be at it again to-night. Between evening parties, dinners, etc., investitures of Knights of St. Patrick, *levées* and drawing-rooms, and so on, I am knocked nearly off my legs. I feel very like a head waiter in a railway hotel, and expect to find myself carrying round the muffins before I am done.

"The investiture of the new knight (Marquis of Drogheda) was a very pretty play, and all concerned acted their parts well. But it was such a curious anachronism the whole thing, from the Lord Lieutenant as the Head of the Order down to little Sir B. Burke* in red silk robe and white continuations, and the trumpeters blasting into the back of our heads. The Archbishop's grave face, and his solemn reading of the obligation to the knight, came in like a sermon in a farce.

"There was a great banquet in the evening, with a very strong flavour of the peerage, the Dean of St. Patrick's and I, and the Attorney-General, and Master of the Rolls, being, I think, the only guests without lordly handles to our names.

"I have corrected the proofs of my article for *Contemporary*. I do not like it, now that it is done.

"It is too much of a reply to Maurice, and Maurice's attack is really a side skirmish on a point of his own. When he is answered, the practical question is not touched.

"However, I can't help that now. I am going to the Archbishop's to-day to go over the Congress list of subjects with him

* Ulster King at Arms.

and Archdeacon Lee. We have reduced them from eighty to forty-five, and out of those forty-five we have to choose twelve. On the whole I think we are doing good work.

"I think, now, we shall carry S. Oxon as preacher. He will preach if asked, and is coming in any case. Pusey has accepted a vice-presidentship!"

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*February* 19, 1868.

"We have at last boiled down our list of subjects to the enclosed. It may perhaps be still further reduced, but it will not be increased.

"I think upon the whole the list is a good one, and has a practical character that will do us credit.

"We carried this list through the Executive Committee, on Monday, with very little difficulty.

"I left before the meeting was over, as the question of preacher came up, and I was proposed. I made a speech for the Bishop of Oxford; but the sub-committee thought it best to couple him and me, and carry us together, I preaching the Congress sermon, and he a great missionary sermon for the C.M.S. and the S.P.G. in the Congress week.

"The opposition to his preaching the Congress sermon would, we found, be too strong to risk.

"I believe this proposition was carried, but I have not heard for certain yet.

"I am very glad that S. Oxon is to preach, and not unwilling that W. C. M. should also preach; especially as, in that case, I will take no subject in the discussions.

"Of course the Evangelicals made objection to S. Oxon in any shape."

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*February* 22, 1868.

"You were unanimously chosen yesterday to lead off on Number VI. 'Church Life and Work in Ireland.' It is curious that we should have exactly hit upon your preference.

"Alexander Irwin, of Armagh, is to follow you, if he will take it. H. Jellett is to be one of the speakers, C. Plunket and Maturin the other two.

"You will see that we are tolerably catholic in our selections. We shall doubtless have many refusals and many changes before we settle down; but we are now, I think, past all danger of ship-

wreck in leaving port. How we shall steer through the actual Symplegades of the Congress itself is another matter. But I am far more hopeful than I was a month ago. "W. C. M."

In the latter end of March 1868 Dean Magee made a short trip to London, to fulfil engagements to preach at Whitehall, St. Paul's and Windsor Castle. He arrived just as the attack upon the Irish Church assumed a tangible shape by Mr. Gladstone giving notice of his three Resolutions upon Disestablishment.

As the history of the movement against the Irish Church is beginning to be forgotten by those who lived at the time, while younger persons regard it as ancient history, let me recall as much of it as is necessary for the understanding of the following letters.

Two months before Dean Magee's visit to London the Earl of Derby had resigned his position as head of the Conservative Ministry, on the plea of failing health, and Mr. Disraeli, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, became Prime Minister, and reconstructed the Conservative Cabinet. Lord Cairns then became Chancellor instead of Lord Chelmsford.

Mr. Gladstone, leader of the Liberal Opposition, gave notice upon March 22 of three Resolutions, of which one and two were as follows:

First, that in the opinion of this House, it is necessary that the Established Church of Ireland should cease to exist as an establishment, due regard being had to all personal interests, and all individual rights of property.

Secondly, that, subject to the foregoing considerations, it is expedient to prevent the creation of new personal interests, by the exercise of any public patronage, and to confine the operations of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of Ireland to matters of immediate necessity, or involving individual rights, pending the final decision of Parliament.

The third Resolution was to present an address to the Queen, asking her to allow her ecclesiastical patronage in Ireland to be placed at the disposal of Parliament.

To these was afterwards added a fourth Resolution, pledging the House, "when legislative effect shall have been given to the first Resolution, to discontinue the grant to Maynooth and the Regium Donum,* due regard being had to all personal interests."

* To the Irish Presbyterian ministers.

To these Resolutions, Lord Stanley gave notice of the following amendments:

That this House, while admitting that considerable modification in the temporalities of the United Church in Ireland, may, after pending inquiry, appear to be expedient, is of opinion that any propositions tending to the Disestablishment or Disendowment of that Church, ought to be reserved for the decision of the new Parliament.

The debate upon the fate of the Irish Church Establishment commenced on March 30. The first division took place on the motion that the House go into committee on the Resolutions, as against Lord Stanley's amendment. The debate upon this amendment lasted four nights, during all which Dean Magee was an attentive listener. The division taken as against Lord Stanley's amendment showed a majority against Ministers of sixty-one, in a House numbering 601.

Eleven more nights were spent in debate, in committee, over the first Resolution, which was carried by a majority of sixty-five. This sealed the fate of the Irish Church, though not immediately of the Ministry. Disraeli and his colleagues advised her Majesty to dissolve Parliament, but to postpone this step till the new constituencies, created by the recent Reform Act, should come into existence.

Meanwhile Mr. Gladstone carried on the attack upon the Irish Church by bringing in, on May 13, what has been called "The Suspensory Bill—*i.e.*, a Bill for suspending, in pursuance of his second Resolution, the exercise of patronage in the Irish Church. This Bill has derived a fresh interest in our day, inasmuch as a similar Bill, relating to the Church in Wales, was brought before Parliament in 1893. This Irish Suspensory Bill was passed by the Commons, but rejected on June 27, 1868, by the House of Lords, by 192 to 97.

At last the dissolution came, and the General Election which followed resulted in so large a majority against him, that Mr. Disraeli at once tendered his resignation (December 2). Mr. Gladstone became Premier, and entered upon his office pledged to the destruction of the Irish Establishment, and backed by an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons.

Dean Magee arrived in London just as the Irish Church question came to the front. He was stopping in the house of a Liberal M.P., where he met various other members of the party.

His spirit was deeply stirred by constant private discussions, and attendance night after night at debates of the House of Commons, in which he took the deepest interest. Many leading Gladstonians took the opportunity of having interviews with the Dean, and showed that while they were bent on disestablishing the Irish Church, they wished to get as good terms for the Church as possible; and they urged upon him various schemes of compromise. Some of these were attractive to men who regarded disestablishment as almost inevitable. The Dean brought back to Ireland sundry well-meant schemes, which were doomed to end in nothing. The ventilation of them only led to the conviction in the mind of the Dean, and all other earnest Churchmen, that there was nothing for it but to fight the battle to the bitter end. Many foresaw that they were doomed to defeat, but that there was no other course open with honour except uncompromising resistance. In the end the Church probably got better terms than if any attempts had been made to negotiate on its behalf. Naturally many were desirous at that crisis to enlist the Dean's sympathy, if not his advocacy, for their views. But his usual political sagacity soon gauged at their true value all such plans and ideas which, like bubbles thrown up in the heat of the controversy, burst soon after they appeared. The following is only a small selection from the Dean's voluminous correspondence at that period.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"12 Hyde Park Terrace,
"*March* 24, 1868.

"I brought a letter of introduction to the Speaker yesterday. I found him a very stately and courteous gentleman, who introduced me to his wife, Lady Charlotte Denison, who had heard my sermon on Sunday at Whitehall, and 'wanted to know me.' He showed me all over his house, and promised me *ad libitum* admissions under the gallery for debates; one of which I mean to take on Monday night, if I can fight my way in through the certain crowd.

"I went down to the House at 4.30, in time to hear Gladstone give his notice to a very full and very eager House. The cheers which greeted the first half of the first resolution were unanimous and significant. Equally significant was the comparative silence with which his own side received the last half—regarding vested interests. The Irish members looked some of them positively sulky

at this. But, nevertheless, vested interests are safe and something more. The Primate, Bishop Alexander, the Bishop of London, and Napier, were all beside me.

"Napier I saw this morning, and talked for two hours with *de omnibus rebus Hibernicis;* and especially the Irish Church Commission. He thinks their report may be out this session. They go in for rather sweeping reforms—lopping of bishoprics; abolishing deaneries and cathedrals; provision for efficient choral services in those to be kept up; grouping and readjustment of parishes; substitution in many cases of curates for rectors; and so on."

"10 Upper Grosvenor Street,
"*Wednesday, April* 2, 1868.

"I have only ten minutes to scratch a line. I have a volume to write.

"Take it in one word, we have not twelve months to live! Every one is agreed upon this. Of course I mean not twelve months before our killing begins. It may take six months of actual legislative struggle, probably not that, next year.

"Stanley's amendment and *speech* have by universal consent decided our fate.

"I hear no opinion to the contrary from *any one.*

"Government, I hear, will withdraw the amendment; if not, they are beaten by twenty-five at least. There is a manifest split in the Cabinet, Stanley *v.* Gathorne-Hardy. The latter made an admirable speech. Gladstone was not equal to himself, nor was Bright.

"I fear I cannot write more until Monday. Lowe speaks to-morrow night, and I go down to hear. I get under the gallery each night, and sit beside *Keogh!* Very racy! But it makes one grind one's teeth to hear speeches you may not answer, and nobody else will."

"London, *April* 4, 1868.

"I am like yourself, utterly disgusted, even more than disappointed with the events of the last ten days.

"Unlike you, however, I have, in this frame of mind, to get ready a sermon for the Queen. I have worked myself well nigh to death. I cannot even look at your paper to-day. I must keep my mind clear for one day at least.

"I wish I could write, or remember to tell, one half of all I have heard since I came here.

"We must meet during the Easter recess."

"Dublin Castle,
"*April* 13, 1868.

"Your letter of yesterday re-assured me, as yours of the day before made me uneasy, lest I should have gone too fast. I do not think I have. Events just now are moving fast, presently they will move much more slowly. *But they will move along the grooves in which they are placed now.* Now is the time to try and shape their course. Three months hence they will have taken their course for good or for evil, and be past the influence at least of men in the rank of you and me.

"My chief reason, however, for wishing for our caucus just now —is the approaching Episcopal Caucus next week.

"I confess I view that with great anxiety. The bishops are not entitled, and not qualified (with a few exceptions) to be our representatives or our unauthorised negotiators in the present crisis; and yet I fear that they will almost unintentionally put themselves forward as such, and be accepted as such, unless care be taken to prevent it. I had a very long talk with the Bishop of Limerick on the whole position of affairs; and I told him very frankly the above opinion, and assured him that it was not mine only, and that the bishops would commit a grave mistake if they attempted to negotiate on any basis on which they had not previously obtained the mind of the Irish clergy. He took what I said very well, and assured me that he for one not only disclaimed the right, but 'declined the responsibility' of so acting. I then pointed out to him—as I had already done to Napier—the machinery already existing in the provincial synods for obtaining the mind of the clergy. I read him the form of citation, and he observed that if it had been expressly framed to meet this present crisis, it could not have been better worded.

"He *entirely approves* of the calling of the synod, and has undertaken to bring the matter before the Archbishop.

"The synod could not meet before September; too late for our present purpose.

"Now it strikes me that here is something definite to be brought before our caucus.

"I should propose, then, an address to both our Archbishops, calling on them to summon the Provincial Synods of the Church for deliberation and counsel at this critical moment, and intimating to them (of course most delicately and respectfully, but still quite clearly), that only after some such consultation with a representa-

tive body of their clergy, are they entitled to negotiate on matters involving our interests and the future of the Irish Church.

"I suspect that such an address would obtain very many signatures at the approaching clerical meetings, and even before Monday next a sufficient number to tell effectually upon the deliberation of the bishops.

"God grant us all wisdom to see, and courage to do what is best.

"The Archbishop asked me yesterday about a 'Day of Humiliation and Prayer.' It seems a right and a wise idea.

"This is, I hope, my last budget before we meet."

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*April* 18, 1868.

"I have just had a long talk with Stopford. I greatly regret not having asked him to our caucus.

"He signed our address to the Primate; and has as great a dread as we have of the Episcopal Caucus.

"Butcher told me yesterday that the prelates do not think of acting alone, but of calling a selected meeting of laymen and clerics. This would be the worst plan of all, and so, I find, Stopford thinks.

"Any meeting to have weight, or to represent the Church, must be *e*lected and not *se*lected.

"Dickinson signed our memorial yesterday, and so did every other clergyman I showed it to.

"The bishops will not call the diocesan synods, but neither will they now act alone."

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*April* 20, 1868.

"I hear that John Cork is furious at our memorial, and so is at least one other bishop—I believe Tuam. It is, it seems, 'an invasion of episcopal authority.' Bless their episcopal hearts! They will have more invasions than that to put up with ere long!

"Their lordships have adjourned to Wednesday next. I shall have some sweet glances from my episcopal friends to-night (at the Viceregal dinner), and only hope the Archbishop is not vexed.

"I hear that the Irish Church Missions are coming out strong, next Thursday, on Maurice, and the Placards, and the Dean of Cork! I had a friendly battle with them to-day upon the subject.

"I must be off now to face Ossory, Cork and Tuam, and eat my dinner with what appetite I may!

"Well, as Sam Weller said when he was going to the footman's 'swarry,' 'I must try to survive such a regular knockdown of talent.'"

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*April* 25, 1868.

"I wish *exceedingly* that you could come to our Cork meetings, at least for the last day, when the subject is 'the future of the Irish Church.'

"It is to be a mixed lay and clerical meeting. Lord Bandon opens the subject. The occasion is really valuable, and your presence would be very useful, and generally welcome. I have many things to talk of with you. In fact I *must* see you before I go to England again.

"I saw the Archbishop yesterday, by appointment, about our address.

"He is personally favourable to it, but has not yet got beyond the question, 'Is it legal?'

"The bishops agreed only on an address to the Queen, toned down, I hear, a good deal by the moderate minority."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*May* 3, 1868.

"I presided at a large meeting of the clergy here on Thursday, at their request, to confer on the Irish Church. To my surprise I found them strong and unanimous on the three points which I regard as our charter now; viz., 1. Autonomy; 2. No petty Establishment; 3. The clergy to be free to stay or go from their present posts as they may please.

"I was really surprised to see how quite independently men of all shades of opinions had come to agreement on these three points. Indeed the Cork clergy in this crisis, as at other times, seem to me far ahead of others.

"We agreed upon an address to our Bishop, calling on him to convene the clergy for conference.

"I sent to the Archbishop a copy of our synodical address, with additional signatures. These amount now to nearly 300, and I told him of the unanimous opinion of our clergy above stated."

"CORK, *May* 15, 1868.

"The bishops have presented their preposterous address to the

Queen, and got a truly D'Israelitish reply. They might as well have taken it from Dizzy at first hand.

"Gladstone's cat is scratching his hands terribly just now, in its efforts to get out of his bag. Dizzy's bag is stronger, and his cat tamer just now.

"February will see both out."

To Dr. Newell.

"Deanery, Cork,
"*May* 15, 1868.

"I am convinced that the whole of our governmental education is in a transition state, and will end in compulsory and secular education, and that before long.

"I see that the Royal Commission has reported upon us; and I had a private intimation of how sweeping a change they were recommending.

"I fear they are acting under pressure, and advising change, not so much for our good as for the good of the Conservative party. However, we must read the report before we judge.

"Gladstone's difficulties are thickening and so is the political complication.

"The next election will clear the stage for a fair fight; at present men are fighting in masks.

"I have no faith in public men on either side. The rival solicitors are bidding for the carriage of our sale, and we shall have to pay the costs not only of the sale but of their contention.

"I go to England next week. I wish I had never left it."

"Deanery, Cork,
"*May* 17, 1868.

"We too have had a Fenian sensation here, seven arrests of people rather above the lower class, drapers' assistants, engineers, etc.

"I wish these seditious young scamps could be summarily dealt with by a couple of months at the treadmill, instead of being made famous by all the machinery of government prosecutions and trials, with only a fine or imprisonment of a few months at the end. A short, sharp, humiliating punishment would do more to cure them of their ridiculous playing at treason than our present cumbrous and pompous way of dealing with them, which is like Dean Swift's three-horse machine for cutting cabbages."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"1 Church Street, Bath,
"*May* 23, 1868.

"I agree with you as to the Archbishop's letter. It is every way good, and will tell both in Ireland and in England. We must have more than one talk over the arrangements for said Synod. I fear that it will be only too representative an assembly. The Corks will be all on the surface of it. It will be *levior cortice*, Corker than Cork.

"I go to Scotland (for some vacation) on June 12. I hope to be in Ireland early in July. We should meet as soon after your return as may be; you could return *viâ* Cork, and stay with us.

"My head is like the House of Commons just now—in a state of chaos, so I will 'report progress,' and am yours affectionately,

"W. C. Magee."

"Springfield, Cupar Fife,
"*June* 11, 1868.

"I have been wandering about a good deal and working a good deal since I left home—from Bath to London, London to Bath, Bath to Doncaster, Doncaster to Brighton, Brighton to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh here at last, where my wild journeyings appropriately end next door to a large lunatic asylum.

"To escape entering it as a lunatic, I have strictly forbidden the utterance of the words 'Irish Church' during my stay here.

"I saw R. Dublin and C. Limerick on Monday, June 1, at the Athenæum, by appointment, to discuss preliminary arrangements for the Synod. You are to be the preacher, about thirty minutes allowed for the sermon. Morning Prayer, and Communion and sermon, from 8 to 10 A.M. Synod assembles at 11 o'clock and sits till 2 o'clock. Questions to be prepared for submission to Congress beforehand; Committee to be formed to report; Synod to be adjourned; and *Caucus* to be held beforehand to arrange details.

"The Archbishop and Bishop of Limerick both quite full of it, and going in very heartily for it.

"I saw Sir Joseph Napier, and had a long talk about the Commissioners' Report. They will advise suppression of three bishoprics and an archbishopric. Dublin, he hopes, will be retained. Payment of parish clerk suppressed, and all expenses of Divine Service thrown upon congregations; *minor Deans and Chapters abolished.* He fears Cashel will go, though 'the Commis-

sioners are favourably disposed towards it from the efficiency of its services under the present Dean.' Government will bring in a Bill 'going much further than these recommendations.' You see the Dizzy policy is creeping out.

"It is death by repeated bleedings.

"I have seen and heard a good deal of the feeling about us in the North of England—Sheffield, Doncaster, Leeds—and there seems to be there some reaction in our favour. But I do not trust much to reaction in the commencement of a revolution.

"Doncaster was delightful, and Westminster very pleasant.

"I am here now for three weeks' entire rest and holiday-making. I wish I could have been with you at the same time. I fear we shall not meet till August, as I come home for July 1, about the time you will be going over to England.

"The weather here is glorious, but against fishing, though I have a trout-stream within a quarter of a mile."

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*July* 8, 1868.

"I am uneasy about the fate of a letter which I addressed to you to Ilfracombe.

"It contained an important enclosure from the Archbishop of Dublin, informing me of the difficulties now being raised about the Synod by the Vicars-General.

"Those lawyers are strangling the Synod with red tape.

"I also enclosed a rough draft of my reply. If you have anything better to suggest, *candidus imperti*, and make haste about it.

"Since then I had a conversation with John Cork. It is clear to me, from what he said, that he, under the influence of Archdeacon Kyle, is turned against the Synod, if he ever was for it; and that Kyle, Ball, Gayer, and Dean West are, for various reasons, bent on strangling the Synod.

"The real fact is that the Synod was assented to largely through the dismay at Gladstone's success in the Commons; and the temporary success of the Irish Church in the Lords has so exalted the minds of the waverers and waiters on providence that they feel strong enough now to dispense with a proceeding that was never to their taste. This victory on the 'Suspensory Bill' has turned people's heads here, and will, I fear, deprive us of our Synod. Trench wants nerve. Oh, for one hour of Selwyn, or even of S. Oxon."

"CORK, *July* 14, 1868.

"You will see from enclosed that it is all up with the Synod. Not because there really is any weight in the precious production of the four Vicars-General, Stephens' opinion on the other side is really conclusive and exhaustive, but because the Archbishop will not be supported if he attempt to hold the Synod. The pressure of fear, caused by Gladstone's success, being removed by the Lords' rejection of the 'Suspensory Bill,' the various '*naturæ*' expelled by Gladstone's '*furcâ*' are all returning to their natural bent; the Primate to his love of lobbying and dislike of any popular movements; the Puritans to their dread of the 'High Church' Archbishop and synodical action; the lawyers to their love of routine and hatred and jealousy of clerical freedom and activity. The watchword now is, 'As you were;' and so it will continue—all practising the 'goose-step'—until some new and more successful assault knocks them all into a confused and frightened heap again.

"I am to see the Archbishop on Sunday or Monday next. I fear, however, that it is hopeless for me to try to push him forward in the face of the active and passive opposition he is now sure to encounter.

"One thing, at least, is satisfactory in the business—that Stephens is so entirely with us, and we cannot be accused of having rashly led the Archbishop into a fix.

"P.S.—'*Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*'"*

"CORK, *Friday, July* 17, 1868.

"I am going to the Archbishop at Bromfield, County of Wicklow on Monday next, to spend a few days and talk over the Synod. He writes to me to 'Come, for the Thanes fall from me.'

"It is clear to me that the real difficulty of his position is want of moral support.

"The Suffragans are turning against him.

"The Archbishop has now two diametrically opposite opinions on the same question—viz., Stephens' and that of the Vicars-General. Why should he not do what every private individual would do in like case—take a third opinion? Why not send those two opinions to some eminent English ecclesiastical lawyer (*e.g.*, R. Palmer or Travers Twiss), and ask his opinion? If he side with the Vicars-

* Part of the epitaph written by Dean Swift for his own monument, which stands in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Magee, both as Dean and Bishop, often quoted these words as expressive of his own feelings and disposition.

General, *cadit questio;* if he side with Stephens, the Archbishop can, without any slight to the Vicars-General, hold the Synod. This is the way out of the difficulty which would, I think, exonerate the Archbishop whatever course he might take.

"I am writing this proposal to Bishop of Limerick. Back it up if you approve, cut it up if you disapprove."

"BROMFIELD, ASHFORD,
"*July* 20, 1868.

"I have spent a good part of to-day, from time to time, talking over this Synod with the Archbishop.

"It is clear to me that everything turns, with him, upon the amount of support he receives from his Suffragans. He is personally anxious to hold the Synod, and sees as clearly as you and I do, the real futility of the Vicars-General's objections, and the evils that will result now from suppressing the Synod. But he cannot go on alone.

"R. Cashel dines here to-morrow. He is shrewd and courageous, but disposed to go with Ossory, who I hear is inclined against the Synod. I met the said R. Cashel to-day driving in his carriage and I shook his venerable hand. The Archbishop has written to Ossory, Killaloe and the Primate for their last words. I fear they will all three say 'Nay.' In that case it is all up.

"C. Limerick writes to me here, fully approving of my suggestion as to the third opinion.

"It is a very serious question with me, whether we, the memorialists, ought not to take a third opinion. Only I cannot bear to put the dear good Archbishop into a corner, and it certainly would do so.

"I will send you an account of to-morrow's dinner, which promises to be racy."

"BROMFIELD, ASHFORD,
"*July* 21, 1868.

"As to the Synod, the matter stands thus. C. Limerick and R. Cashel will come to it if it be held. J. Cork does not say he will, but he will most certainly if the others do. Everything now turns upon the action of Killaloe and Ossory. The Archbishop has written to them and expects their answers to-morrow or next day.

"R. Cashel dined here to-day, hearty and vigorous from the knees up, his mind as clear as yours or mine, taking his dinner and his wine too with a relish; full of grit and pluck as he was twenty years ago. The old man was quite kindly and cordial with me;

talked of old times in the pleasantest way possible, and took quite an affectionate leave of 'my father's son.' So turns the world around! If any one had told me six months ago, that I should have been chatting affectionately with R. Cashel I should have said it was as likely that I should be Emperor of Abyssinia.

"He has behaved very well about the Synod, and is properly indignant with the Vicars-General for putting in their oar *unasked*. Only fancy their doing this! and after the Archbishop had announced his intention of holding the Synod! They never would have done this, if they had not had the Primate in the background. Well, some day or other we will teach his Grace that the production and maintenance of Beresfords is not the final cause of the Irish Church.

"Meanwhile good-night."

"CLONDROHID, MACROOM,
"*August* 5, 1868.

"You will see from the enclosed, that the Synod is finally suppressed.

"The Archbishop was evidently so anxious that his letter should appear at once, that I felt I ought not to delay its publication for the time necessary to confer with you about my reply; especially as my residence here entails the loss of another post.

"I would have given a great deal to consult you before sending my letter to the papers.

"The paragraph about which I hesitated most, was that which refers to the contradiction between Stephens' opinion and that of the law officers.

"But I thought this really due both to ourselves and to the Archbishop, as showing that we have not acted rashly, and in ignorance of the legal question at issue.

"The rest is, I hope, unobjectionable. It has cost me nearly a sleepless night, and I still feel very anxious about it. What an immense advantage in public business the Siamese twins ought to have had over all other men; a walking conference and indissoluble council, with no possibility of *dividing* after any debate!

"Write to me soon, and ease my mind by saying the best or worst that can be said of my epistle.

"You have seen the abstract of Commissioners' Report. The suppression of Kilmore is monstrous, and the idea of turning archdeacons into bishops' curates ridiculous.

"The other recommendations are at least reasonable."

"CLONDROHID, MACROOM,
"*August* 17, 1868.

"I could not, unfortunately, manage to get into Cork to-day to meet the Stanleys.*

"I wrote to Lady Augusta expressing my regrets.

"I am glad you met Stanley and showed him the 'Rock' (*i.e.* of Cashel).

"I had a letter from Stopford lately on the extinction of the Synod, asking had I any idea of any other possible organisation, or 'were we to sit down in hopeless imbecility and await the end?' Reichel also writes to me suggesting some conference amongst us in congress week. I wrote to Stopford suggesting that we should have a caucus of some kind in Dublin in that week. I really feel that there ought to be some further step taken towards the collecting of a compact body of Irish Churchmen who know their own minds, and will be prepared to act and speak when the right time comes.

"I have had a letter from the Primate, evidently intended for publication, respecting the Synod. It is plausible and civil, and expresses his wish for synodical action.

"It contained no permission to publish it, so I thought it better to write and ask his leave to do so.

"I shall send you the Primate's letter and my reply before printing them. I think of nailing his Grace to his express 'wish for synodical action,' and suggesting that, as both our Metropolitans wish for it, steps should be taken to obtain the Queen's writ, which is alleged to be necessary to our meeting. If the clergy ask for the Queen's writ, the Government would be placed in an awkward position by refusing it, and the bishops in a still more awkward one if it were granted.

"I go to Bristol to-morrow *en route* for Norwich, where after all, I am likely to meet neither Dean Goulburn nor S. Oxon. Goulburn's father is dying, and he fears he may not be able to leave London. This is disappointing, as the hope of meeting these two men was my chief incentive to going at all. I do not like my sermon, and have not my heart in it. I am too full of the Irish Church to think of anything else.

"Direct to me till Monday next to the Deanery, Norwich. On that day I hope to leave for Wales where I shall be the guest of J. Bruce-Pryce. On 29th inst. I hope to leave for Cork in the Bristol steamer."

* Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley, who were making a tour in Ireland.

"DUFFRYN, CARDIFF,
"*August* 25, 1868.

"You will see from enclosed, that we have a powerful ally in Stephens, and one who may yet do us good service.

"We are, I think, only at the beginning of the game and hold very good cards. There is a very general feeling in favour of some conference, and some action too, on this matter next month.

"I think it is clear we must have a caucus. We want for this, in the first place, a small knot of men who are agreed, or nearly so, and who see their way to action of some kind. Then we want a meeting, of which they can be the guiding spirits.

"I think our great aim should be, *to force on a Synod, or convocation, before February.* With February begins the political game, and we should be ready for it.

"Depend upon it, *our friends* (!) will try to carry their little game, without allowing us a word upon it, if they can. But if we are prompt and resolute we can prevent them. The claim to deliberate upon our own affairs is really too reasonable to be long resisted. At any rate the more we agitate it, the more difficult we make it for the bishops to act independently of us.

"The time for action is come at last, and is passing rapidly. We need not at all 'forestall the verdict of the country.' The Report of the Commissioners gives us ample reason for claiming a Synod to discuss it; or for discussing it, if we must, without a Synod. It gives us also *pegs* for the discussion of every question, without appearing to assume the verdict of the country, for or against.

"Let us *pick our men*, *consult* carefully and act steadily, and we shall succeed. We shall have a will and a policy in a crowd of waverers, who will soon crystallise round us.

"I have just arrived here from Norwich, stopping at Bath last night. My *concio ad sapientes* was, I hear, entirely approved of by most of them, and I am half disposed to print it. But more of this again. They say Goulburn is to be Bishop of Peterborough; it is very likely. A great effort is being made for M'Neile. I expect he may get a deanery—Norwich or Ripon.

"W. C. M."

The sermon* preached by Dean Magee before the British Association, at Norwich, was one of his greatest efforts and met with

* "The Gospel and the Age," p. 153.

unexpected success. He never questioned the difficulties that science had raised up, but he turned their position by appealing to the facts of Christian experience and claiming for them their place in the domain of experiment and fact. It not only met with many to approve, but seemed to awaken little hostility or adverse criticism. It was the utterance, and all felt it to be so, of one who spoke from experience and intense conviction. Scientific men came, perhaps expecting to hear an attack made upon scientific theories, such as that of Darwin; they only heard the preacher insist upon the existence of other facts, which were neither included in the domain of their investigations, nor excluded by them.

It is rare for a preacher to handle a subject so bristling with difficulties, and yet to receive such general commendations. The Bishop of Norwich (Pelham), with whom at that time Dean Magee had but a slight acquaintance, though afterwards they became most intimate friends, wrote to the Dean as follows:

NORWICH, *August* 25, 1868.

MY DEAR DEAN OF CORK,—I am emboldened, by hearing from so many an expression of the feeling so strongly entertained by myself, to ask whether you would print the sermon which you preached on Sunday. I do very heartily thank you for it, and I thank God for enabling you to preach it. I quite believe that God has given to it an acceptance in many hearts that is full of hope.

There is a very good report of it in the local paper, but a revised and correct copy issued by you would be of great service.

I trust you will excuse my preferring this request, and believe me very sincerely yours, JOHN T. NORWICH.

To J. C. MACDONNELL.

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*September* 1, 1868.

"Stopford has drawn up, under Stephens' direction, a case for the joint opinion of S. and Sir R. Palmer, as to the legality of Provincial Synods.

"I think, with him and Stephens, that it is really important to have this point cleared up, *whether we get Convocation or no*. The latter unquestionably can only be held by the Queen's writ, and may be quashed at any time by an unfriendly Ministry. The right to meet in Synod without a Royal Writ is therefore a really important right of the Church, and might prove on some future occasion invaluable, to say nothing of the fact that, if proved to

be right, it might put a strong screw upon the Government to grant Convocation. But in any case the two Primates, as trustees of our Church privileges, have no right to surrender them merely on the opinion of the law officers of the Crown; and such an opinion too. This is a point which, I think, we have too much overlooked as yet, and one that ought to be brought clearly out at caucus or conference.

"You will see the Primate's artful letter to me in Thursday's *Express*. I have just got his leave to publish it. I have decided on saying nothing in reply to it. It is not worth a reply, and he is not now my Metropolitan. Let him settle his affairs with his own suffragans and clergy.

"He and the Archbishop of Dublin are *already* getting ready their memorial to the Crown for Convocation, and consulting Stephens upon it. So far you see my reading of affairs is correct. The next step in the game is the refusal of the writ, after as long delay as possible; then civil regrets from M. G. Armagh in public, and secret chucklings with —— in private. Then fall of the curtain, end of the farce, and the clergy go home to bed. This last part of the programme will, I think, be changed somewhat before it comes to be played out.

"Meanwhile, let me have a good list for a caucus. This time I will have no half and half men."

"CORK, *September* 14, 1868.

"R. C. Dublin has come and gone. He came at 10 A.M. yesterday and left at 8 A.M. to-day. His charge was heavy and rather depressing in its effect; but it was very well received, especially the part against the Dizzy (reduced) Establishment. His reference to the Synod, and the opinions of the Vicars-General, was much bolder than what appeared in the papers. He interpolated a sentence or two, evidently for the benefit of the memorialists. I had some very free conversation with him in the evening. He knows and approves of our getting the opinions from Stephens and R. Palmer, and strongly urged the necessity of getting the latter joined with Stephens. Stephens alone, he thinks with us, quite useless.

"I boldly alluded to the Primate's late charge, and he shook his head most emphatically in assent to what I said of the Erastianism of the latter part of it.

"I told him that I thought it would be on this point our greatest and certainly our first division would come, and that it would be largely a geographical schism. North against and South with us;

I did not add—Armagh and Dublin! He is fully alive to our danger from the English Erastians (Stanley and Co.), and is, I believe, altogether *with us*.

"The Archbishop hinted that we would get Convocation. I must go to my 'net.'"

"DEANERY, CORK,
"*September* 18, 1868.

"Miserable man! Why do you not answer my letter, asking where our caucus is to be held?

"I have just had a letter from Stopford, enclosing one from Stephens. He (Stephens) has arranged to see Palmer to-day, and their final opinion will be soon in our hands. Stephens has thrown himself into the affair with all the zeal of an offended lawyer, and has actually worked up R. Palmer to telegraph to him to go down to him at his vacation retreat to concoct this opinion. Stephens writes, 'I will smash this dishonest opinion of these law officers, who are toadies of the Government.'

. . . . . .

"My 'net' is *too heavy*. I have enclosed too many fishes, and have no partners to help me to draw it."

"CORK, *September* 20, 1868.

"Can you give me a fatted calf and a bed on Tuesday next? If so, I will go to Cashel by the 11.45 train from Cork; and you and I can go up to Dublin on Wednesday.

"You shall dine with me at the University Club, and meet Stopford, and probably Stephens, and we can give you a bed at the Castle, if you like to have it.

"I want a good talk with you before we meet Stopford and Stephens. They are to come for a regular conference with you and me at the Castle on Friday next.

"Stephens and R. Palmer have met, and the opinion is in progress. Stephens will be in Dublin to-morrow, and, he expects, will have the opinion from Sir Roundell Palmer. R. P. is a little uncertain on some point or other, but clear for Diocesan Synods.

"I hear there is a chance of Littledale and Brady turning up at the Congress.

"If so, with the help of ——, we shall have a couple of very pretty rows.

"Beresford Hope was a great card for you to catch for your restoration. I wish he would come on here. "W. C. M."

The Lord Lieutenant *to* Dean Magee.

Baronscourt, Newtonstewart,
September 22, 1868.

My dear Dean,—I must first thank you for your kind letter of congratulation on the providential escape of my family from the late fearful railway catastrophe.

I have now to ask your acceptance of the vacant place on the National Board. It has been some time vacant, I forget at this moment by whose death, but we feel that if you will accept the office, it could not be filled by any one whose appointment would give more confidence to the country.—Believe me, very truly yours, Abercorn.

To this letter Dean Magee replied on September 25, thanking his Excellency for the honour he had done him, and asking a few days to consider it. There were many reasons to make him hesitate about undertaking such a task, but it was sufficient to decide the question that he could not reside in Dublin for more than half the year; and no one, who was not permanently resident there, could attend the weekly meetings of the Board of National Education with sufficient regularity to have his full influence in their councils. His final answer was not written till September 30, in the midst of the Congress, and only three days before the Prime Minister wrote the letter which gave so complete a change to his fortunes.

The Lord Lieutenant plainly knew nothing of what was in store for the Dean, or he would not have thought of such an appointment.

CHAPTER VIII

CHURCH CONGRESS, DUBLIN; APPOINTMENT TO PETERBOROUGH

At last the day came for the meeting of the Church Congress. Events had moved fast. Disestablishment, which had only appeared in the hazy distance, seemed now close and menacing. The friends of the Church, on both sides of the Channel, mustered in great numbers. From England came representatives of every party. The Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), Earl Nelson, Archdeacon Denison, Dean of Chester (Howson), Dr. Ryle (now Bishop of Liverpool), Dean of Ely (Harvey Goodwin, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle), Dr. Hugh M'Neile (afterwards Dean of Ripon), Canon Trevor, Mr. Beresford Hope, Professor Pritchard, Canon Tristram, Professor Plumptre, and many others, not only attended the Congress, but took an active part in the proceedings. Irish Churchmen, both lay and clerical, mustered in great numbers.

Nearly all the Irish bishops were present at the opening service at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Dean of Cork's sermon on that occasion, on "The Breaking Net,"* struck happily the keynote of the Congress. Though the speakers represented the various schools of opinion within the Church, the great majority of the audience were intensely Evangelical and Protestant, and not accustomed to listen patiently to speakers who did not pronounce their shibboleths.

Dean Magee spoke on several occasions with more than his usual felicity. On one occasion he vented his wrath against the lawyers. It was on the subject of convocation and synodical action. We have seen how all his efforts to induce the Archbishops to convene their Provincial Synods had been defeated by the action of the Vicars-General and the Crown lawyers. A good many of these were present, and a goodly muster of members of the Bar, when the

* "The Gospel and the Age," No. VIII., p. 179.

subject of "Convocation and Synods" was discussed. The Dean of Ely and Canon Trevor were among the appointed speakers, and both spoke with good-humoured severit of the legal difficulties, real or imaginary, which hindered every form of synodical Church life. The Dean of Cork followed, and though his words as reported do not adequately convey the scathing sarcasm of which he was so great a master, I rescue from oblivion the following characteristic speech.

I wish in the first place to do an act of justice to a class of persons rather hardly dealt with by my friends Canon Trevor and the Dean of Ely, and that is the lawyers. I think that in what they said they forgot that every class has its own peculiarities. Speaking simply as an outsider and from hearsay of what after all may be an outside report of the peculiarities of the legal mind, I have heard that that mind is specially distinguished by two characteristics. One is a great dislike to any one having any freedom of speech except themselves; and the other is a somewhat professional jealousy of ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical bodies. And making due allowance for these peculiarities, I don't think we have much right to complain of the intentions at least of the lawyers, bearing in mind always the fact that nearly all the mischief that has been done in this world has been done by very well intentioned people.

I now proceed, my lord, briefly to mention two facts—to relate a brief narrative in illustration of these facts, and to conclude with the expression of a very brief wish. The two facts are these. First, as I had occasion lately to say in writing—and now take the liberty of speaking—that in the last nine or ten months, during which the Irish Church has been passing through a struggle unparalleled in its history, nearly every religious body in Great Britain has had the kindness to meet together and discuss our present and our future, and to make this or that recommendation concerning us, with the one single, and I venture to add, singular exception of the Irish Church itself. Neither in Convocation, nor yet in Provincial Synods, nor even in Diocesan Synods or Conferences, however limited and private, have the clergy of this Church—not to speak of the laity and clergy together—yet gathered together in numbers, however small, to offer to their bishops their views or thoughts, or to receive from them theirs, except in those public charges which we have gratefully heard at visitations. This is one fact.

The second fact is, that from this first one has arisen a most odious and unjust and injurious imputation both upon bishops and clergy in Ireland—an imputation which I have heard again and again both in Ireland and in England. It is said, "Oh, you bishops and clergy of the

Church in Ireland are taking things exceedingly easy. *Your* life interests are to be secured, and you don't trouble yourselves about the matter or take any interest in its discussion." This is an utterly untrue, but nevertheless it is unfortunately a natural, inference from our silence.

I have now to relate a brief narrative. About twenty years ago a ship sailing from the port of Liverpool to that of Derry was caught in a sudden and perilous storm. The first mate—who might be described as a kind of marine vicar-general to the captain—rushed forward in his great zeal, and in order to save his chief from the inconvenient fears and inquiries of the affrighted passengers who crowded the cabin, threw over the hatches a heavy tarpaulin. The result was that there was no sound heard on deck from those who were below. No passenger's voice disturbed them as the ship righted herself amidst the storm, and with her cargo of goods and her freight she reached the port in safety, but she reached it with the passengers dead! I think that that proceeding of the mate was an unwise, even though it may have been a well-intentioned, act on his part. He was tried for his life in consequence; but for his extreme ignorance of the laws of health —his inconceivable ignorance of the laws of nature—the mate was acquitted. The goods were saved, but the passengers all perished. Now the lives of the passengers were of more value than the most valuable cargo; and if it was an unwise thing for the mate to act as he did to the passengers, it would have been a still more unwise thing to have done as he did to the crew, who were there to assist in the struggle with tossing waves and roaring winds, and were ready when called upon to lend their aid. My lord Archbishop, I can assure your grace that a good many of us clergy who form the crew in this our ship have been feeling very uncomfortable under the "tarpaulin" which has been cast over our heads at this important time.

There is one wish which I now desire very briefly to express in conclusion. It is, that whatever fate befalls the Irish Church, it may not die that most ignominious and agonising of all deaths—"*asphyxiation by lawyers.*"

These last words of the Dean were uttered with a force and emphasis not easily forgotten.

An amusing incident happened near the close of the Congress. There are always on such occasions votes of thanks to the visitors, and all discussion gives place to the language of compliment and eulogy. Chief Justice Whiteside was indulging in the language of compliment of which, as well as its opposite, he was a consummate master; and Dean Magee, who was to second the vote, was sitting

next Dr. Salmon, when the latter whispered something about an Abyssinian custom of which such speeches reminded him. At that moment Whiteside sat down, and Magee rose to second the vote of thanks. To Dr. Salmon's surprise and amusement, he heard his whispered words expanded into the following introduction to the Dean's speech, which convulsed the audience with laughter, and which no one else suspected of having been picked up and turned to account on the moment.

I have heard that in the kingdom of Abyssinia, which we have recently so gloriously invaded, there is a custom that upon the inviting of a party of guests, the host crowns each guest as he leaves his house with a large quantity of butter; and I have been told that the amount of welcome and friendship of the host is always measured by the departing guest according to the oleaginous glory which he receives. The administration of this hospitable butter is the somewhat exacting task now imposed not only upon the hosts, but also upon the departing guests from our platform here. Now, I am not about to do anything of that kind. I am not going to inform you that our guests are distinguished and eminent. I wish to be a little more original than to thank the Bishop of Oxford for being eloquent or distinguished or eminent. I am not going to thank Lord Nelson for being scholarly and accomplished, for these are things which some of our English noblemen and clergy cannot help being; but you will thank them, not for their power, or their eloquence, or their worth, but simply for the fact of their having come over here to us, to give us whatever of sympathy and aid they had to give: and it is not merely to the Bishop of Oxford or to Lord Nelson that such thanks are due, nor yet to the frank and manly Mr. Ryle alone, but to all of our English friends who have attended at this Congress. There is not one English clergyman or layman who has been here through this Congress, and who has performed either the arduous duty of a speaker, or the, perhaps, more arduous duty of a listener, who did not come over here at some inconvenience at least, and who has not come amongst us to clasp us by the hand and tell us that he is our brother. We do, then, from our hearts, thank them for coming amongst us. My brother committeemen and I feel ourselves relieved from a great weight of anxiety by their coming here, and by what they have done for us since they came; and I think we can have no doubt but that they will all be prepared on their return home to aid their Irish brethren in their struggles and their toils. This Congress meeting came upon us, I must say, with somewhat of a shock. Our clergy were a little nervous at the idea of holding a Congress of English Churchmen in Dublin. I, for one, ventured to say,

that their promised visit was very like the offer of a white elephant—a very large and fine, valuable animal, without doubt, but the question for consideration was, how he was to be kept? Well, I am bound to say, that our fears have been happily dispelled, our English friends have come over; and if Englishmen have not been quite as sufficiently represented on this platform as we could have wished, they have, certainly, been most efficiently represented. We have heard high Churchmen—very high Churchmen—we have had broad Churchmen; and we have had, at least, one "pronounced" Evangelical Churchman addressing us at the meeting to-day; and we were equally glad to welcome them one and all.

Then it was said, by some amongst our friends, "perhaps when the English brethren come they may not like you." Well, I leave them to speak for themselves on that point; but if they do not like us, I can only say that it is not for want of effort or will to please them on our part. We have done our best to bring together men of different schools and opinions in this great Christian gathering; and meeting as we have done in a country which has not, as the sister island has, gradually ripened into regarding Congress meetings with favour; I will venture to say, on behalf of my countrymen, that I do not think that our Congress in Dublin has been wanting either in the catholic selection of the men who were chosen to take part in its proceedings, or in the catholic and tolerant spirit in which the audience listened to what was manfully and honestly expressed here from day to day during our meetings.

I desire now to speak with all possible depth of earnestness and solemnity, when I say that it is not for us to give ourselves any praise or glory for any measure of success which has attended the earnest labours of those engaged in this work. I know that, during the meetings of this week, there have been here, and I believe, elsewhere also, bands of men, churchmen and laymen, earnestly praying that God's grace and blessing might rest upon this our Church Congress; and I cannot but regard it as an answer to their earnest prayers, that God has given us the blessings of wisdom and temperance and forbearance during our proceedings. We are, indeed, deeply thankful for what we may regard as an outpouring of the Spirit of love and of a sound mind, from the great Head of the Church. To His blessing and His gracious guidance it is that we owe whatever of success has crowned our anxious labours.

When the Congress ended Dean Magee was thoroughly exhausted. He had set his mind upon doing his best to make it a success and a credit to the Irish Church; and having taken so large a share of the labour of preparation, he was filled with

anxiety for the result. He was quite satisfied. I forget what happened upon the intermediate day, but I remember well that I had promised to speak at a meeting for the S.P.G. on the Monday following. Dean Magee came in and took his seat upon the platform, and waited till I had made my speech, and then whispered to me to go out with him as he had something to tell me. We went out together into the street, and he looked so pale, and like a man who had received a sudden shock, that I expected some very sad news. He then told me that he had received a letter from the Prime Minister that morning, saying that he had recommended him for the vacant see of Peterborough to the Queen, and that her Majesty had given her consent. It was so unexpected, and so far beyond his hopes, that he seemed quite paralysed by the news. He had wished so much to get back to England that he had been induced to write to the Premier, asking him, when filling up the Deanery of St. Paul's, to give him one of the appointments that might be made vacant in so doing. He never dreamed of getting the Deanery itself; still less an English bishopric.

Indeed, he had not expected the Conservative Government to give him any promotion. In reply to his friend, Dr. Newell, who had suggested the probability of his being appointed to a bishopric, he wrote in July, 1867:

"The Tories will not promote me; the Whigs will leave no Church to be promoted in. So there is an end of it."

There is a touch of humour in the way the Premier arranged his letter, beginning with a refusal of the Dean's modest request on the first page, and then making the offer of the bishopric when he turned over the leaf.

From the PRIME MINISTER *to* DR. MAGEE.

10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
October 3, 1868.

VERY REVEREND SIR,—I regret that I cannot comply with your request, for I felt it my duty to recommend her Majesty to nominate you, if agreeable to yourself, to the vacant see of Peterborough.

I hope you will accept that eminent post, which will afford, in this trying hour, an ampler opportunity for the exercise of the great gifts with which God has endowed you.—I have the honour to remain, very reverend sir, your faithful servant,

B. DISRAELI.

Very Rev. the DEAN OF CORK.

The English newspapers spoke most highly of Dean Magee's appointment to Peterborough, and gave him a hearty welcome back to England. Irishmen felt proud of their countryman's promotion. Englishmen had often been appointed to Irish sees. The Primacy in Ireland had never been held by an Irishman for 200 years. The Archbishops of Dublin had been frequently Englishmen.

About 1811 or 1812 the Prime Minister, Mr. Perceval, wished to make Magee's grandfather Bishop of Oxford; but he found that the appointment of a Dublin graduate to an English bishopric was so unprecedented that he did not venture to carry it out.

Well might Dr. Salmon say, in his letter of congratulation to Dean Magee,

> I have a patriotic pride in an Irishman having at length obtained an almost unique exception to the rule that the unity of the Church in England and Ireland should be maintained only by sending Englishmen to Ireland.

It was therefore wise and politic of the Premier, in the hour of danger to the Irish Church, to mark the unity of the Churches by recommending an Irishman for an English see.

How far this idea, or the wish to bring so great an orator into the House of Lords, influenced the Premier in his choice was never known. Beyond that characteristic letter, which came so unexpectedly, Bishop Magee knew nothing. He told me, many years after, that he knew no more about the secret history of his appointment, if it had a secret history, than the day when he showed me Disraeli's letter. All beyond that was pure conjecture.

That his were not altogether feelings of pleasure, still less of self-confidence, in undertaking so great a trust will appear from the following extract from a letter written ten days after his appointment.

To Rev. A. Townsend.

"Dublin Castle,
"*October* 7, 1868.

"The dream of an English bishopric, which seemed to me so wild a one, has come true—I am to be Bishop of Peterborough! I can as yet hardly realise the fact. Indeed, I have not recovered from the literally *stunning* effect of the announcement of it. I could not have imagined beforehand how much of dismay, and actual pain, the reception of a Prime

Minister's offer of a bishopric would cause. You know how little I looked forward to, and therefore how little I was prepared for, such an event. I learnt it with fear and trembling. Such an office in such times was arduous enough for any man, however graced or gifted.

"But for an Irishman, and the first Irishman since the Reformation who has ever held an English see, it is really overwhelming. It seems to make me a mark for the observation and jealous criticism of the whole English Church. How many will watch for my halting! How many will eagerly pause on my slightest error!

"God only knows how I feel all this; how anxiously I am scanning my own defects, how earnestly resolving and praying against them.

"I know that I shall have your prayers, my old and dear friend, as I have had your earnest efforts to place me in this high position.

"God bless you, my dear friend.—Always affectionately yours,

"W. C. MAGEE."

To J. C. MACDONNELL.

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*October* 14, 1868.

"My own plans are so far settled that I go to London on Tuesday next, to see Dizzy and push my papers through the Government offices. I shall probably stay ten days or a fortnight in London, and shall return, I expect, Bishop-elect of Peterborough, though unconsecrated.

"I wish I had you here, for a talk over many things, and to ask your advice on some.

"Alas! I am beginning only to learn to walk alone, to act at once, without time to consult, and to know no one whom I can safely take into counsel, *de die in diem*, as I used of yore, when J. C. M. and I were side by side, without the sea between. You will still have to come to me and put my brain in order, and smooth me down in the 'fizzings' of Peterborough.

"I mean to run down next week and see the place, and try and judge a little about furnishing.

"I must turn now to the balance of 260 letters still unanswered.

"And yet I still feel as if I had not said what lies beneath my heart now as the time draws nearer for my taking leave of Ireland. It is the sinking feeling of isolation, as I go out into this new

world of an English bishopric. Had I been made an Irish bishop I should not have felt it half so much; but as it is, I tremble for myself, and sigh to think of the dear friends I am leaving here. As regards yourself, my oldest and dearest, it is no small comfort to think of you as likely to spend some months in each year, for some two or three years at least, in England.

"It will be strange if we cannot make out many a pleasant day together yet."

"DUBLIN CASTLE,
"*October* 16, 1868.

"I send you the first of 120 letters to which I have to write answers, to say nothing of some dozen or so that I have already written. They are a curiously miscellaneous collection; five from clerical tailors, who seem to think that an Irish dean belongs to the sect of the Gymnosophists, and offer me all possible garments; two from photographers who want my face; two from clergymen who want my 'countenance' in the diocese; one man writes to ask for my chaplaincy, 'or any other post,' on the strength of having known me in Trinity College, Dublin.

"Another writes congratulations, and gets his wife and mother-in-law to write separate letters, asking for a living for him, etc.

"Truly the changes and chances of the world are strange and startling. It is only a week since I was wishing myself in the Deanery of Limerick.

"I have had some most kind and hearty letters of welcome from English bishops; especially from Oxford, London, and my next neighbour, Ely. I have had, too, a very gentlemanly and business-like letter from one of *my* (!) archdeacons, Fearon of Leicester; and one—alas! I felt the omen—from the son of my predecessor (Jeune), very kind and handsome in its tone.

"So much for self—too much, I fear. Now about higher matters. I spent two days with the Archbishop of Dublin, who talks now very freely with me about men and things."

"28 GREAT GEORGE ST., WESTMINSTER, S.W.,
"*October* 22, 1868.

"I had an interview with Disraeli yesterday, to thank him for my appointment. I found him thoroughly kind, and even good-natured. To my great surprise, he did not pump me about the Irish Church, hardly alluded to the subject; a very great relief to me, as you may suppose.

"I go to Peterborough on Saturday next, and stay until Monday. A letter posted in Cashel, per early post on Saturday, would find me at the Deanery, Peterborough. "W. C. M."

There are not many of the Bishop's letters remaining which refer to this time. He was engrossed in arrangements for his confirmation and consecration, and business crowded upon him from his diocese; many things were waiting for their new Bishop. The Metropolitan See of Canterbury became vacant by the death of Archbishop Longley on October 27. In consequence of this, arrangements had to be made for Bishop Magee's consecration by the Archbishop of York. The Chapel Royal, Whitehall, was selected as the place for the consecration, and November 15 as the date. Bishop Magee's two oldest friends among the English episcopate —the Bishop of London (Tait), and the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce)—were to take part in the consecration and present the new Bishop. Thus, by a curious coincidence, he was consecrated by the Archbishop (Thomson), whom he was to succeed at York twenty-two years after, and by Bishop Tait who was so soon to be his metropolitan at Canterbury.

The opportunity was used for the consecration of Archdeacon Parry as Coadjutor Bishop of Barbados.

It was a day which is imprinted indelibly upon my memory, though the place chosen, and some of the circumstances, were not conducive to the solemnity of the service. The chapel at Whitehall, with its rectangular shape and gilded ceiling, ornamented with pictures of the most secular character, could never get rid of the appearance of what it had been—a great banqueting hall. Its memories, as well as its architecture, were sadly out of keeping with a great ecclesiastical ceremony. Its aisles, too, were narrow, and the space in front of the holy table was so cramped as scarcely to allow room for the Archbishop's chair, and for the free movement of the officiating bishops. The most prominent object in the building was the royal pew, with its canopy, which was on this occasion occupied by the Queen of Holland and her suite. It was my lot to preach the sermon, and I thus witnessed an interesting scene in the vestry room when we were taking our places for the procession. It had been whispered about the room that the Bishop of London had been offered the Archbishopric of Canterbury. I saw Bishop Wilberforce go up to him, hold out his hand, and heard him say in a whisper, audible to me as I stood near, "May I congratulate

you?" Bishop Tait nodded his head in assent, and grasped his hand.

The large congregation which thronged every corner of Whitehall Chapel, and the eager interest with which they followed the service, gave a solemnity to the scene which the building and the other surroundings lacked.

I took a walk in the afternoon with the new Bishop, who was exhausted by the strain and excitement of the service, and of the previous few weeks. I remember well his saying to me, "I have been thinking how impossible it would be in the present day to find any one who could compose such a service. The men who drew up that service had a conception of what was suitable for such an occasion which seems wanting now."

The new Bishop was enthroned in Peterborough Cathedral on November 26, and entered almost immediately upon his episcopal duties.

An address was presented to him on leaving Cork, by the clergy of the diocese, a body of men for whom he never ceased to express the highest regard and admiration. He often spoke of them as equal to any body of clergy he had ever been brought in contact with on either side of the Channel. I subjoin this address, and a paragraph of the Bishop's answer, as they briefly and fairly set out their hopes and fears at this eventful crisis.

ADDRESS

To the Very Reverend the Dean of Cork, Bishop-Elect of Peterborough.

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned clergy of the United Diocese of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, desire to offer to you our sincere congratulations upon your appointment to the See of Peterborough.

Much as we regret the loss which this diocese suffers by your removal, we cannot but rejoice that there is about to be enrolled among the bishops of our Church one who is so eminently qualified to fill that high office.

It is but a few years since we welcomed you to this diocese as the grandson of one who had been Dean of Cork and subsequently Archbishop of Dublin, and whose name will long be remembered in the Church as one of the ablest defenders of the Scriptural doctrine of the Atonement.

Now that you are about to leave us, we recall with pleasure how heartily you co-operated with the bishop, clergy, and laity of this dio-

cese in various diocesan works, and especially in the now successful effort to rebuild the Cathedral of St. Finbarr. We found in you the ever ready and eloquent advocate of many charitable associations; and to your impartiality and ability as chairman of the annual Diocesan Conferences of clergy and laity, much of their success and usefulness has been owing.

But your labours on behalf of the Church have not been confined to this diocese. To you the whole Church in Ireland accords a high place among those who in the present crisis have come forward in her defence.

When the permanence of her endowments became the subject of public discussion, your voice and pen were both employed in her service, and you ever gave fearless utterance to your convictions upon that important question.

We rejoice to think that the earnestness and simplicity of your life, no less than the power and brilliancy of your eloquence, have recommended you to her most gracious Majesty for a high and unusual honour, and thus enabled her to mark her sense of the true nature of the union between the two branches of the united Church.

We doubt not that in the new sphere of duty to which God's providence has called you, you will still retain your affection for that branch of the Church in which you first laboured; and we are glad to think that you will be placed in a position in which you can, even more effectually than now, assist in the defence of the rights of the Church in Ireland.

With the earnest prayer that He who has called you to fill a high and arduous office in His Church, may enable you faithfully to discharge its solemn duties, we subscribe ourselves your faithful brethren in Christ. [Here follow the signatures.]

The following is the concluding paragraph in the Bishop's reply:

The time of our parting is a grave and critical one in the history of our Church.

It is a time to test the love and the courage of all her children—a time when each one of her sons is bound to devote to her service and defence whatever of wisdom and of power he may possess.

I should prove myself, indeed, unworthy of the office of a bishop in the Church of Christ if, even in all the cares and anxieties of my new charge, I could forget the claims or grow indifferent to the welfare of my spiritual mother, the Church in Ireland, in this her hour of trial and peril. Should her trial, however, prove yet sorer and her peril yet darker than even now they threaten to be, I shall rejoice to remember that she possesses in her ministers a band of faithful soldiers and ser-

vants, whom danger and trial are daily drawing into closer brotherhood, and who are prepared to brave and endure all things save only the loss of the faith committed to their keeping. But whatever may be the future of that branch of the Church in which your lot is cast, or of that to which mine now calls me, we know that we shall each and all of us have our full share of toil, of trial, and of temptation; we shall still need each other's prayers and crave each other's sympathies.

I heartily thank you, dear and reverend brethren, for the assurance you give me that I may hope for these from you; you can never cease to have them from me.

With much affectionate and grateful regard, and with earnest prayer for God's abundant blessings upon yourselves and upon all your labours for him, I am your faithful brother in Christ,

W. C. PETERBOROUGH, Elect.

A few days after Bishop Magee's enthronement, Mr. Disraeli and his Ministry resigned, finding that the elections had given their opponents an overwhelming majority. Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister, pledged, as his first object, to bring in a measure for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church.

The filling of the See of Peterborough had been followed by other important changes on the Episcopal Bench.

The Bishop of London became Archbishop of Canterbury. He was succeeded in London by Dr. Jackson, Bishop of Lincoln; and that see was filled by the appointment of Canon Christopher Wordsworth. The consequence of his having a bishop junior to him on the Bench, was to give the Bishop of Peterborough a seat in the House of Lords, as soon as the new Parliament met.

The following letter shows the interest which the Bishop, notwithstanding his new and pressing duties, felt in the affairs of the Irish Church, from which he had been so suddenly severed.

To J. C. MACDONNELL.

"23 SUFFOLK ST., PALL MALL,
"*November* 30, 1868.

"I had only time this morning to send you a hurried line in reply to yours. I have a *little* more leisure to-night, though leisure is for me now a very relative term.

"*Imprimis.* I enclose you my subscription of £10 to the Lay and Clerical Society, if it continues to exist, or my donation of £10 if it comes to premature grief and its debts remain to be paid. I cannot say how glad I am to learn the course things have taken, as

described in your exceedingly interesting letter. I see the whole thing now as clearly as if in a map.

"This Archiepiscopal Committee is the last effort of the reactionary, no surrender, old Orange Puritan set, working on the fears of the Archbishop and the modesty of the Provost. They were bent on stifling the Lay and Clerical Society *which represent the Irish Church of the future.*

. . . . . .

"Pray keep me *au courant* with all that goes on. If you think it will at all strengthen your hands, tell the committee of my £10 *in esse* and same *in posse*, and how rejoiced I am at the course they have taken.

"Salmon is a tower of strength to you.

"I have only on Saturday last returned from Peterborough. We spent a very pleasant, and I think useful week there. I was enthroned on Thursday, and held a confirmation on Friday.

"I send you a paper with a fair account of the proceedings. My reception by the clergy so far has been very gratifying. I took one day to do Northampton—churches, schools, and clergy—having previously arranged a meeting with the staff of each parish at the church of each. This seems to have been a popular move, and it has helped me to some knowledge of men and things already.

"Our children have arrived in Bath. We hope to keep Christmas at Peterborough, though not to settle in until February.—Ever yours affectionately, "W. C. PETERBOROUGH."

The following extract from a letter will show the spirit in which he entered upon his episcopal duties.

To MRS. MAGEE.

"UPPINGHAM, *December* 9, 1868.

". . . . We had a pleasant clerical party at the Wales's last night, and I found one or two good working men among them already; and all only too willing to carry out my wishes in matters diocesan.

"Our Confirmation at the school this morning was very nice indeed; fifty-five boys and one young lady, sister of one of the candidates. The chapel is a very handsome one, and filled, as it was, with upwards of three hundred intelligent gentlemanlike boys, it was a very pretty sight, and to me deeply interesting. I think I

must have had some power in addressing them, for I certainly felt deeply for and with them.

"I am going to lunch with them in hall, and dine with the masters at 6.30, taking a walk meanwhile to see a church or two in the neighbourhood."

He was soon to make acquaintance with another aspect of episcopal life. In a letter to me of December 14, 1868, he says:

"I attended the opening of Convocation at St. Paul's on Friday last, and had the pleasure of having the Latin Litany for the occasion thrust into my hand, as we walked up the aisle, by Bishop Atlay, with the intimation that he had been getting up the quantities for the last half hour, but that now I was come, I had to read it as junior bishop!

"This was not encouraging, especially for an Irishman who had to change nearly all his vowel sounds to English ones as he went along.

"Jeremie gave us a long Latin sermon of which nobody heard a word; and then we adjourned to some chambers near St. Paul's, to the great delight and edification of the London *gamins*, who crowded to see our extraordinary red and white robes.

"I am going down to Peterborough for Christmas week, and then for a week's work at Leicester. Our children get in after a sort this week. We are beginning to see our way through all the chaos of furnishing, etc. etc., and hope to be ready to receive the Ordination candidates in the third week of February.

"Keep me posted up in Irish matters, as I will you in English.

"W. C. PETERBOROUGH."

Shortly after his nomination to the See of Peterborough, a movement was set on foot to present the new bishop with a signet ring, which gratified him deeply. Our readers will remember* the efforts which Magee made as a college student for the restoration of the Old Historical Society to its position within the walls of Trinity College. Those who were enrolled as members on the opening night were few in number, and when Magee became bishop only twelve could be found, who survived, of the original members. These resolved to present the new Bishop with an amethyst episcopal ring. This gift was so closely associated with one of the proudest achievements of his college life, that it gave a pleasure to

* See Chap. I.

the Bishop which more costly presents would have failed to do. The following were the twelve survivors of the Bishop's comrades at the opening of the College Historical Society:

Rt. Hon. Hedges E. Chatterton, Vice-Chancellor of Ireland.
The Rt. Hon. E. Sullivan, then Attorney-General under Mr. Gladstone's Government and afterwards Lord Chancellor.
Rev. Henry Jellett, now Dean of St. Patrick's.
Charles Hare Hemphill, Q.C. and Serjeant-at-Law.
T. Moffatt, Esq., LL.D., President of Galway College.
Rev. H. J. Tombe.
Rev. J. S. Robinson.
Rev. H. Wakeham.
Rev. A Fausset, Canon of York.
Rev. B. Dickson, F.T.C.D.
Rev. W. A. Battersby.
J. C. MacDonnell, D.D., Dean of Cashel.

The following Christmas letter will fitly wind up this part of the Bishop's life.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"The Palace, Peterborough,
"*December* 26, 1868.

"I am ashamed to think that I received a letter of Christmas good wishes from you; and that you will not have had one of the same day from me. I only got home from Ely on Christmas Eve, and had a heap of work on hand when I returned.

"We are all, thank God, well and happy, gathered for our first Christmas under this roof, and full, as you may suppose, of heartfelt thankfulness to the Giver of all good for all the undeserved mercies He has vouchsafed us. We are still quite picnic fashion here. But most of our heavy furniture is at any rate in the house, and a great deal of it *in situ* in the various rooms.

"I have just given away my first piece of preferment—a residentiary canonry in the cathedral here (£540 and a house) to Westcott.

"I shall have a growl or two from disappointed curates; but I think the general public will approve.

"I go this day to Leicester for ten days' hard work.

"All here join in love to you and yours. Ever yours affectionately, "W. C. Peterborough."

CHAPTER IX

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL

Bishop Magee was not allowed to enjoy a long rest, or to settle himself quietly in his new position. Parliament met on February 16, and on that day the new Bishop became a member of the House of Lords. As junior Bishop, it was his duty to attend every day in the House of Lords to read prayers. This obliged him to be continually absent from his diocese at the opening of his episcopate. On the other hand, it had its advantages. It made him understand the tone and temper of the House, and enabled him to take part in at least one of their debates. Moreover, by compelling him to remain in London, it brought him in contact with the leading men of all parties, many of whom sought his advice and co-operation. In order to understand the following letters, it is necessary for the reader to bear in mind a few leading facts that were never absent from Bishop Magee's thoughts when writing to others, but which the letters do not always explain.

A distinct issue had been put to the constituencies at the recent elections—namely, to choose between Mr. Gladstone and his policy, and Mr. Disraeli and his policy; and the foremost point in Mr. Gladstone's policy was the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Upon this issue the constituencies gave an unequivocal answer by returning an overwhelming majority of the supporters of Mr. Gladstone, who thus came in pledged to bring in without delay a measure for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. So well was the answer of the constituencies understood by Mr. Disraeli that he and his Cabinet resigned office without waiting to meet Parliament. All men of all parties, therefore, understood that the fate of the Irish Church establishment was sealed, and that all the friends of the Church could hope for was to save some of its endowments; and (what Bishop Magee was more anxious for) that

it should be left perfect freedom of action, and relieved from State interference when it no longer received State support.

The Bishop hated the Bill and its principles, but felt that to throw it out of the House of Lords, after it had been passed in a House of Commons elected for the purpose by an overwhelming majority, would probably be inexpedient for the Irish Church itself. So thought many at that time, especially the Bishop of Oxford whose views will be found forcibly stated in a letter to Archbishop Trench dated December 30, 1868 [published in the 3rd volume of his life, p. 277]. This view Bishop Wilberforce maintained to the last, even after it became plain that no compromise was possible between the friends and assailants of the Church. When the Bill came up in the House of Lords for second reading he neither spoke nor voted upon it, but contented himself with afterwards supporting various amendments in committee. Up to a certain point the Bishop of Peterborough took the same view, but his feelings and circumstances were very different. He loved the Irish Church and Irish Churchmen as much as the Bishop of Oxford misunderstood and distrusted them. If an advantageous compromise could have been made, and if Irish Churchmen wished for it, Bishop Magee would have suppressed his own feelings for their sake, and allowed the Bill to pass the second reading without a word. But when he found that compromise was impossible, he threw all his energy and powers into fighting the measure throughout; and few now doubt that the Irish Church was no loser in the end by this. His brilliant and famous speech on the second reading expresses his deepest feelings and convictions; but it never would have been delivered if Irish Churchmen had agreed to accept the verdict of the constituencies and make a compromise with Mr. Gladstone. The following letters show the changing colours which various projects assumed from day to day; and will, after the lapse of twenty-seven years, be of great interest to many who can judge now more dispassionately of men and measures than was possible in the crisis of a great struggle.

In the Bishop of Oxford's notes of the second meeting of the bishops to discuss this question, on May 6, 1869, he reports as the substance of what the Bishop of Peterborough said at that meeting:

> There are two quite distinct questions:
> (1) Whether it is a good Bill;
> (2) Whether it is for the interest of the Irish Church to oppose the

second reading. Looking at the interests of the Irish Church, I think it far best to pass and amend; for if we throw it out we shall have a worse. But it is quite another question what the bishops shall do; there is a danger of exasperating enemies and of alienating friends.

If the Irish bishops vote against the Bill, I vote against it. If the Irish bishops think amending best, let them openly say so, and we will act with them.

The Bishop of Oxford's epitome of what he himself said on that occasion is as follows:

The bishops in the House of Lords are statesmen and must act so. We are bound to use the power we have; not what we have not. We should deeply injure the Irish Church if we threw the Bill out, and the House of Lords as well.*

These two quotations fairly state the divergence in the views and action of these two prelates.

The following letters allude to two bodies in Ireland which had just been called into existence. The Provost's Committee or Council, which consisted of leading Churchmen whom Dr. Lloyd, the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, had invited to meet at his house to discuss the affairs of the Church at that critical juncture, and the Lay and Clerical Association (or Society), which consisted of many leading laymen and clergymen, a few of whom were also members of the Provost's Committee. They were prepared to act upon the supposition that it was now hopeless to oppose disestablishment, and that the great object of Churchmen ought to be to prevent the Bill interfering with the *autonomy* of the Church, and to save as far as possible some of its *endowments*. But the first and avowed object of the Lay and Clerical Association was to procure a proper representative body, representing laity and clergy, who could speak with authority the mind of the Church.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"11 Onslow Crescent, Kensington,
"*January* 20, 1869.

"I have just received yours of the 19th, with its enclosures. I return you your rough draft. It agrees almost verbally with a long letter that I wrote yesterday, to the Dean of Chester,

* "Bishop Wilberforce's Life," vol. iii. pp. 287–8.

to Hawarden Castle, in reply to a similar request to that he made to you.

"I find that on one or two points I have supplemented you, on none differed from you. I dealt at some length on the injustice of requiring clergymen to do lifelong duty in their present positions; also on the injustice and impolicy of taking away any of the glebe houses or churches; also on the unfairness of expecting a policy from the *leaders* of the Irish Church; and on the difficulties of the moderate party in the Irish Church, and the wisdom of not forcing them into the arms of the No Surrender party by anything like harsh dealing. I also strongly dwelt on the distinction between the political game of the Irish Tories, who are using the Irish Church question for their own ends, and the real wishes of the moderate Irish Churchmen, who I said were determined not to allow the game to be played out at the cost of the Irish Church. Your distinction between hurting the Irish Church spiritually, and destroying the establishment, I also dwelt on. In fact, we have independently said nearly the same things. I also, however, insisted on the fairness of giving the Irish Church time to reconstitute itself—say two years.

"I despatched a long letter to Archbishop Trench on Tuesday, suggesting one or two practical points; above all, the prompt formation of a small London committee to sit in permanence and watch the progress of Gladstone's Bill. No council or committee in Dublin can do this work, and yet it is *the* work of this session.

"The battle this year will be one of amendments, not of field days and resolutions.

"If you could get a committee of seven it would be enough. But the seven should know their own minds and pull well together. Stopford and yourself, a couple of lay peers—if you can get them —T. Cooke Trench, J. Jellett, and myself, if you will have me, would make a fair committee. But all those could not, I fear, stay, or afford to stay, in London for the greater part of the session.

"Now as to *our* future movements.

"Oddly enough, I am asked to the Marquis of Exeter's next Tuesday, at Burghley House, 'to meet Disraeli'; and at the same time I have had an intimation that Gladstone is willing to confer with me. The former invitation I have accepted, and my wife and I go to Stamford accordingly next week. As to the latter, I hesitate. It is a delicate thing to hold a confidential conference with a man whom you must shortly after oppose tooth and nail in

public. It would be all but impossible for me to know, in private, Gladstone's mind, and not to know it in public. The position would be most embarrassing, while, on the other hand, I can approach Gladstone through Childers and Bruce without this awkwardness. Advise me on this.

"You and I must, of course, meet ere long, and have long conferences with others too. I think that when I come to town for good, after February 21 (my ordination Sunday), would be a good time. Parliament meets on 16th. (By the way, I go into the House of Lords on the first day of meeting.) A week's debating will show the respective games of parties and the temper of the House pretty clearly. I shall have had my talk with Dizzy, and you with the Lay and Clerical Association, and we could then confer with advantage.

"Meanwhile I am to be knocking about England to and from Stamford, Oakham, Northampton, Canterbury, Ripon, and Peterborough! and shall not be three continuous days hardly here after Tuesday next until after February 21.

"I had a letter from the Lord Lieutenant last week about a local matter in Northampton. But as he expressed a wish that he could have conferred with me anent Irish Church matters, I took the opportunity of telling him that he possessed a mine of information and a miracle of wisdom in one J. McD., his recently appointed chaplain, who was in Irish Church matters my *alter ego*.

"So go over to his *levée* by all means."

"11 ONSLOW CRESCENT,
"*January* 22, 1869.

"I have proposed to Childers an interview on Monday next.

"Could you send me a brief memorandum that I could leave with him, setting out the points that moderate men think ought to be conceded?

"The real fact, I suspect, is this. The Government want to deal generously, if they dare or can; and want help against their own extreme men. The moderate party in Ireland can give them valuable help.

. . . . . .

"*But* then, who is to guarantee us the good terms of surrender which Childers and Earl Spencer talk of? We are in the position of a part of a garrison besieged by an army, half regular, half savages. Is Gladstone strong enough to keep his savages from scalping us, if we once lay down our arms?

"On the other hand he may say, are *you* strong enough to ensure me the surrender of the fortress, if I disband or disarm my savages?

"Here seems the real pinch of the matter.

"Neither side can guarantee its engagements.

"Unhappily this is our weak point, even more than his. We represent only ourselves.

"Send me back Childers' note by return of post."

"OAKHAM, RUTLAND,
"*January* 29, 1869.

"The plot of the Irish Church is certainly thickening very fast. I have had a letter from a *very* leading English bishop* enclosing a printed letter on the Church question, counselling acceptance of the inevitable, and urging it by most unanswerable arguments. Said letter if published would be a fatal blow to the No Surrenders. But I have urged him not to publish it. It would certainly, as I told him, floor them; but it would floor us, the Moderates, too. It would really be the disarming of the garrison *before* it had time to treat.

"He asks me to co-operate with him; and as his views are exactly ours on all the future of the Irish Church I expressed my wish to do so, adding that there were, however, some serious practical difficulties on which I should be glad to confer with him. To-day I had a second letter from him, with an endorsement from another English bishop, stating that he and bishop number two and Gladstone had heard of my letter to Lord Spencer, and that both these bishops wished to confer and act with me, in the direction indicated by my letter, and asking what had best be *done*, and further if we could not all three act in some way through the Lay and Clerical. I hardly know what to say of this latter idea—I fear the L. & C. might split up.

"My idea is, that if possible the English bishops should *agree* to counsel their Irish brethren to compromise. A private letter written to that effect would be, I think, conclusive, and would save the dignity and even the scruples of the Irish prelates. The real danger, however, of any move of this kind is its transpiring, to the fatal weakening of the defence of the Irish Church, *before* negotiations had taken place! Surrender in fact before terms were made. It is very critical, and I hardly know how to advise. We are all summoned to Lambeth for Tuesday, 9th. Then, of course, I shall say my mind and see how it is taken.

* "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," vol. iii. p. 282.

"Meanwhile I wish I knew what to say to my two episcopal brethren. The Archbishop of Dublin is against negotiating; at least against his own negotiating, and thinks Gladstone's anxiety to negotiate indicates weakness. I do not agree with him. I think it indicates the strength of the ultra followers of Gladstone and his weakness to do us what good he really wishes to do.

"He needs our help against them.

"I had a long talk with Childers on Monday evening last, and left with him your memorandum. He is clearly with us on all points, especially the freedom of the future Church. The point on which they are most pressed is that of glebe houses and churches. The Roman Catholics are making a fierce fight for them. Childers' idea is that we should have them. In fact he sticks to his programme of last year. He thinks that the Archbishop of Canterbury might act as umpire and negotiator. The idea is not a bad one. But I fear that A. C. Cantuar leans too much to the Erastian side of the question.

"I had no satisfaction out of Dizzy, whom I met yesterday at Burghley House. He said very little, and that merely as a politician, on the possibilities in the House of Lords. He regards it as a lost game in the Commons. He did not invite my views on the question and I thought it best not to volunteer them. If however I really go in for action with others in this direction I ought, I think, frankly to tell him so. Let me have a line to Peterborough *soon*."

"THE ATHENÆUM,
"*February* 10, 1869.

"I have so long a budget of news to send you, that I hardly know how to open it out and where to begin my story. Though the events I have to tell run over only three days, they are pretty thickly set and not easily told in detail.

"The chapters of my history are four; with a short preliminary introduction. The introduction is my journey from London to Canterbury with S. Oxon last week. He had been in personal communication with Gladstone, but he told me very little that I did not already know; save this, that the Bishop of Chester went with him (S. Oxon), and that they and Gladstone relied much on the action of the Lay and Clerical Association, and deplored the *non possumus* attitude of the bishops. I explained to him fully the difficulty and danger of moving too rapidly in the Lay and Clerical.

"I consulted him as to seeing Gladstone, and he advised it. I think I told you that I had seen Bruce, who also urged it.

"I called on Gladstone, by his appointment, at Downing Street on Monday last at 6.15 P.M. He received me in the room where I had so lately thanked Dizzy for my bishopric! I found him tolerably communicative; but of course, like all statesmen, indirectly so, giving me to understand things rather than actually saying them. I brought your mem. with me, which I suggested our going over together as giving heads for discussion.

"Briefly, the sum of our conversation is this. He will give: 1. Life interests in the lump to a Church Trust. 2. Allow of composition as between Incumbents and the Church. 3. Leave to Irish Church to decide question of State patronage for itself. 4. Will give two years for reconstruction and guarantee no enforcement of the Convention Act. 5. All the churches, if we will undertake to keep them up. 6. Life *value* of glebe houses with repayment of charges and of any sums shown to be spent by individuals on them, or from Primate Boulter's fund.

"On this point it was clear he was sore pressed by Presbyterians and Roman Catholics, and he put it to me very plausibly—that after our getting the life interest in the glebes the remaining value would be a small concession to *us*, but would entail a large concession to Presbyterians and Roman Catholics to balance it—*i.e.*, a million each to build glebe houses. He is disposed to give the surplus to reduction of Poor Rates.

"I fought the point of glebe houses very hard; but it is evidently a political difficulty with him, not one of principle. On the whole my impression is that he has less power, and perhaps less inclination, to deal liberally with us than I had supposed. Indeed I begin to doubt whether every one of his concessions could not easily be obtained by us from parliament in spite of him, and if so whether it is worth our while to compromise for the sake of them. He is evidently nettled at the Irish bishops' manifesto, which however he interprets, I think, more in the No Surrender light than I do, or as I have since found, than they do.

"Next day was the Bishops' Meeting at Lambeth. The four Primates were there, Bishops of Oxford, St. David's, Ely, Norwich, Hereford, Gloucester and Bristol, Durham, London, Rochester, Lichfield, Chester, Limerick, Meath, and Derry. After a brief discussion on a Colonial Church question, on came the Irish Church. Primate Beresford rose and said: 'They had made up their minds

but wished to hear ours'! Dead silence. I asked C. Limerick, did they wish some of us to speak first? He said 'Yes.' I rose and suggested their doing so. Archbishop of Dublin rose and gave a brief statement of the reasons why he and the others refused negotiation with Gladstone; another dead silence, no one would 'bell the cat.' At last Cantuar called on me. I said my say—very much what you and I have said before—admitting difficulties of Irish prelates; suggesting compromise, showing the choice to lie between Dizzy and Royal Commission and Gladstone and his measure; denouncing said Commission roundly; asking whether fight would bring better terms than compromise; and urging at any rate that Irish bishops should have a policy and impart it at least to us. I spoke at some length. I was followed by C. Limerick, S. Meath and Derry. C. Limerick spoke ably and temperately, showing the difficulty of the Irish bishops as regarded the jealously watchful laity and the imperative necessity of doing nothing to alienate them with a view to future reconstruction. S. Meath followed suit, and Derry ditto. But all three accepted Disestablishment as *inevitable*, and explained their word 'resist' to mean reasonable resistance for the present, and not 'to the bitter end.' York followed, with a hankering for the Commissioners' Report, but an admission that it was useless to discuss it, *as Disestablishment was inevitable*. Gloucester followed, suggesting that prelates should have a policy and tell it us. Ely took my view in a very calm, able speech. Graves [Limerick] again rose to say that Irish prelates could say nothing until they had held their coming conferences. I asked whether, in these conferences, one of two things would not happen, either a fierce no surrender vote, unopposed by the bishops, or opposed by them and therefore causing that very estrangement of the laity they dreaded now.

"Lunch interposed. A. C. Cantuar responded, suggesting his and Stanley's idea of partial Disestablishment; coldly received by all, save Beresford. Norwich spoke calmly but regretfully, like York, as to Commissioners' Report, suggesting danger of Dis-ruption after Dis-establishment. St. David's then—a few pungent weighty words as to need of parliamentary—*i.e.*, Government—aid to give a legal status to new Irish Church, ending with a sarcasm on the 'non-natural' meaning given by the Irish bishops to the word 'resist.' Oxon followed, cautious and dexterous, but clear on one point, that he would support no partial Establishment measure.

"Beresford rose to conclude, 'would not regard anything as inevitable, would remember appropriation clause,' etc. etc., and finally wandered and fairly maundered in a feeble way that was actually painful, and produced a painful impression on his audience.

"So ended the discussion. Clearly the Irish bishops, as a body, have learned much, before and in this debate. *Every one* is now clear that Disestablishment must be, and your bishops will bring that fact over with them. The question is now as to endowments only.

"After the meeting Cantuar kept me to tell me that the Queen wants me down to Osborne. Go I must, and I go to-morrow.

"I thought it well to see one Irish bishop at least before going, and saw, *sub sigillo*, S. Meath. I told him I wanted to be able to inform the Queen of the state of feeling in Ireland; whether any terms would be accepted there; and if so, what terms? He talked long and sensibly as to their difficulties, especially from the laity; and insisted, fairly enough, that very large concessions would alone justify them in compromise; and that at any rate these must be better than they could certainly get by fighting. The risk he fairly said was great and certain, the gain should not be small and uncertain. Finally, he pronounced against any compromise, even the post-Reformation glebes. Just then the Archbishop of Dublin came in. I sent Butcher (Bishop of Meath) to ask would he receive a confidential communication from me for himself alone, not to be communicated to the Primate. He said, 'Yes.' I put the facts before him, as I had done to Butcher, and asked, would *he* compromise on the post-Reformation glebes? He said, 'Personally, yes, gladly; but I cannot separate from my people.' Would they accept this compromise? 'No.' He was sure 'at present they would not.' This seemed to shut me up. However, he went on to speak of the extreme men being educated by defeats in the House. I pointed out, and he admitted, that the defeats that educated them would so strengthen Gladstone that he would not care whether they yielded or no. Here, we agreed, was the dilemma. I then broached an idea I had been seething for some days, that the English bishops, and some lay peers, should come forward (of course, after previously ascertaining that Gladstone would give good terms for their surrender), and counsel the Irish prelates to accept them. This would relieve the Irish prelates from all odium and completely silence the No Surrenders. Both Trench and Butcher caught at this, and we discussed it long and carefully. Butcher

then quite came round to my views, and admitted that if we could get as good terms now as after the fight, we might as well have them now. So far the matter ends, except that Trench and Butcher both assented to another suggestion of mine, viz., the formation of a Parliamentary committee composed of Irish and English prelates in equal numbers and a sprinkling of lay peers to watch the Bill.

"I am to see Trench on my return from Osborne. I go to Osborne to-morrow, and I will tell the Queen—

"1st. The real difficulties of the Irish prelates.

"2nd. What *I* think would be a reasonable compromise.

"3rd. How *I* think it should be proposed to Irish Churchmen—*i.e., from England.*

"I do not expect much from all this. Gladstone is too far committed by his own speeches to be able to give us enough to justify surrender now.

"However, I can only try, and do my duty in the very critical and responsible position in which I find myself placed by no seeking of my own.

"God grant me wisdom and courage, and self-sacrifice too, if that be needed."

"*February* 11, 1869.

"I forgot to mention that the compromise I suggested was—Autonomy, Churches, Glebe Houses, Post-Reformation Glebes. This I mean to put out as my own idea."

"The Athenæum,
"*February* 15, 1869.

"Yours, with its accompanying memoranda, arrived this morning. I will send the latter to Cantuar, if there should be any occasion for his intermediation. I saw him yesterday, and told him in a general way what I had to tell, and read him the draft of my 'State paper.' He was pleased to approve of this entirely.

"He is quite willing to hear any proposals from Gladstone, and quite takes up my idea of the English Bench helping the Irish out of their difficulty by counselling acceptance of terms, if such terms as they can recommend can be had. He says, however, most wisely, that there can be no 'understandings' or underhand arrangements on our part with Gladstone.

"It is open to Gladstone, if he wants our help, to bid for it, and I have given him the hint to do so. Cantuar fears the English

prelates weakening their own position in England by any coquetting or manœuvring now. He quite accepts the idea of post-Reformation endowments as the line of compromise, and scouts with indignation the idea of a Suspensory Bill.

"Altogether, I am deeply impressed with his perfect honesty and calm sagacity. He really is a *man*, every inch of him.

"I saw R. Dublin to-day. He is quite filled *now* with my notion of English mediation, and much more disposed to be negotiated for than he was last Tuesday. So far all looks well. But on the other hand, I fear there will be no offer from Gladstone. He is too far committed to the Ultramontanes on the one hand, and on the other to the English Voluntaryists. That vote last year against Maynooth and Regium Donum was a fatal mistake; so thinks W. Ebor, who was fishing me to-day for views, and to whom I gave nothing definite.

"I am not sorry I leave here on Wednesday next. My position until Gladstone's Bill is out is a very delicate one.

"Only fancy my being asked by the Duke of Abercorn to dine in a 'little dinner party' on Wednesday night, to meet Dizzy, Cairns, and Bishop of Derry, 'and talk over matters of interest.' It only wanted that to finish my sensation of curious situations for this week.

"Gladstone—the English bishops—the Irish ditto—the Queen —A. C. Cantuar—and then Dizzy and Cairns!

"Happily I could plead necessary absence on Wednesday.

"*Sic me servavit Apollo.*"

"The Palace, Peterborough,
"*February* 18, 1869.

"I received yesterday a letter from General Grey, to say that he had shown my paper to Gladstone, who manifests the most conciliatory dispositions, and will have a conference frankly with A. C. Cantuar; but that the post-Reformation endowments are out of the question, as they violate the principle of his measure, viz., that no State endowments are to be left with the Church or any community in Ireland. This reduces the question now to one of good terms in details.

"I feared it would come to this.

"But I cannot help hoping that I have already succeeded in eliminating the supremacy clause in Gladstone's Bill. You observe that he proposes on March 1 to call the House into Committee only on the *first* of the three resolutions of last year.

"At any rate it is something to have got A. C. Cantuar and Gladstone into conference.

"I could not have dreamed of this two weeks ago, and it is an immense relief to my own mind to have Cantuar substituted for myself as the negotiator.

"I sent Cantuar the copy of my memoranda. When he sends it back I will send it to you.

"I wish you could get over to London and see Cantuar. I leave for London on Monday morning, and am to see him on that afternoon in the House of Lords.

"A line there will find me on that day, or almost any other after.

"H. Jellett is hard at work examining twelve candidates for ordination in the adjoining room. I sit here, the spider in the centre of the web, in whose outermost meshes the unhappy examinees are entangled. Farrar and Westcott come to-night.

"W. C. P."

All attempts at compromise, even in the hands of so able a mediator as Archbishop Tait, failed.

He had no doubt succeeded in getting some clauses of the Bill altered or softened; but he had nothing to offer to the Irish prelates which could in the least alter their determination to contest the Bill throughout. Bishop Magee adhered to his determination to go with them; and it suited his opinions and his disposition better to do so. He hated both the principles and the details of the Bill; and nothing but the conviction that he was serving the Irish Church by so doing would have ever silenced his opposition, which found its full and sincere expression in his speech on June 15, upon the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords. I give this explanation, as, notwithstanding the Bishop's voluminous letters, they are necessarily fragmentary, and often omit matters which in a continuous narrative would occupy a prominent place.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"House of Lords,
"*March* 16, 1869.

"The state of things here is this. The Second Reading of the Bill* comes on upon Thursday next, and will not last more than four—possibly not more than two nights. Then comes the recess;

* *I.e.*, in the House of Commons.

then a by-discussion in the Lords on April 9, brought on by Lords Clanricarde and Grey; and then the Commons go into committee on the Bill.

"The by-conversation in the Lords will, it is hoped, tell on the Commons.

"I fear it may tell both ways. However, wise men here think it very desirable, and we are in for it. Of course we have not a hint from the Irish bishops what they mean to do, or wish us to do, on the 9th. I have been pressed a good deal to speak; but am doubtful whether, for the sake of the Irish Church, this first move had not better be played exclusively by Whig lay peers. If I speak, I mean to take the opportunity of disconnecting myself from Gladstone, and going in against the partiality and illiberality of the measure, damaging it as much as I can on these grounds, and securing objections on principle for Second Reading.

"Meanwhile, I want you to send me a paper of *objections*—your brother Ronald's letter would probably do—and also your advice whether I should speak or hold my tongue.

"I gave tongue for the first time, as you saw, the other night. Quite 'promiscuously' and unexpectedly.

"I came in in the middle of the Duke of Somerset's bumptious and insolent speech, and really could not stand it; the less so as St. David's, who was the only other bishop there, was, I thought, too timid and apologetic, and sided too much with the Duke.

"I can hardly tell you how nervous and frightened I felt for the first five minutes. I got on better afterwards, and when I was done Lord Cairns came over, and said some very civil things, as did other peers since. But it is an *awful ordeal*, that same House of Peers.

"I think I succeeded in catching tolerably the tone of the House; and I certainly have contrived to hear the sound of my own voice there before the Irish Church debate, and that was what I greatly desired to do.

"The Duke is going to give me another chance on Thursday evening next.

"I see he has given notice of a question about missionaries and gun-boats in Formosa; and, I have no doubt, means to pay me off for the other night. I am not much afraid of him now that I am, as we say in Ireland, 'at myself' in the House.

"And I shall have the advantage of speaking *after* him.

"I wish that the Lay and Clerical Association would draw up

and circulate during Easter Recess a searching analysis of Gladstone's Bill. It would tell immensely, if well done.—Ever yours affectionately, "W. C. PETERBOROUGH."

From the Rev. REGINALD SMITH.

RECTORY, STAFFORD, DORCHESTER,
March 18, 1869.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—I read with the greatest satisfaction your Christian and manly defence of missionaries in the House of Lords. It was by a special providence that Lord Shaftesbury and yourself were present and able to give such a complete and efficient answer to the sneering attacks of the Duke of Somerset. Your question to Lord C. was most happy. I mean as to the sort of trade in whose wake Christ's servants are to follow. I know a good deal about the individual missionary who has been the object of attack by the Chinese. He is a Plymouth Brother, and singularly void of Christian discretion.

What a shameful thing it is in the despoilers of the Irish Church to draw an arbitrary line at 1660, when even the conscience of a Roman Catholic Bishop (Moriarty) compelled the admission that the Protestant Church was entitled to all it had acquired since the Reformation.—Yours ever very truly, REGINALD SMITH.

On March 23, 1869, the second reading of the Irish Church Bill was carried in the House of Commons by an overwhelming majority of 118 in a House of 618 members, but it did not pass through Committee and get a third reading in time to go up to the House of Lords before the middle of June. This must be borne in mind in reading the following letters.

To Dr. NEWELL.

"THE PALACE, PETERBOROUGH,
"*March* 30, 1869.

"Thanks for your letter and its news. The latter is not encouraging. What news can be just now? I cannot say with what grief I contemplate the fulfilment of my own prophecies of three years ago; nor with what indignation I regard the mean cruelty and injustice of Gladstone's measure, quite apart from the general impolicy and mischief of it. I fear that much will not be done to amend it in the Commons. They are determined there, *on both sides*, to bring it through and have done with it.

"The Lords will not throw it out—in fact *cannot*; but they will, I trust, carry large amendments in it.

"I do not believe that there is a word of truth in the *canard* which has been circulated about the English bishops.

"There has been no concerted action agreed on amongst us; nor have I heard from any one English bishop the slightest hint even as to how he means to vote.

"I can answer for one English bishop only, and that is for myself, that I will speak and vote, for one thing and one only—the good of the Irish Church—irrespective of all party considerations or obligations whatever. I *know* that I am accused in Ireland of 'deserting the Irish Church.' Time will tell whether I have done so or no. Meanwhile I will not condescend to defend myself from such a wretched slander. I can even forgive those who make it, for they are naturally hair-sore and suspicious, and disposed to quarrel with their friends as well as their enemies. I am content to bide my time, and let my acts speak for me.

"As to effort and sacrifice after this unhappy measure shall have become law, I do not think you will find us wanting on this side of the water. I saw the account of Derry's speech; good for Ireland, not equally good for this country."

To Mrs. Magee.

"'Bell Inn,' Leicester,
"*March* 31, 1869.

"I have ten minutes to spare—between dinner and an evening meeting—just to tell you that spite of work, and thanks to chlorodyne, I am much better and holding out fairly well.

"I had a return of a bad cold yesterday morning—preached with two pocket handkerchiefs to a great congregation at St. Mary's, ate a 'cold collation' at 3 o'clock, saw clergy on business until 5 o'clock, went to a 'parochial tea' at 6 o'clock; sat out no end of tea, glees, and speeches, until 9.30; finished off with a speech until 10 o'clock, came here very bad with cold, took chlorodyne, and went to bed very miserable; woke next morning quite well. Went over the Infirmary, sat out a three hours' public meeting, attended a two hours' Church Extension committee meeting, talked with clergy till 5 o'clock, had my dinner, and am off now to an evening meeting. Such is the easy, luxurious life we bloated prelates lead.

Ye gentlemen in curacies who sit at home at ease,
How little do ye think upon the labours of our sees."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"*April* 12, 1869.

"The amendments of the Conservative party are on the whole well drawn.

"Ball has been really useful there. I had a long talk with him over the curates' compensation, and suggested your proposal of leaving rectors and curates' relations intact, and compensating curates for *loss of preferment* by lump sums or annuities."

"11 Onslow Crescent,

"*April* 17, 1869.

"Dizzy's first amendment* was, I am thankful to say, rejected last night. Ball spoke for it, and affected at first to speak the mind of Irish Churchmen. The utter absurdity of insisting in the same breath that the Irish Church wished to retain the supremacy of the State, and yet that if it were allowed its choice (as this Bill proposes to give it) it would immediately break off from the English Church and State, was too much even for the House of Commons. Sullivan compelled Ball to disclaim speaking on behalf of Irish Churchmen; and Gladstone and R. Palmer both insisted on the fact that Irish Churchmen had at least the right to a choice in the matter.

"As Lord Cairns is certain to move this amendment in the Lords, I shall have to oppose it and him there. Oppose it I certainly will —if I stand alone. But I do hope that those Irish Churchmen who are opposed to it will protest against it in some way or other.

"I had a short talk with Childers the other evening about the Bill. He was quite amazed when I told him that one of the things I was most indignant against in the Bill was the date of 1660 for private endowments, and told me that a much later date had been contended for. What date? Not 1668—only twenty-eight years later surely; and if not that, what between it and the Union?

"He was pleased to say that some of Gladstone's emendations are due to you and me. Easy for you who are not in Parliament; awkward for me who have to fight the whole Bill tooth and nail."

"*April* 30, 1869.

"I share your anxiety as to mere party amendments being moved in the Lords. Some of those moved in the Commons I could not vote for, and must vote against. The question of opposition to

* Mr. Disraeli moved the rejection of clause 2, which dissolved the union between the Churches of England and Ireland.

the second reading in the Lords is the uppermost one just now. It is to be discussed by the bishops at Lambeth on Thursday next. S. Oxon is urgent for allowing the second reading. I am strongly opposed to his view. I think the English bishops will commit a fatal mistake if they vote for, or abstain from voting against, the principle of the Bill. They will alienate large numbers of English laity, bitterly disappoint the majority of the clergy, and fatally exasperate all the Irish Protestant members.

"Still, the question is a difficult one."

"The Palace, Peterborough,
"*May* 26, 1869.

"When I wrote to you last I was in the midst of a sea of work and fuss, small and great. I had the Trenches to entertain, the county to ask to meet them, and my cook drunk.

"I had Mackonochie preaching at Leicester, and half the town wanting me to inhibit him, and the other half asking his blessing.

"I had to arrange with a cantankerous man about the opening of a new church.

"I had four speeches and sundry luncheons awaiting me, and my wife was ill. I am now through most of these troubles, specially the last, and am free to send you a longer line than my last.

"*Imprimis.* You must come over for June 20 or thereabouts—*i.e.*, not later. I cannot get through the Committee fight without you.

"When it is over I have a vision of three days' floating down the Thames in a boat from Oxford to Richmond, which you and my wife and I would enjoy, I think, very dreamily, and then run down here. All this, however, we can arrange hereafter. Just now the great fight has to come off, and we have to 'quit us like men.'

"No one yet knows what the Peers will do. I hope that they will pass the second reading, for the sake of the Irish Church. But I must vote against it, and so must and will the majority of the English bishops. Our meeting at Lambeth ended in nothing—that is to say nothing worthy was resolved on.

"But the course each bishop will take is pretty clear. A. C. Cantuar and W. Ebor will speak, but *not* vote against the Bill. S. Oxon will not vote for it, that is the utmost length he will go for us. S. David's might even vote for it, and Chester too. Ripon, Norwich, Lichfield, Gloucester, Rochester, Llandaff, and Peterborough, will vote against it at every stage. A. Cantuar and Ebor

were calm and moderate, your Primate pompous and no surrrender, Dublin involved and hesitating, but strongly uncompromising.

"I stated my views as above, and added that the key of the position seemed to me to lie with the Irish Church. I could not, and the English bishops ought not, I thought, to separate themselves from the Irish prelates. If the latter on behalf of the Irish Church advised submission, I would submit; but if not would fight with them. —— and —— declared that they wished the second reading, but dreaded alienating their Irish laity. S. Oxon went boldly in for second reading. W. Ebor snubbed us for being 'ungenerous' to Irish bishops. I defended myself. Ripon and Lichfield and Rochester manfully said the Bill is morally wrong, we will vote against it. Llandaff prosed about 're-action.' A. C. Cantuar summed up for cautious counsels; and so it ended.

"I myself believe that the second reading will be carried by a small majority. A division there certainly will be.

"As to R. Palmer's amendment I am against it, and against the clause as it stands. The latter gives the clergy too little right of reclamation; the former too much. I think Gladstone's proposed middle terms the best—namely, the right of recusants to retire on compensation; but I should add a limit of time and a maximum of compensation.

"I will write again ere long. I am so glad you are in the Conference Committee."

June 7, 1869.

"The Irish deputation have been and done it! The Lords will throw out the Bill. Cairns and Derby evidently see that to pass it would estrange all their Irish and many of their English supporters. I was present at the meeting of peers on Saturday. It was, as you may suppose, a profoundly, even painfully, interesting scene. Cairns spoke first, put the case for rejection very ably and a little too dexterously. Salisbury replied with striking ability and even pathos on the other side. Then the discussion became general, and, with the (alas!) inevitable exception of a couple of blatant Irish peers, it was temperate, able, and dignified. Very high-minded indeed was the tone of the whole meeting. I said nothing, though all but called for by Lord Stanhope, who took the opposition view of the case. I could not say all I felt about the conduct of Irish Churchmen, with Trench beside me. It would have been cowardly and ungenerous; and, after all, I could only say that I would vote against this Bill, but hoped, nevertheless,

that it would pass! So I refrained from good, or evil, words; as did also all the other bishops present.

"The two considerations that evidently weighed most with the Peers was, first, that as they must fight on the land question, in which they have a deep personal interest, they could not and ought not to begin by yielding on the Church question, in which they have less personal interest; lest it should be said that they sacrificed their convictions when it cost them little to do so, and maintained them only when sacrifice would cost them much.

"The second was the evident determination of Gladstone to allow no amendments. If so, they might as well throw it out at once. This, I confess, weighs very much with myself. It may, after all, be best that the Lords should weld their friends together by once resisting this Bill, and afterwards passing it without amendments, if they are not now to be allowed to amend it.

"God knows, it is a terribly difficult question; but, for good or for evil, it is decided now, and decided mainly by the pressure of the Irish deputation.

"I expect to speak late on the second night or early on the third of the debate. Lord Cairns has been very kind in trying to get me fairly placed. God help me! I would give all I possess to escape speaking. I feel as if I must break down. The responsibility, the novelty of the audience, the certainty that what I say will please no one, the necessary limits of time, the previous exhaustion of the subject, 'all these things are against me!'

"It makes me *ill* already to think of it, and of all the far greater interests at issue.

"God give us all grace and courage."

To the Rev. Aubrey Townsend.

". . . . I have no doubt as to my own vote and speech. I never had. I must vote and speak against this *detestable* Bill. Even if I did not think it morally iniquitous, I *could* not turn my back on my dear Irish brethren in the hour of their trial.

"But I doubt the wisdom of the course adopted by them and their friends.

"The Bill should be read and amended. It will be rejected, *passed* at last, and not amended.

"However, thank God, my course is clear to my own conscience. I leave the result to Him.

"My position in this question among my episcopal brethren has been a peculiar and trying one. You will see strange things in the episcopal votes next week.

"I enclose you an order (*quantum valeat*) for the gallery of the House of Lords on Tuesday next, when I expect to speak."

To J. C. MACDONNELL.

"*June* 16, 1869.

"Before this reaches you, you will have seen the report of my speech* last night in the Lords.

"It is given with tolerable accuracy in the *Times*, as far as what is reported goes; large portions are omitted. It was very far from satisfying myself. But the Peers received it and me very kindly, and I had some special congratulations and thanks from Lord Cairns and others of their Lordships. It was *by far* the most trying occasion in my life, and I was as near breaking down once or twice as well could be.

"It is over now, however, and I feel 'muckle the better.'

"The issue of the division is still doubtful; a small majority it will be, either way; but no one knows which, as yet. I incline to prophesy its rejection by a small majority—an unfortunate result. But nothing really fortunate can now happen in the matter.

"The Archbishop of Dublin made a melancholy and almost inaudible 'keen' for the Irish Church. No one listened to him. Grey was able and crotchety; St. David's able and nasty; A. Cantuar able and weighty, but, I think, too sanguine of amendments.

"Lord Derby leads off on Thursday. Salmon breakfasted with me this morning *en route* for France, and coached me in the Bill. I expect we shall want you soon."

"11 ONSLOW CRESCENT,

"*June* 16, 1869.

"I have had a long talk with W. Ebor, since I wrote to you this morning, on the subject of amendments to the Bill. He thinks it likely to pass the second reading, and is full of fight on the amendments. He is the most lawyer-like and practically able of the English bishops, and his help will be invaluable. He wishes the immediate formation of a Peers' Committee—mainly of the English bishops—sitting, *en permanence*, to arrange amendments,

* "Speeches and Addresses," p. 1.

these *not* to be moved by Cairns, and not, if possible, to be identical with those moved and rejected in the Commons.

"He wants coaching, so do I; so hold yourself in readiness to come over on Monday next.

"I will telegraph the division to you on Saturday morning if the Bill passes.

"I am so dead beat after last night that I can write no more now. I find myself a much greater success than I had supposed. I am ashamed to quote, even to you, sundry things Lord Derby and others say to me.

"The *Pall Mall Gazette* of this evening is quite respectful. No more now.—From yours affectionately but half dead,

"W. C. Peterborough.

On Friday, June 18, 1869, the House of Lords divided, and the second reading of the Irish Church Bill was carried by a majority of thirty-three in a full House, 325 peers having recorded their votes. The Bishop of Peterborough summoned me to London to assist him and others in their endeavours, by amending the Bill in Committee, to save some of the endowments, and secure the autonomy of the disestablished Church.

But before entering upon that part of the history of the Irish Church Act, I wish to record a few things connected with Bishop Magee's speech, on the evening of June 15, against the second reading of the Bill. He felt a great responsibility in addressing the House upon this question. He knew that both friends and opponents would watch his words. He felt he must, from conscientious conviction, while attacking the principle of the Bill, offend many of his friends by throwing overboard some of their favourite arguments—*e.g.*, those based on the Coronation Oath and the Act of Union. He had spoken but once in the House before, and he felt the extreme difficulty of his position. Though very courageous, he was far from sanguine. The day before he was to speak, Archbishop Trench met him wandering about near the bishops' robing room in a state of extreme nervousness, and he opened his heart to him, expressing his fear of the ordeal he had to go through, and the certainty of his disappointing the expectations of his friends. The Archbishop quietly and lovingly laid his hand upon his shoulder and said, "Never fear; you will do very well."

The Bishop was like a locomotive engine whose boiler is over-

heated and over-strained, but which, when its power is expended in moving a train, draws it smoothly and swiftly along. So when he got upon his feet to address the House, all this nervous energy was expended in the exertion, mental and bodily, required for his speech. He was nearly upset by the unfair thoughtlessness of so old a "Parliamentary hand" as Lord Russell, who sat near on the cross benches and kept up a running commentary which was quite audible. He could hear, for instance, the words, "He has put his foot in it now," and, a little after, the words, "I declare he has got his foot out of it again." Never did the House present a more brilliant appearance. The Peeresses' gallery was crowded, and not a corner of the House was unoccupied. The House of Commons had been just counted out, and many of its members were present. The Bishop's triumph as an orator was complete. He enchained them by that combination of reasoning and eloquence which was so peculiar to himself. After speaking for nearly two hours, he sat down amid applause such as is seldom heard in that cold and critical assembly. Lord Derby two nights after is reported by the *Times* to have said:

> Even now there are ringing in my ears, as I doubt not in those of your lordships, the words of a right reverend Prelate who on Tuesday night kept your lordships entranced in rapt attention to a speech, containing within itself the most cogent and most conclusive arguments upon the merits of the question, while its fervid eloquence, its impassioned and brilliant language, have never in my memory been surpassed, and rarely equalled, during my long Parliamentary experience.

Lord Ellenborough told Lord Chelmsford that he considered Bishop Magee's speech "superior, not in degree but in kind, to *anything* he had *ever* heard in either House, with the sole exception of Grattan and Plunkett."

Most of the newspapers throughout England rang the next day with praises of Bishop Magee's speech, and many even who were eager for disestablishment bore testimony to the ability and eloquence of their opponent. Neither the sermons nor the speeches of a great orator can ever be really reproduced. Even if the words are there, much is lost which imagination cannot supply. The life and fire have forsaken the words which no longer flow from the living orator's lips, and which relate to the feelings and struggles of a bygone generation. Still, few great orators have left behind

them speeches or sermons which give, even to a reader, so much evidence of merit as Bishop Magee's.

After the Irish Church Bill had passed the second reading in the House of Lords, on June 16, Bishop Magee summoned me over to London. I give a short account of what passed between June 18 and July 15, when the amendments carried in the Lords were brought up for consideration in the House of Commons.

The majority for the Bill in the House of Lords consisted for the most part of peers who, like the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, thought themselves bound to give the Bill a second reading, but looked forward hopefully to carrying amendments that would greatly mitigate the severity of the Bill, and save a substantial remnant of her endowments to the disestablished Church.

Most of these amendments were opposed by Lord Granville on the part of the Ministry, but many of them were carried notwithstanding by large majorities.

Bishop Magee took throughout an active part in these discussions, and had a good deal to do with shaping and carrying many of the amendments. Archbishop Tait proved himself an invaluable friend to the Irish Church, which he had been accused of forsaking on account of his support of the second reading of the Bill.

The Bill was read a third time in the House of Lords, on July 12, and some strange amendments were made at the last stage. I had returned to Ireland before this, and received the following letters:

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"11 Onslow Crescent,
"*July* 12, 1869.

"I have just returned from the strangest of all our nights in the Lords. We have voted the Irish bishops out of our House, and we have voted the priests and Presbyterians into glebes and glebe-houses.

"The former vote was snatched by the Government owing to the sheer neglect and over-confidence of the Conservative whip.

"Cairns forbade Trench and Alexander early in the evening from rising to resign their seats, and then failed to make a majority to keep them in. This has put the poor Irish bishops in the falsest of positions. They have been kicked out without either a fair fight for their seats or a graceful surrender of them.

"Archbishop Trench took it deeply to heart. I never saw him so moved by anything. He has certainly been ill-used, but he ought not to have yielded so much to Cairns.

"The division on Stanhope's motion* was a more curious one even than that on Cleveland's.

"Poor Lord Denbigh made his fourth recantation, and ended by voting for the amendment. We carried it by seven only; no one knowing until the tellers gave in the lists how it would go. Cairns is savage, and blew me up rather in private.

"However, I am in good company, and must bide my share of the pelting we shall all get. Cairns thinks that now we shall lose *all*; the Commons rejecting both Concurrent Endowment and our other amendments together. It is an awful mess altogether.

"The debate was on the whole respectable, but languid, and at times dull. The only excitements were the two divisions.

"The House cheered, or rather the Government side cheered, the expulsion of the Irish bishops very loudly. This seemed to me the only instance of downright bad taste I had seen on the part of their lordships during the whole of these debates.

"I go down to Peterborough to-morrow, where address all you have to say."

"PETERBOROUGH, *July* 16, 1869.

"I doubt greatly my getting away in the end of this month, unless W. G. at once flings the Bill up. If not, there will be a feverish ten days of conferences, *canards*, and calculations in which I can be of no use whatever, but from which I must not appear to be running away. However, a day or two now will tell all.

"I hear no news from London. The news will be out in all the papers ere you get this. I suspect W. G. will go in for the Nonconformist and Revolutionary support. It is his true policy, however fatal to the country. "W. C. P."

On July 15, before this last letter had been written, Mr. Gladstone brought the Lords' amendments before the House of Commons; and though he accepted a few minor amendments, he practically restored the Bill in all its main features to what it was when it went up to the House of Lords. The last amendment in the Bill, endowing Roman Catholic priests and Presbyterian clergymen with glebe-houses, which had been carried in the Lords

* On clause 28, providing residences for Roman Catholic parish priests and Presbyterian ministers.

only by a majority of seven, was summarily struck out as introducing the principle of concurrent endowment; a principle which Bishop Magee was always partial to, but which the great majority in both Houses rejected.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"The Athenæum,
"*July* 21, 1869.

"The Irish Church was last night—as I predicted from the first it would be—sacrificed to the Conservative party. You would not see this from the division list or the debate. But it is, alas, too true. The story of the last week is briefly this. After the debate in the Commons, negotiations were entered into vigorously by A. C. Cantuar, Dean of Windsor, Gladstone and Granville. The Government was prepared to concede *largely* on many questions. Ten or twelve per cent. on the commutation, and something to curates. On the other hand, the Ulster glebes and my small amendments were thrown over by Cairns. The question really in debate narrowed itself to a million. I saw a letter from Lord Granville to A. C. Cantuar, reducing this to half a million; and asking could not the Irish prelates be induced to rise and say that for so small a thing as this they would not protract the controversy.

"A. C. Cantuar took me aside to ask about this. I told him that I feared that Trench was not equal to the crisis, was afraid of the laity in Ireland, and bound to Cairns. He suggested my rising to propose this compromise. I told him I was quite willing to sacrifice myself; but that unless Cairns and Trench assented, I was simply nowhere. It fell through accordingly.

"The debate went on, waxing hotter and fiercer as it progressed. Argyll embittering it, and Salisbury stinging and goading the Ministry and Gladstone (who was present) to madness by his taunts, Hatherley even losing his temper and being fierce and indignant, the Lords generally emulating the Commons in violence and disorder, Winchilsea importing the element of simple insanity, which alone was wanting to the scene; and so amidst storm and fog, murky and stupefying and dirty, exit the Irish Church Bill.

"It is clear that the Bill is now thrown out, to reappear in a harsher form, and *be carried*, in November. Never was a great cause so muddled, never a great opportunity so thrown away. If the Lords could have kept their temper, if Trench could have risen to the occasion, all might have been well. Cairns' clever

party move of uniting endowment and anti-endowment peers in one vote would have been defeated, and the material interests of the Irish Church saved.

"As it is, these are irretrievably lost, the Government thrown utterly into the hands of the Revolutionists, the country set on fire, the English Church and the Lords imperilled—and *all* 'to keep together our *great* party,' as little —— told us last night.

"You may suppose how little the lay lords knew their own minds, or cared to hear ours, on the real interests of the Irish Church, when I tell you that two hours before the debate they recanted their decision to fight for the Ulster glebes. Alas, alas! How small and mean are the politics of great men, or, rather, of big little men.

"I have just had a long talk with the Dean of Windsor*—the ablest and most upright man I know amongst English politicians. He takes just the view that I do of affairs. He is to see Cantuar and Gladstone to-day, and try and still accommodate matters.

"But, unless Gladstone's face belied him last night, he feels too deeply the insults he received, and sees too clearly the immense advantage we have given him, to concede anything *now*.

"The last book of the Sybil has been offered, refused, and burned. The English Revolution has been hastened by some twenty years, and all to gratify the personal feelings of some half-dozen men and to satisfy *party honour*.

"Dean Wellesley has been urging me much to take a line of my own on this Church question. But I told him—and he admitted—this would be in bad taste for me in my peculiar relations to the Irish Church; and my very recent entrance into the Lords. I can only groan and tear my hair in private. God help us all! We are in deep waters and no pilot on board. "W. C. P."

But the Bishop in his excitement and anxiety underrated the chances of peace between the two Houses. In the conferences that followed, Lord Cairns managed to make a compromise, that under the circumstances proved as advantageous to the Irish Church as any arrangement that it was at that stage possible to make. The Bill had given into the hands of the Church the *capital value of the life interests* on the condition that they were to pay the life annuities of the clergy and others entitled to compensation. Many feared that the amount of capital allowed was not sufficient for the

* Wellesley.

purpose, and that the clergy would be afraid to trust themselves to the Church representative body as their paymaster, lest the fund should fail. It was agreed upon between the Government and the Conservative leader in the House of Lords that an addition of twelve per cent. should be made to the capital value of the life incomes. This, with some other concessions, not in money but in the powers of the Church to work the system of commutation, was accepted as a final arrangement; and the Bill was agreed to by the House of Commons on July 23, and received the royal assent on July 26, 1869.

The following is the last of the Bishop's letters upon this subject.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *July* 28, 1869.

"I agree with you as to Cairns' *coup d'état*, for it was nothing less. It took his own party completely by surprise, and will either cost him his leadership, or secure him in it absolutely.

"The Lords have wanted discipline all through this contest. Had they had it they would have done more for the Irish Church, and for themselves too. Still, all things considered, Cairns got the best terms then possible.

"I spent a strange day that Thursday between Cantuar, Dublin, and Derry. Anything more moody and dreamy than Trench I never witnessed. *Non possumus* was all they would say.

"Then to the last with his moody uncertainty, Trench divided the House on the question of glebe-houses (17 to 45) after Cairns had given it up, and was out of the House when the question of the curates was passing and when he might have been of use.

"The Vicar-General's fees went with the rest. I did not think it wise or dignified on behalf of the Irish clergy to try and fight this small point at the last; but it was *very shabby* to take it back after giving it.

"Altogether you might perhaps have been better off; you might much more probably have been worse off. Time will show this. Now you need all your wisdom and energy. It is all like a dream now it is over, and yet what a prophetic dream, full of visions of the night, and evil ones all. I cannot write more. I am off to a special service. "W. C. P."

When the Irish Church Bill had become law, the centre of

anxiety and work for the Irish Church was transferred from London to Dublin. The House of Commons had refused the Lords' amendment postponing the time for the operation of the Act from 1st of January to 1st of May 1871. No time was to be lost, and the remainder of 1869 and the whole of 1870 were devoted to reconstruction.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *September* 23, 1869.

"Your most interesting letter just received reminds me that I am your debtor for another; and my only excuse for not having answered that is that I have not had an hour to myself since I received it. My ordination week—just over—is being followed by a series of church openings and confirmations all over the diocese, which will last unbroken nearly to the middle of November next. Truly an English bishop in these days does not eat the bread of idleness.

"A visit to Ireland now is out of the question. I am even compelled to give up the Liverpool Congress, and have written to say so. On the whole, save for the pleasure of hearing and seeing you there, I do not regret this. Congresses are getting played out. They are becoming unreal, complimentary, and petty; and the need of something more practical is pressing on men's minds more and more.

"I think your speech at the late Synod and the line you took was decidedly wise and brave; not that I think the exclusion of the *ex officio* element from all future Synods desirable, but I do think it, in the present temper both of clergy and laity in Ireland, inevitable for the first Convention. Therefore your proposing it was a piece of good tact and generalship worthy of all praise. I wish Lee would hold his tongue. But that is past praying for. He will make all really Conservative and Church measures and principles odious by his advocacy of them.

"I have read, as you may suppose, with intense interest the reports of your doings, and with the light of your commentary I now understand them. You get, all of you, general credit here for promptitude, calmness, and good sense. Of course there will be more or less of wild talk, but I begin to hope for sober action in spite of the preposterous election of Foley and Foot for Cashel.

"Your three rocks are coming over the surface already.

"(1) Liturgical revision,

"(2) Lay tyranny, and

"(3) Schism between north and south.

"Still I think you will weather them; but the second is your greatest danger.

"From your bishops you know how little I expect.

"Your pamphlet* I have carefully read. It is not new to me in substance, for you and I have talked over most of its topics. But I am very glad you published it just now. Cooke Trench's pamphlet was too much from the layman's standpoint, and yours redressed the balance very judiciously.

"*Until the clergy have commuted* they hold the key of the position; after that it passes into the hands of the laity. That seems to me the gist of the whole matter as far as regards not merely your pecuniary interests, but the doctrinal and ecclesiastical questions on which, until you have commuted, you have practically a veto.

"Jellett, who has just left me, speaks far more hopefully than I expected *him* to speak. He has had a paper war with Bence-Jones who is an overbearing lay tyrant, and may give you trouble hereafter.

"We had a very interesting Continental tour. But were fairly driven over the Alps by continued rain from Ostend to Ragatz. Happily we had two fine days for the Via Mala and the Splügen. The view from the latter down on Italy is unrivalled in my experience, and haunts my dreams often since. We 'did' the three lakes, but did not stay at Bellaggio. Forty-three Americans and English landing there in a body were too much for my nerves, and I went on to the Villa d'Este lower down. Stresa, on the Lago Maggiore, was my Bellaggio. It is exquisitely lovely, just opposite the Borromean Isles, round which we rowed in the moonlight. Of course you know it. But did you ascend the Monte Monterone behind it? The view from that is something to remember all your life after. We came home *viâ* Turin and the Mont Cenis—doing the latter by Fell's wonderful railway—climbing up and whizzing down its sharp slopes and precipice edges in a very wonderful manner. Chamouni and Mont Blanc we had to omit; neither time nor money holding out. Two days at our old quarters at Vevey finished our tour, and then home by Dijon and the inevitable Paris. Saving for the rain, and for my bilious and gouty inside, we had a very pleasant tour, of which I have inflicted too much on you.

* "Shall we Commute?"

"Now I must say good-night, as my letters have kept me till midnight."

To Mrs. Magee.

"Belgrave, Leicester,
"*Tuesday, October* 19, 1869.

"Your welcome letter reached me this morning just before starting to Birstall to preach, and helped me to do my work by the pleasure it gave me.

"It is such a relief to me during my compulsory absence to hear such continuous good news of you. I am doing very well indeed and keeping up for my work wonderfully. This has been my hardest and most anxious day, and it has been a complete success.

"Yesterday I preached at Wigston at the opening of new schools, text Matt. xxii. 10, a new sermon made in the rector's study fifteen minutes before service.

To-day I preached at the re-opening of Birstall Church (Matt. xi. 2, 3) also new, and made half an hour before service, and they tell me very much better than any I have yet preached.

"Then followed the inevitable lunch, health of Bishop, and speech. To-night at 8 o'clock we had our great working men's meeting in Leicester, 2500 people present, of whom, at least 1500 were *bonâ-fide* working men of all denominations. It was a very ticklish experiment, and I find that many of our Church friends went there in fear and trembling.

"It was a *complete* success. Thank God for it! They listened to me for an hour and a half most attentively and intelligently and cheered me loudly through it and at the end of it.

"I will take care you have the newspaper reports of it.

"The rest of my work is child's play; I shall think nothing of it."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *November* 22, 1869.

"My diocesan tour ended about a fortnight since, though I have weekly 'sporadic' cases of work here and there, and shall have, I expect, for the next six months to come.

"I hardly know when or how I shall ever get this diocese into working order, especially as I have no lieutenants—both my Archdeacons being old men. All details of all work whatever are referred to me, from diocesan conferences to placards for public meetings. Bishops' lives in this country will not, I am convinced, average as

long as landlords' in yours, which is a pity, as we are respectively the last of a race: neither bishop nor landlord being able to resist the process of republican natural selection to which they are now being subjected. I sometimes doubt whether revolution will not go further and faster here than with you. The spoils which tempt the Revolutionists here are richer than yours were; and the resisting force of a compact religious system like Romanism—essentially anti-revolutionary when left to itself—is wanting here. Ours will be an atheistic, yours a priestly revolution. At last education, spite of the priests, and American republicanism, will overthrow Romanism in Ireland; and then we shall all find ourselves in chaos together.

"We are going there *very* fast in England.

"The Lords will go with the Church, if not before; while very serious signs are showing themselves of strife between the smaller ratepayers and the poor—*i.e.*, between the *bourgeoisie* and the English 'Reds' of the future.

"The good Archbishop of Canterbury's serious illness at this juncture is a terrible blow to the Church. His strong, calm, sagacious will will be sorely missed in the passionate excitement of the coming trouble, and I fear that even if his life be spared, which God grant, he will never be able again to take a very active or leading part in public affairs. Who or what a Gladstonian Archbishop of Canterbury would be, if he resigned or died, God only knows. All this is very doleful, but I know no one who is anything but doleful just now. As to your Irish Church affairs, they are going, so far, better than I expected. Your first serious struggle seems just now likely to be on the bishops' resolution as to their separate voting.

"If they yield, you are at the mercy of a fanatical and ignorant laity. If they are firm, you will have escaped almost your most serious danger of disruption.

"I was greatly amused at the way in which John Cork laid down the law as to episcopal rights to his faithful laity the other day. For real high priestliness commend me always to an evangelical *in power*.

"I have a three months' confirmation tour before me in spring. Parliament I mean to eschew. I am sick of sitting on red benches and playing at statesman."

"PETERBOROUGH, *Christmas Day*, 1869.

"Your kind letter ought to have crossed on its way here as kind a one from me.

"But this last week has been a troublesome, as well as a busy one, to us English bishops, who have been conferring, corresponding, protesting, and counter-protesting, about this miserable business of Temple's consecration. I have been amongst the protesters though not for the reason they allege, which seems to me a weak one. They said we will not consecrate until Temple disclaims 'Essays and Reviews.' I said I cannot consecrate because he cannot and ought not to disclaim them before his consecration.

"I regard Temple's refusal to say aught but what the law requires, as quite right. But just for that reason I must refuse to consecrate a man accused of heresy, who is unable legally to clear himself. I will send you ere long my letter to the Bishop of London; not in print, for I do not mean to publish it.

"But I must not write controversy on Christmas day. I must only send you our heartiest wishes for all good and happiness to you and yours, and thanks for your affectionate remembrances of us. We are all well and thriving, including the young Arthur Peterborough.

"The ground is white with snow, as it ought to be, and a sharp frost is setting in. 'Seasonable' Christmas weather for those who have coals and meat and blankets; perhaps seasonable for those who want these, as its severity may prompt charity.

"W. C. P.

"P.S.—I have just offered H. Jellett a small living. I wish he would take it; yet I cannot in my conscience press him."

CHAPTER X

EDUCATION ACT; IRISH CHURCH CONVENTION

Though the scene of work and excitement as regards the Irish Church had been transferred from England to Ireland, the Bishop of Peterborough took a deep interest in all that was going on. To help those who may find it difficult to understand his remarks and criticisms, I here give a brief sketch of the history of the Irish Church during these two eventful years.

No representative assembly of any kind had been permitted in Ireland during the eighteenth century. The Convention Act, which made such assemblies penal, completely silenced the Church in Ireland. The Convocation had not been allowed to meet for more than a century, nor any Church Synod, diocesan or provincial. The Irish Church Act so far repealed the Convention Act that it left the Irish Church perfectly free to reconstruct itself; a far more difficult and tedious process than could have been generally anticipated. There was no foundation to build on. The State had usurped all power of action. The commencement of reorganisation was made in October 1869, by the Archbishops calling together their two provincial Synods as a Convocation.

All that it was entrusted to do was to frame a scheme for the representation of the clergy in any future representative assembly. The laity met separately under the presidency of the Primate, and settled the scheme for their own representation. The clerical and lay delegates and the bishops met together as separate bodies, and the foundation of the future system was laid in the resolution that they *should deliberate together*, and that nothing *should be passed* without the concurrence of the three bodies. But English readers of the debates and Acts of the Irish Synods do not always realise that each synod, whether a general or a diocesan synod, consists of three distinct elements, episcopal, clerical, and lay; and that any one of these can negative any proposal, even though approved of by

overwhelming majorities of the other two orders. These representatives, with the bishops, under the title of the "General Convention," occupied two long sessions in 1870 in drawing up the statutes and constitutions that were to govern the Irish Church after January 1, 1871, when the supreme legislative authority passed into the hands of a general synod, re-elected every three years. The Convention passed by a unanimous vote a statute forbidding any change to be made in the "Articles and Prayer-book" without majorities of two-thirds of *all orders*. This statute has saved the Church from any rash revision, and after years of discussion and the publication of a new Irish Prayer-book, few people, without very careful scrutiny, could find any difference between it and the old Prayer-book.

There was a large party in the Convention bent on changing the Prayer-book; and at their instigation a committee was appointed called "Master Brooke's Committee," but with a very limited commission, to revise certain points with a view to checking the progress of ritualism. It was proposed by the Duke of Abercorn, and was to report to the Synod of 1871. It did so, but its report and recommendations were set aside. Dr. Salmon, the Regius Professor of Divinity (now Provost of Trinity College), seeing that it was impossible to postpone the question of revision, thought it better to try to control it. He proposed a committee to revise the Prayer-book. This committee, which consisted of forty members, lay and clerical, with the bishops, sat for two years, 1872 and 1873. Its recommendations had to be laid before the general Synod, which rejected most of them. So the Irish Prayer-book emerged from its three years of trial much as before. I remember when Canon Liddon spoke of the Irish Prayer-book as altered and injured, and was asked to produce proof of this, he was only able to point to *three* important alterations, namely:

(1) The non-reading of the Athanasian Creed,

(2) The addition to the Catechism of a question and answer taken from the Articles, and

(3) The substitution of the Absolution in the Communion Service for that in the office for Visitation of the Sick.

The assemblies alluded to by the Bishop in the following letters were—

(1) The Provincial Synods or Convocation, October, 1869.

(2) An Organising Committee in January, 1870.

(3) The General Convention, Spring and Autumn, 1871.

(4) Master Brooke's Committee, 1870 and 1871.

(5) General Synod, 1871 to 1876. Annually afterwards.
(6) Revision Committee, 1872 and 1873.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *January* 15, 1870.

"You must, I know, be overworn with work just now, in your department of the Organisation Committee of the Irish Church.

"Our own troubles are thickening here. The Temple feud is only shaping itself, and will be a long and a mischievous one. Temple, as I foretold, will not disclaim 'Essays and Reviews.'

"The education question is, however, the one on which the Church has to fight her next great battle, and, I fear, to sustain her next great defeat. The great tide of the English Revolution is now distinctly setting in in favour of secular education—*i.e.*, the wresting from the Church of all the power she now possesses as the educator of seventy-five per cent. of the population. The advocates of the Birmingham scheme hardly care to conceal that this is their great object, and they will have, I fear, the aid of nearly all the Nonconformists, who hate the Church more than they love Christianity.

"We are in for a desperate struggle, and will, as I said, be beaten in the long run. From the exclusion of the Church from the School and University to her deposition from the office of recognised Teacher of Religion, is but a step and will be soon taken. I thought that we should survive you twenty years; I doubt now if we shall survive you ten.

"I fear, when our turn for reorganisation comes, we shall not hold together, even as well as you are doing. Your narrowness just now is your strength. You are homogeneous enough to make a good compact sect, now that you have ceased to be a national establishment. We shall split into three sects at least, our present comprehensiveness proving our weakness.

"We are just returned from a pleasant visit to old friends at Bath. I go to Nottingham to consecrate the new suffragan on February 2, and then plunge into confirmations. "W. C. P."

In the year 1870, less than two years after Dr. Magee's consecration, Mr. Forster's Education Act received the royal assent; thus the development of Church day schools was one of the first great works which, as Bishop of Peterborough, he had to guide and foster.

Speaking at a meeting of the National Education Union at Leicester on January 27 he said:

Now it is on this question of the introduction of the element of religion into national education that the two rival schemes of the (Birmingham) League and of the (Manchester) Union seem to me to be essentially and irreconcilably opposed. I believe the difference between them is this: that on the one system the State shall permit and encourage religious teaching in national schools, and on the other system, that the State shall absolutely and entirely exclude it from the schools. The one system permits, the other system forbids, religious instruction. I am aware that this assertion will be disputed, and, therefore I say I make it advisedly.

. . . . . .

The Manchester Union admits of the principle of a conscience clause, and for myself I may say that I do accept and always have maintained the principle of a conscience clause. Is it true, on the other hand, that the Birmingham League proposes to forbid religious education? It is not said so in so many words. The phrase used is "non-sectarian."

But I maintain that, in a country like ours, in which there are sects of all kinds of religious belief, and sects with none, sects Christian and anti-Christian, in a country in which the teaching of Christianity is sectarian to the Deist, and the teaching of Deism sectarian to the Atheist—in such a country non-sectarian teaching can mean nothing else, and in a rate-supported school must eventually come to nothing else, than non-religious teaching. But I will take the definition of the word "unsectarian" from the chairman of the Birmingham League. He says, "What we mean by this word unsectarian is that in all national rate schools it shall be prohibited to teach catechisms, creeds, or theological tenets peculiar to particular sects." He adds, "We have decided to adopt the principle of excluding from the curriculum of our primary schools all those religious subjects about which there are differences of opinion." I challenge the gentlemen of the League to name that one "religious subject" about which there is no difference of opinion. I ask them to say what is that "theological tenet" which is accepted by all sects, and therefore is "peculiar" to none. Until they do this they must admit that on their own principles no religious subject can be permitted to be taught in their schools. One of two things is certain: either the teaching in their schools will be sectarian if it contains any religion whatsoever, or it will be purely secular by excluding religion altogether.

How, *e.g.*, does Mr. Bright propose to introduce the religious element? He says, "What I think may be taught in every school to every child is this: love of truth and love of virtue, the love of God and fear of offending Him." But suppose Mr. Bright could succeed in putting distinctly upon paper what amount of religious doctrine, what

facts or reasons he would allow to be taught in support of these great principles, the fear and the love of God, what should we have then? We should have the duty of fearing and loving God—in itself, remember, a dogma—taught with so much of additional dogma as Mr. Bright thought sufficient; that is to say, you would have established a strictly sectarian system of education, sectarian both in its excess and its defect; sectarian as regards those who think that more dogma should be taught than Mr. Bright approves of, and as regards those who wish for less; unsectarian only as regards Mr. Bright and those who agree with him. So that when you have arranged your system on this small modicum of dogma, you have only established *a new sect, the sect of the non-sectarians.*

. . . . . .

And now let us consider the question as to the reading of the Bible in the new State schools. This we are told again and again is unsectarian, while it completely meets our objection to the irreligious character of the new schools. I maintain on the contrary, that the reading of the Bible without comment, as it must be read in those schools, is most decidedly sectarian teaching. For I ask, in the first place, What Bible is to be read in the schools? Is the Bible to be read from the Authorised or the Roman Catholic version? If from the former it is decidedly sectarian as regards the Roman Catholic, who will not accept that version; and if from the latter it is sectarian as regards the Protestant. Is it to be from the Old Testament and New Testament? Then it is sectarian as regards the Jew; and if from the Old Testament only, then it is sectarian as regards the Christian who demands the New Testament also. You cannot read the Bible in the school without teaching certain opinions about the Bible as held by different sects, according to the nature of the Bible you use.

. . . . . .

And now let us ask how this system would work in another way. I believe that we all feel that practically whatever you may put upon paper about schools, the result depends entirely upon the character of the teachers. What the teacher is, that the school will be. Now the teachers in the new system are to be appointed by a board of ratepayers, consisting of different and conflicting sects. What will be the practical result of this mode of appointment upon the religious character of the teachers? Is it not certain that, after perhaps a few fights as to the religious denomination of the teacher, the board will naturally agree to avoid this question of his religious opinions as an endless bone of contention, and content themselves with ascertaining at most his moral character?

. . . . . .

As to the ratepayers, the principle has been laid down lately that it

is unjust to ask any man to contribute to the teaching of another man's religion. I ask, *Is it just to ask any man to contribute to the teaching of another man's irreligion?* I ask is it only the irreligious conscience that is to be respected in this matter?

. . . . . .

Compulsory non-religious education, I contend, is just as great a violation of conscience, just as great an infraction of religious liberty, just as high-handed and tyrannous religious inequality as compulsory religious education would be. I protest as strongly against the one as I would against the other, and on the same ground of religious liberty.—"Speeches and Addresses," pp. 62–75.

The question of free or assisted education was one of the subjects for discussion at the Diocesan Conference held at Leicester in 1889. The Bishop said:

Another question they ought to be very clear about was what they meant by religious education, and what they meant by undenominational religious education. By religious education, he meant definite education in religion of some kind or other. Religious education in this country really meant denominational education. When they talked to him of undenominational religious teaching in a country where there were 230 denominations, he could not picture what it would be. It must either be a religious teaching common to all those denominations or accepted by none of them. It must be one or the other; and could they imagine any religious teaching that was taught by no sect in England? Or could they imagine any religious teaching equally common to all? He could not. During the passing of Mr. Forster's Bill it was proposed by a member of the House of Commons, who deserved to be immortalised, that a resolution should be added to the clause about religious education, stating it to be contrary to the provisions of the Act to give any religious instruction for or against the tenets of any religious body in the country. That proposal had the effect of ending the controversy, and the very mover said they had ceased to hunt after the phantom of undenominational education. They could never find a common denominator for all these religious fractions.

Had the Bishop lived to take part in the education controversies of 1896, he need scarcely have added anything to his words uttered in 1870.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *March* 8, 1870.

"It is very good of you in the midst of all your labours to keep me so fully supplied with information as to the inner life of the

Convention. I derive all my knowledge from the *Dublin Express* and yourself. Your news about Kilmore bishopric disgusts me greatly. The Primate never should have demeaned the Irish Church by asking Gladstone to give her a bishop. But the temptation to perpetrate his last job must have been irresistible. *Servabit odorem diu.* I fear, too, that Gladstone, having no interest in the appointment, will name the man the Primate specially favours.

"The curse of Erastianism seems to cleave to the poor Irish Church to the very last. I fear—perhaps I should not say I fear, but I think—that you will not be selected by Gladstone under the circumstances. Had he an unbiased choice you would very likely be his choice.

"The reports of your Convention debates are, as you say, very unfairly given in the English papers.

"But for your comfort, they are very little read or understood. The constitution when completed will, I now believe, do you all credit and command respect.

"The bitterness and the danger of your first great conflict of parties is, I think and trust, fairly past. And the moderate party has gained, and will, I hope, keep the ascendant. Your time, however, is fearfully wasted by twaddling and captious amendments. But each of these blows off somebody's little jet of steam, and you go all the more peaceably for it in the end.

"I fear that the lay Puritans will carry too rough and democratic a mode of election of bishops and of rectors. The scheme proposed by your organising committee was, on the other hand, I thought, too oligarchical and complex. I hope you may hit upon some compromise between these two extremes. I wish you may have gone on the church body; but as your decision is made ere this, I need not worry you with discussing its fitness or unfitness as the case may be. My candidates for ordination are fast coming in, and I shall have a busy week of it. The first day without a single chaplain! My chaplains are all a little too eminent and useful generally, so what I 'gain in power I lose in (their) time.'

"I am half through a most fatiguing confirmation tour, during part of which I have been suffering from gouty dyspepsia, which made me very unfit for what is certainly by far the hardest part of a bishop's work.

"I am, however, now much better, and hope by carefully eschewing all extra diocesan efforts to avoid giving Gladstone a vacant see to fill."

"PETERBOROUGH, *April* 9, 1870.

"My confirmation list to which you refer in your letters will have shown you why I did not write ere now to thank you for all the Convention news which you have been sending me.

"I have only just returned from it, thoroughly worn out body and mind.

"I had no idea what the labour of such a tour was until I found myself in the midst of it. Two confirmation addresses each day, one public lunch, and one dinner-party are, as you say, almost too much for flesh and blood. I have gained, however, by means of this tour, a knowledge of my diocese that I could not otherwise have gained in years. I have done the County Northampton so thoroughly, that I have been in no church further than four miles from some other where I have confirmed.

"I have found out some strange neglected *dust heaps* in corners, but on the whole I have had much to be thankful for.

"I have already confirmed 4500 candidates and shall have confirmed 1000 additional by May 7, when I conclude for the year.

"I read your letter in reply to Dan Foley, as well as his own letter in the *Express*. I liked yours greatly, especially for its mildness, when I should have been tempted to lay on the lash. The human race seems changed since Shakespeare's times. 'Fat men that sleep o' nights,' seem now to do all the mischief, *e.g.*, Webster and Dan Foley. Thin men, like myself and H. Jellett, are peaceful and harmless.

"On the whole your Convention has steered fairly through the icebergs that at one time threatened its destruction. But it has been touch and go more than once. The man who disappointed me most in it all through was ——. The man who surprised me most for some things he said and did was J. Jellett. But in the main the best men have come to the front and kept it, and you will have every cause to be proud of the first Irish Church assembly."

To Dr. NEWELL.

"AYSTON, RUTLAND,
"*April* 27, 1870.

"I am still in the midst of a Confirmation tour, which will not end until next week. The week after, I have to preach before the Queen; and nearly every day after that, for five weeks, I have to preach or speak somewhere or other, until June 18, when I hope to get away for my summer holidays.

"You may see from this at what a pace we 'bloated and indolent' English prelates are living. I doubt if any one of us will live as bishop ten years.

"I have only time to-night to acknowledge your two letters, and to thank you for the information they give me as to Irish Church affairs.

"On the whole, I think you have done better than I expected you would have done.

"The Irish bishops have saved Episcopacy by a great deal of tact, forbearance, and ability; and W. Derry has materially aided this happy result. John Cork nearly wrecked the ship! You are, however, over your worst troubles. We are only beginning ours. I believe we are nearer 'the beginning of the end' than many of my episcopal brethren do. But I am an Irish Cassandra amongst them."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *May* 31, 1870.

"Your letter, with its enclosures, makes me think even more gravely of the future of the Irish Church since this Maberly* explosion than I had hitherto done. At first I regarded it as one of those fires of straw of which you and I have seen so many in Ireland ere now; and trusted that long ere October next it would have burned itself out. As the agitation went on, however, it seemed clear that the Maberly affair was not its cause—only its occasion. I saw—as you do—that the Puritans were skilfully availing themselves of the opportunity so unwarily given them, to revenge their defeat in Convention, and regain their lost ground. I even fear they may succeed, at least so far as to cause a schism in the Irish Church, and to prevent subscriptions and a Sustentation Fund. What demon of *gaucherie* possessed the Archbishop at such a time to write such a letter? It was a theological Balaclava charge—'magnificent, but not war.'

. . . . . .

"The poor Archbishop seems sadly cast down—more moody and distraught than I have ever known him.

* A Dublin curate gave to one of his Confirmation candidates a devotional manual, written by a Mr. Portal, which contained some questions for self-examination. This was looked upon as an attempt to introduce the confessional, and the book was brought before the Synod. Archbishop Trench justified, or excused, the little book, and straightway a tempest of Protestant indignation raged over the whole Church of Ireland.

"I met him twice in the Athenæum and once at the Archbishop of York's episcopal dinner. He was not very communicative; he never is, as you know. But he evidently blamed himself for rashness.

"The Primate, who understands Irish affairs and Irish natures better than Trench, is very uneasy too, and I attach more importance to his judgment even than to Trench's in gauging the real state of 'Irish Church' feeling.

"John Jellett's conduct has greatly disappointed me. How long does he suppose a Broad Churchman will have standing room left him in the Irish Church when the High Churchmen are expelled? I have just returned here from a three days' visit to London, to dine with the bishops at the Archbishop of York's Queen's Birthday dinner, and to hear Liddon, at St. Paul's, preaching to the judges and mayor and corporation. The dinner was a good one, and so was the sermon; but the latter not equal to the preacher's reputation. St. Paul's, however, is a place where no one preaches, or can preach, his best.

"I had a little passage of arms with Lord Westbury the week before, in the Lords, on the Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Bill.

"I had no thought of speaking; but the fellow's measured and studied insolence forced me to my feet against my will. Fancy Westbury discussing a marriage law! A fox declaiming against hen-roosts! I had a pleasant visit at Windsor, made more than usually interesting by my meeting there with Lord and Lady Muncaster, fresh from Athens and the brigands.

"He seems utterly stunned and saddened for life by what he has gone through. She seems serious enough, but most plucky and high-spirited—a niece, by the way, of your Primate's, and with a good deal of the old Beresford courage and grace.

"We are on the eve of our summer vacation. Monday fortnight I move my whole camp, children and servants, to the neighbourhood of Dolgelly; the prettiest bit of river and mountain scenery in Wales, where I hope to forget all cares, worries and work, on river and mountain sides with my children.

"Remember how I long for Irish Church news. Drop me a line now and then to Woodside Cottage, Barmouth, Merionethshire.

"W. C. P."

Lord Westbury was a very formidable adversary to grapple with in debate; and Bishop Wilberforce was said to be the only peer

who ever put him down and was acknowledged victor by the House in a regular single combat between them. But it will be seen from Bishop Magee's speech*—completely impromptu, and elicited, as he says, by Lord Westbury's "measured and studied insolence"—that he was both ready and able to grapple with such an antagonist.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Woodside Cottage, Dolgelly,
"*July* 5, 1870.

"It seems a very long time since I heard from or of you, or since I wrote to you. And as I am at last free from diocesan works and worries, and away for my vacation, I have some 'tediousness to bestow' upon you in the shape of a letter or two.

"We are all established here—wife, bairns, and sundry servants—in a cottage half-way between Dolgelly and Barmouth, just over the Mawddach estuary, and exactly opposite Cader Idris. Charming scenery, good bathing, mountain walks, fishing, and a little boating.

"If it were not for the *amari aliquid* of the daily budget from the outer world by the post, and a lurking feeling that I ought to be up at Convocation and in the Lords watching for the Education Bill, I should be perfectly happy.

"I have just been made a D.C.L. of Oxford; and spent a most pleasant four days there with my wife and two eldest girls, who duly enjoyed Oxford, and my installation or institution in the theatre.

"I was very kindly received by the ingenuous youths in the galleries; and so was Dr. Ball. Liddon, however, was the idol of the hour, and deservedly, his personal influence over the young men being immense, and far more by personal intercourse and effort than even by his preaching. I met him at Oxford for the first time, and had some interesting talk with him on the state and prospects of religion at Oxford. He is more sanguine than I am as to the effect of the removal of all tests in the Universities. He looks, of course, for a violent outbreak of all the unbelief that has hitherto been repressed, and then for a reaction. I trust he may be right. He has better opportunities of judging than I have.

"Things are moving very fast on this side of the water. The Education Bill is now safe to pass. The Secularists are defeated,

* "Speeches and Addresses," p. 80.

but only by the Church conceding everything to the Nonconformists, and taking her place, not only as one of the sects, but as one of the least favoured and all but proscribed sects. The Universities and the primary schools are distinctly severed from the Church now. Her burial grounds will go too, and nothing in fact be left her but the four walls of her churches.

"With this, I think, the present revolutionary wave has reached its height. We may draw our breath and wait for the next.

"What are you doing; or, rather, what do you expect will be done, in Irish Church matters?

"What a great fire this little Maberly spark has kindled! The dear Archbishop has, as usual, been outspoken and bold at the wrong time. He might so easily have temporised, or have been oracular and guarded, or done anything but just what he did—shake a red rag in the face of the ultra-Protestant bull, just as he was leaving the arena of the Convention, smarting from a sense of defeat, and only too willing to toss and gore any one that came in his way, and above all a bishop! I confess that I look on this Maberly affair, not as the cause, but only as the occasion, of this outburst of Puritanism. Sooner or later the demand for Liturgical Revision must have come; but the Archbishop has brought it on far too soon, and with every vantage to the revisionists.

"I doubt the clergy, even if honestly opposed to revision, having the courage to withstand the pressure of the plebs and the press. Many of them have pandered to both in a very cowardly way, in the late vestry meetings. I fear that the Convention may pledge itself by some rash resolution to Liturgical revision. I was amazed by a letter from Reichel lately, suggesting a moderate revision by moderate men, to stop the mouths of the destructives.

"How does he expect to get an immoderate majority to confide the revision, on which they have set their hearts, to a moderate minority? I earnestly hope that the moderates will make no such fatal mistake as this would be. They would give the radical revisionists all the weight of their learning and moderation in carrying the principle of revision, and find themselves helpless then in guiding or restraining revision within moderate limits. I do trust and hope that you, and others who act with you, will take your stand upon the Prayer-book as it is. Even if you are beaten—as I fear you will be—your restraining and moderating power will be greater than if you join the revisionists.

"I have had a correspondence with the local committee of the

Leicester Church Association on certain alleged ritualism in one of the Leicester churches, on which they thought to found a grand newspaper war and demonstration of Protestantism at my expense. I succeeded in laying them gently and respectfully on their backs, where they have been lying now in silence for some weeks, greatly to their discomfiture, and to the amusement of the Leicester people generally. I will send you the correspondence if you care to see and return it. I wish greatly we could have you over here. But every room, and even bed, is filled to overflowing. Could you come over with H. Jellett in September, and hold a little caucus before the October Convention?"

"WOODSIDE, DOLGELLY,
"*July* 11, 1870.

"I have just read Salmon's pamphlet. It is *admirable*. It says everything that should be, and nothing that should not be, said at this present crisis. It would, I really believe, arrest the revision movement, if it were really an honest movement, and simply the result of the passing panic and prejudice of the Maberly affair. It is not this, however. It is, as I have already said to you and to Reichel, the move of the Puritan faction for the revision which they had set their hearts upon a year ago; and they are determined to use the occasion of this Maberly correspondence to effect it now. J. Jellett is a formidable leader of the Puritans, and I grieve to think he has gone over to them utterly. Reichel, too, seems quite persuaded that it is the duty of moderate men to 'guide' this revision movement.

"He will find out his mistake when he tries it. The Revolutionists will just use him and his fellow Girondists, and then guillotine them. I do trust that a sufficient number of the clergy may, at the last moment, stand firm against all revision or preparation for revision, to ensure its rejection in October next. If not you will inevitably have one schism to begin with, and more to follow.

"White's reply to Jellett was a happy one. But what an ignorance of the first principles of the subject he shows, when he talks of insisting on 'unambiguous' formularies. How can our formularies be less ambiguous than the truths they are to express? and if there are truths—*e.g.*, that of sacramental grace—not defined in Scriptures how are they to be made definite in our Liturgy, save by losing some of their truth, and so seeming one-sided—*i.e.*, erroneous?

"Transubstantiation and Zwinglianism are both definite and both erroneous. Our formularies lie within these two boundaries,

touching both because they are between them, and therefore 'ambiguous'—*i.e.*, broad and catholic.

"Again, how is Ritualism to be repressed merely by removing ambiguous phrases which seem to shelter it, unless the revision goes further and inserts expressions which condemn it? To take out of the Ordination Service the words 'Whose sins Thou dost forgive, etc.,' would not prevent a Romaniser from preaching the doctrine of the Sacrament of Penance the day after. To prevent this they must draw up a new article, asserting that the sins remitted by a priest *are not* remitted by God; and so on with all other like expressions. What these men, however, who are pulling the wires in Dublin, really want, is not the exclusion of Ritualists, it is the expulsion of all Churchmen proper, and the thorough Puritanising of the Prayer-book.

"Their dishonest plea, however, as to 'ambiguous phrases,' may hamper them considerably in debate, as they will find it hard to defend themselves against such arguments as Salmon's on that point, and yet will hardly venture to urge revision for its own sake on the broad and only intelligible and logical ground, that the expressions they object to are in themselves unscriptural. I read Salmon's pamphlet with additional satisfaction as I thought of this. They have chosen their point of attack cleverly enough, as far as regards securing a body of followers. But they have not attacked the weakest point of the fortress, and if you can only beat off the first ugly rush in October, and give time for reason and common sense to be heard, you may yet save the Irish Church. I heard from H. Jellett yesterday that the Cork Synod would not listen to any proposition for revision. Truly disestablishment is acting on the Irish Church like varnish and cleaning on a picture. It is bringing out very clearly all its light and shadows.

"How very strange and sad seems the death of the new Bishop of Kilmore.

"I fear he has not lived long enough to fulfil his intention of buying the See house and presenting it to the Church."

"WOODSIDE, DOLGELLY,
"*July* 21, 1870.

"How fast events have moved in the last ten days! France at war with Prussia, Rome at war with the human intellect, and both wars declared nearly on the same day.

"Civilisation on the one hand without religion, unable to prevent

the most wicked and nakedly selfish of wars; religion, on the other hand, separating itself from progress and civilisation, and retrograding into the most degrading and outrageous of superstitions.

"It does indeed seem as if the foundations of the great deep were being broken up everywhere, and the great flood of lawlessness and anarchy rising faster and faster all around us.

"I do not look for any large secessions from Rome, in consequence of this decree.* Rather for a great spread of *underground* unbelief, undermining and sapping her whole structure, and bringing it down at last with a general crash. I am curious to see how it will affect our English Romanisers. I fear that the appetite for garbage is too strong in them to be turned even by such a morsel as this.

"The so-called national movement in Ireland seems to be attracting articles in all the London papers.

"Is there anything in it, or is it only another of our little Irish fire balloons, sure to come down after an hour or two's sailing about and perhaps burning a hay-rick or two in its fall?

"I see that your Maberly affair is at last subsiding, burnt out for want of more fuel in the shape of blatant vestries. Do you think it will revive so strongly in October as to cause liturgical revision?

"Let me have a line of news and gossip at your convenience. I am crippled just now with a strained sinew in my foot, and have nothing to do but read and write."

"WOODSIDE, DOLGELLY,
"*July* 27, 1870.

"The paper you enclose me is indeed a formidable and a mischievous one. It has made an attempt, at least, at revision by the Convention certain. And once committed to revision, on the principle laid down by the memorialists of leaving no pretexts for Ritualism, I do not see where you are to stop. No amount of excision will attain their end. That can only be attained by new negative articles. However, as they have to cut at least one article out of the Nicene Creed, and considerable portions out of, at least, three of the Thirty-nine Articles, they will have room enough left at any rate for their additions.

"I confess I am astounded at some of the names I see attached to this document. How such men as the Provost (Lloyd) and Stopford could ever have signed it, seems inconceivable. I could under-

* That of the "Immaculate Conception."

stand it if they really wished, as the Puritans do, for a Puritanising revision for its own sake. But how men of their intelligence can really believe, either that Ritualism needs checking in Ireland, or could be checked simply by removing doubtful phrases in the Prayer-book, or that a move like this for revision can act as a breakwater against it, passes my conception. Salmon is right. This revision will do more to promote and protect Ritualism than anything else could. I am more vexed and disappointed at the signatures to this memorial than at anything that has occurred since 1869 in Irish Church matters.

"I am selfishly glad, I fear, that I am not an Irish Dean at this moment. I do think that I would have fretted myself into a fever, at the imbecility of my rulers and the passionate folly of their people, and all for this trumpery tract of that silly creature Portal. 'All this,' as Benreddin Hassan says in the 'Arabian Nights,' when they were going to cut his head off; 'all this for putting too much pepper into a cream tart!' or, as the wicked Jew said, when interrupted in a secret meal upon forbidden pig by a thunderstorm, 'All dis row for dat leetle bit of bacon!'"

"WOODSIDE, *August* 22, 1870.

"We hope to be in Peterborough the week after next, when I must plunge into some very heavy diocesan work. The reorganising of our whole educational system in the first place, and the organisation of our diocesan synodal system in the second.

"You will not hear much of or from me, I expect, for the next two or three months.

"I enclose you a copy of a letter of mine to my rural deans on the duty of making collections for the sick and wounded in this abominable war.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury has let Bruce, the Home Secretary, strangle him with red tape, and would give us no public form of prayer. We have each had to manage for ourselves, awkwardly enough in our respective dioceses."

To Mrs. MAGEE.

"CHURCH CONGRESS, SOUTHAMPTON,
"*October* 14, 1870.

"There was an immense working men's meeting here last night. At least 3000 present, and of these 2500 working men, most of them well disposed, but some very ill disposed and troublesome.

Winchester was rather too democratic and flattering in his opening speech, but he chaffed his opponents admirably, and got the meeting into tolerable good humour. Kingsley followed with rather a socialistic address, and then I had to follow with a strongly anti-socialistic speech. It was ticklish work for the first ten minutes; after that I had it all my own way, and shut up a noisy interrupter by a couple of jokes, and had the meeting with me thoroughly to the end. Altogether it was a success, but it might have been a disaster."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *October* 24, 1870.

"When this reaches you, your Ides of March for the Irish Church will have come and, I hope, past; for Brooke's motion, I see, is fixed for to-morrow. I was so glad to see that the dear Archbishop had won so much kudos by his conciliatory proposal anent the Courts of Judicature. This will help much to tone down to-morrow's debate, though there will be doubtless some 'smiting with the fists of wickedness.'

"J. C. Bloomfield and A. Dane are doing you good service by their violence and folly. I am pleased to see that Convention rates them at their worth. Nevertheless, the tone of the whole assembly is sterner and fiercer, as it seems to me, than that of the last, and the morbid jealousy of bishops and clergy on the part of the laity more than ever apparent.

"The old Bishop of Ohio (McIlwaine), who has just left me after a stay of two days, lifts up his democratic hands in utter dismay at the democratic illiberality of your laity.

"We had an interesting Congress at Southampton in some respects. The tone of the meeting was certainly admirable, but the intellectual fibre of the discussion as certainly—and perhaps partly for that reason—flabby.

"S. Winton was himself, for good and evil, and at any rate promoted admirably the good temper of the meetings. Our working-men's meeting was a very ticklish affair indeed. For the first half-hour I did not know whether it would end in a victory or a *fiasco*. The plebs were evidently in a very uncertain humour, and rather recalcitrant to S. Winton's rather too manifest stroking down at first. However, we got the better of an organised attempt at interruption on the part of some 'reds' by dint, I am ashamed to say, of some downright episcopal chaffing; and at last the meeting

gave itself up to us, and we ended as tamely and solemnly as the ending of a sermon.

"I suspect this will be the last working-men's meeting; at least, on the present plan of preaching to instead of conferring with the working men. I mean to propose a *bonâ fide* Conference; subjects, of course, defined, and speakers giving their names.

"The service at Winchester was very grand.

"I really must run on no longer, but end by wishing and heartily praying you a safe and good deliverance from your Convention."

"PETERBOROUGH, *November* 5, 1870.

"Your most interesting letter has been, in some respects, a great relief to my mind.

"I had seen from the *Dublin Express* your adhesion to the committee, and felt sure, not only that you had weighty reasons for what you did, but that you had taken good care to guard and define your position in the committee before entering it. Still, I was most anxious to know exactly how you had done this.

"We shall have plenty of talk ere long on the line you mean to take in the committee. Were I on it I should go in for such rubrical revision as should make Ritualism all but impossible. A vestments rubric would go a long way to this, and a canon or two would complete it. This done, I would take my stand on the ground that this was a sufficient 'remedy,' and that doctrinal revision was not, and could not be, any additional guarantee. This would leave the extreme left no standing-ground save to argue directly against the doctrines as unscriptural in themselves. To this I hope it may come at last.

"In order to this, I would not hesitate to deal trenchantly even with rubrics and ceremonies, on the ground that these are *mutable*, even for expediency's sake, and then take my stand on doctrine as *immutable*.

"There is one thing, however, that I fear for you, and that is the influence of our English Ritualistic controversy. I am convinced that very sweeping measures of Church reform will be mooted both in Parliament and in Convention next year.

"The preposterous failure of the Ritual Commission makes this certain, and you may see a liturgical revision question here, and bishops taking opposite sides upon it (I shall probably be a

revisionist of rubrics). But all this will react powerfully on your Synod, which is more under the influence of English thought than it likes to own. More of this, however, when we meet, which I am glad to think will be soon. We have decided on leaving Dublin on Friday, 25th. Can you have us for that night?

"You have probably seen Westcott's appointment to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. I am rejoiced at this for his sake, the Church's, and my own. He will be an immense strength to me in his new capacity."

To the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Peterborough, *November* 18, 1870.

"My dear Lord Archbishop,—The Bishops of Norwich, Ely, Rochester, and Lincoln* have just held here the Conference which your Grace is probably aware that we 'Eastern Bishops' hold annually at one another's houses.

"Amongst other subjects, that of the English aid to the Irish Church was very carefully considered. We came unanimously to the conclusion that, having regard both to the present uncertainty as to the future discipline and doctrine of the Irish Church, and also to the heavy demands now being made on English Churchmen to meet the requirements of the Education Act, we could not now appeal to our dioceses for funds for the Irish Church with any hope of a favourable response.

"It was hoped that before the meeting of Convocation in February, the relations between the two Churches and the doctrinal position of the Irish Church might be more clearly defined than they are at present. But it was felt that, until they are so, it would be undesirable even in the interests of the Irish Church itself —to say nothing of other considerations—that any public and united action should be taken by the English bishops towards obtaining funds for her in their dioceses.

"I have been asked by my brethren to communicate this result of our deliberations to your Grace, adding at the same time the assurance of our deep sympathy with your Grace's desire to aid the Irish Church, and our hope that we may ere long be able heartily to co-operate with your Grace in an effort on her behalf.—Believe me, my dear Lord Archbishop, most sincerely yours,

"W. C. Peterborough."

* Pelham, Harold Browne, Claughton, Wordsworth.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *December* 12, 1870.

"As I shall be very much occupied until Christmas next, I avail myself of a spare hour and a wet day to send you my impressions as to your very clear summary of your revision doings.

"On the whole, they are far more moderate than I had expected.

"Of your five points I think much as you do, but I regard with more fear than you do the dealing with the Catechism; quite as much from the blundering ignorance of theological terminology of most of those who will deal with it, as from any strong Zwinglian proclivities of theirs.

"No. 4—*i.e.*, the getting rid of 'Priest alone' in the morning and evening Absolution—is really amusing. Your committee, in their anti-ritualistic zeal, have hit upon the very latest ritualistic device. The Ritualists now all insist that the 'alone' in that rubric refers to the word 'standing'; and that a deacon may read the Public Absolution; their object being to *degrade* as much as possible the Public Absolution in order to exalt their own private Absolution in auricular confession. If your committee had wished to play into their hands they could not have done better than by thus lowering the value of Absolution by the congregation (the true and original idea of Absolution) and so leaving room for the entirely false idea that Absolution is the private and personal act of the priest. The obvious reason for confining this Public Absolution to the priest alone is, that he being in full orders—the Presbyter—'pronounces,' as the chief officer of the Church then present, her absolution of the offenders against her laws.

"Your committee, as good Protestants, ought to have cherished this theory of absolution, instead of weakening it. I hope you will tell them at their next meeting how grateful the English Ritualists will feel to them for *this* change in the Prayer-book.*

"No. 6 I agree with you is a very serious hitch indeed.

"The words of the absolution in visitation of the sick which you are proposing to omit are, as you say, mediæval and western only.

"Still, their omission 'implies,' at least, a change in our Church's doctrine, and so opens the door to all others, to say nothing of the risk of an episcopal schism.

"This I regard as a very imminent one; however, you will be better informed on this point ere January 31st.

* This change was never made.

"I had a very interesting twenty minutes with John Jellett just before your committee meeting. I found him very reasonable and moderate, but very much inclined to treat each question logically and abstractedly, as if he were composing a new, instead of revising an old Prayer-book, *e.g.*, he was greatly disposed for alterations in the baptismal office. From these and others I think I helped to dissuade him.

"On the whole, I think you may be thankful that things are no worse than they are, especially as it is almost certain you have reached your maximum of change. As regards English aid, *I* see nothing in the greatest of your changes to prevent *my* advertising your cause in my diocese *when these changes are known*. But I really dare not ask my diocese to help before they are known.

"I am satisfied that some of my clergy and laity will refuse aid even then, and that very many would resent my having obtained their promises beforehand; knowing, as they would be persuaded I must have known, of these changes as likely to come.

"Strange to say, I think your No. 4,* small as it is, will be the change which will be most distasteful here.

"It is *small*, and therefore looks spiteful, and it has an ultra-Puritan air which will offend much more than alterations in the black rubric, or even in the catechism.

"I must not run on, however, any more. I have my Confirmation tour to manage, and a preliminary diocesan conference meeting coming on to-morrow."

"PETERBOROUGH, *December* 26, 1870.

"Welcome as your letter was, with its pleasant Christmas wishes, I could have almost wished it had not reached me on Christmas day. It sent me to church in anything but a Christian frame of mind.

"I can hardly say which feeling was uppermost—indignation for your sake, or hopeless disgust and disappointment for the future of the Irish Church, when so many clergymen could be found uniting at such a crisis to exclude by factious intrigue one of the best men from her synod for three years! As far as you are personally concerned, I do not think the thing is much to be regretted. It has shown you the game of Foley and his followers, and, what is more,

* It is difficult to identify some of the proposals alluded to, but I think he alludes here to the recommendation, ultimately adopted by the Irish Church, "That no special mention be made in the Calendar of any days except those which have epistles and gospels assigned to them."

it has shown their game to the diocese and especially to the laity, as proved by your large majority to the post of nominator. The recoil will be decidedly in your favour, even amongst the clergy, when they come calmly to consider what they would have gained and lost by excluding you from the synod. But I confess it does make me all but despair of the Irish Church of the future. I think of the like ostracism of best men by the intrigues of local mediocrities going on in every diocese—all the inferior men combining to keep out the one superior man who was certain of success against any one of them singly, in order that, he being out of the way, they may scramble amongst themselves for place. This is the certain result of all popular elections, from those of the American President downwards.

"No more, at present at least, on this wretched subject. A happy Christmas time to you and yours and all the best blessings of the holy season to make it a truly happy one!

"We are all, thank God, well and happy, spite of the average share of cares and troubles which are no respecters of seasons, and come at Christmas as at other times. Hard frost of four days' duration, 'seasonable' I suppose, is setting all our young people skating, and is checking, too, the scarlet fever which has been raging all through England as badly as the cholera ever did.

"What a Christmas for Paris and for France! What a time for carols about 'peace on earth'!

"How long are we to be granted peace here at home?

"My own expectation is that we are much nearer domestic than foreign strife. The English revolution of the nineteenth century is only beginning. But these are gloomy Christmas thoughts.

"Best and kindest Christmas love and wishes from all of ours to all of yours. May the New Year bring new blessings and new hopes to both."

"PETERBOROUGH,

"*Sunday, January* 22, 1871.

"This will be a very busy week with me, so I send you a few lines in answer to your welcome letter, at once, to let you know that I too preach in London on Easter Day at St. Paul's. So there can be no exchange of preachments, but much exchange, I hope, of thought and converse when I carry you down here on Easter Monday for a good week's rest at any rate, and for as much longer as you can stay. Your news of Irish Church affairs is somewhat encouraging, coming as it does after the news of J. Cork's last

escapade at Cork. A sermon against cathedral service, preached in the new cathedral in the dean's absence, winding up with an invitation to the congregation to substitute for their worship there an open air service on his lawn! *Naturam expellas furcâ*, etc. etc.

"I wish earnestly that Brooke's Committee could publish their report. We are in a very awkward fix here in England about helping you, and I fear that there will be a little schism here on your account before you have one on your own. York, I suspect, will move before Canterbury and may move diversely. This will be bad both for you and for us. I am glad you have written to Beresford Hope, whose pamphlet I read and liked greatly. He carries considerable weight here with moderate High Churchmen.

"I go to Convocation the week after next. We shall have rather a troublesome time there, I fear, between the 'Westminster Scandal,' Church Reform, the Judicial Committee and, possibly, the Irish Church question. Cantuar will be absent, and no one to keep us in order; while most of the bishops being new, and nearly equal in standing, we shall be, I fear, rather chaotic and contentious.

"I go to Ely on Thursday, where I find more *prudence* and integrity than anywhere else, and I shall meet Carlisle and Norwich."

"PETERBOROUGH, *February* 6, 1871.

"I am, as you may well suppose, much interested in your account of the doings of Brooke's Committee.

"I agree with you in regarding the alterations in the Ordination and Visitation of Sick Offices as very serious; not so much for the amount of doctrinal change they actually involve, but for what they will appear to involve.

"They will certainly irritate and estrange the entire High Church party in England, without practically giving you the slightest additional security against Ritualism. On the other hand they will evoke a greater degree of sympathy and applause from the Puritans of the Lord Ebury type than perhaps you would care to receive.

"I am more than ever convinced that the recalcitrant bishops here were right to delay our appeal for you until your report comes out.

"I could not face my clergy, if I had obtained their help in January last, and such a report as yours will be comes out in March.

"On the other hand I, for one, when it does come out am quite

prepared to stand up for the right of the Irish Church to modify her formularies, though in an evangelical sense, and to maintain that we are not bound to confine our sympathies only to those communions who exactly uphold our own doctrinal features. Still, I fear that there are English bishops who will not do even this much. I think it likely the subject will be discussed in Convocation; my position will be a delicate one, but I must just say the plain truth and be stoned for it.

"I wish very much though that your name might not appear as recommending these two changes; even if absolutely unobjectionable they are unwise and unnecessary, and to my mind they go virtually beyond the letter of your commission. I always feared for you, your being committed to something more than you would altogether approve as the only way of preventing worse. However, I must not sit criticising you as you draw your 'breaking net,' but rather pray for you that you may draw it safely to land. I have not yet received the papers you say you sent me; lest they have miscarried, could you procure me duplicates? And might I, under the episcopal seal of secrecy, show them to the Bishop of Ely, who takes a warm and most friendly interest in Irish Church affairs and who is acting with me in Convocation respecting them? You may rely upon his caution and secrecy.

"As to 'Dame Europa's school,' I never wrote a line of it, nor saw it until the other day. It is written by a Rev. Mr. Pullin, Minor Canon of Salisbury, and the said word Salisbury gave rise to the ascription of it to Lord and also to Lady Salisbury. It is clever and amusing, and I am not sure that it is not in the main right; at least it would have been right in the days of Pitt or even Palmerston; but Gladstone is neither a Pitt nor a Palmerston and a democracy like ours, ignorant, fickle and selfish beyond all other democracies, has neither the foresight to engage in, nor the patience to fight out, a great war of *policy*. Our wars henceforth will be wars of passion. Besides, war and war taxes mean disestablishment of the English Church, abolition of the Lords, and socialistic attacks on property, all coming fast enough without hurrying them. If I had written 'Dame Europa,' I should have described John as afraid to engage in the scrimmage, for fear of having his purse and his Prayer-book stolen by a lot of cads of day boys, who had lately been let into the school at half price, and were many of them, just then, busy making dirt pies in his island."

"PETERBOROUGH, *February* 27, 1871.

"I am sorry to hear of your Irish Church difficulties. I deeply regret your being mixed up with these questionable and certainly injudicious alterations of the Prayer-book; and, I earnestly wish you could see your way to opposing them on the ground you allege, of their inconsistency with the terms of the Abercorn resolution.* If you do not, how will you be able to oppose, in Synod, other and more extensive changes, which will probably be proposed? You will have committed yourself to the principle of doctrinal revision, and I do not see, as I told Reichel long ago, where after that you are to stop. *Que diable allais-tu faire dans cette galère?* How I wish you were not of it! Still, if I were in your place I would take my stand on the terms of the Abercorn resolution, not on the merits or demerits of particular changes. That is a broad and safe ground to stand upon. All besides is *bog*, and you will be sunk in it, I fear. You will have seen and heard something of our doings for you here, episcopal and otherwise. Briefly, the exact history is this. While Cantuar was urging immediate action by York and himself, some of the bishops here (*not* the five East Anglians) were decided on refusing to act at all! One, on the ground that he must know what your Prayer-book was to be; another, because the Irish laity were well able to do all that was required, and were not doing it; another, because he knew his clergy thought so.

"I succeeded in obtaining through W. Ebor a conference of bishops, such as Cantuar ought to have held at first. I stated the whole case to them *pro* and *con;* and we agreed, that though we could not and ought not to answer for our dioceses, we might for ourselves show a generous confidence in the future of the Irish Church. And so we decided on a gift from the English episcopate to the Irish Church, which will appear in a few days, I presume, in the form of a letter from W. Ebor to M. Armagh, with our names and subscriptions appended, and a hope of eventual appeal to our dioceses.

"Meanwhile, a lay committee has been formed in London to make a general appeal for the Irish Church. This will allow of all who wish to help her, giving or pleading for her as they may think fit, while our gift shows our personal goodwill and trust, without our having to go bail beforehand to all our clergy, that

* The resolution of the Convention which appointed Brooke's Committee, and defined the limits of its report.

the Irish Prayer-book will be all that they could wish. As this arrangement, at least the episcopal part of it, has been mainly my doing, and as it has certainly gained the Irish Church the support of the entire episcopate here, while A. C. Cantuar's plan would certainly have lost it, I fully expect to be roundly abused by all the Irish papers as the enemy of the Irish Church, and Cantuar to be as loudly praised.

"The decision in the Purchas case here has, in my judgment, saved the Church Establishment for two or three years longer. A decision the other way at this moment would have gone near carrying Miall's motion, and would in any case have caused either a gigantic schism or a reform of the Church by Act of the House of Commons. As it is, we shall have, I *hope*, the schism of the ultra-Ritualists—I *fear* a dogged resistance, one by one to be met by a series of law suits, which will wear out English patience at last, and so promote the disestablishment, which is coming fast enough without it.

"Still, the Voysey and Purchas decisions have done, on the whole, much to set the Church right before the English *bourgeoisie*; the Reds and the Aristos are of course for the present out of court. The former will soon have their hands in, but then they will not trouble themselves with questions of theology any more than a Prussian general on the loot with international law!

"I wish much you could come over at Easter. I wish much you were over here for good. But wishing, as some one somewhere says, is 'the hectic of fools.'"

"PETERBOROUGH, *June* 5, 1871.

"Your letter reached me in the midst of the work of my first Diocesan Conference, which was held here on Thursday and Friday last with great success; but involving, as you may suppose, no small share of labour and anxiety for its author; more especially as I had to encounter a most determined attempt of the ultra-Evangelicals, at the instigation of John Ryle, to break it up, almost before its coming into existence.

"I succeeded in defeating them completely, and carrying with me the unanimous decision of the entire Conference, lay and clerical. And my scheme is accordingly fairly launched and at sea, spite of Ryle and Co.'s torpedo laid just at the entrance of my building dock. I feel myself since then ten times a stronger man in my diocese than before. I must only take care now that my machine does not run away with me. I think, however, I have it fairly

under control. I will send you a full report of our proceedings in next week's local papers. I am rejoiced to hear of your intended sojourn at Glengariff. The older we grow the more we need to recur to the wild life of our youth, and Glengariff is just the spot, from all I hear of it, to renovate a weary, jaded man, such as you must be after your long fights with beasts at the Ephesus of your Synod.

"I wish that I could get to you even for a fortnight, but I too have selected my bit of wilderness for this year's vacation. We go, all of us, to a parsonage in Cumberland, two miles from Cockermouth, and half an hour by rail from Keswick. The scenery is of course perfect, air bracing, and retirement (though within ten minutes of a railway-station) absolute.

"I do not leave that until the second week in September, and ere then you will have left Glengariff. So our meeting this year may not be.

"I enclose a line to Philip, and will enclose him a *casting* line, when I can get time to rummage my store of tackle.

"I am off to-day for a fortnight, for work in Convocation and Parliament. "W. C. P."

My youngest son, Philip, used to call the Bishop, when he was Dean, "the Dean of Tork." The following letter shows how amusing he could make a letter to a child, and what pains he took to please children. He calls the little boy by the title he used to receive from him.

To PHILIP J. C. MACDONNELL.

"PETERBOROUGH, *June* 5, 1871.

"MY DEAR DEAN OF TORK,—I am very sorry that I cannot get over to Glengariff to teach you how to make flies. Flies are made in different ways, some with wings and without tails, like bats. Some with tails and without wings, like apes; some with horns and tails like bogies; some with gold and some with silver lace, like flunkeys; some with wheels and shafts, and these are to be found near horse manure generally, and there is a waterman to look after them. These are very easily caught on a fine day, but are sometimes very hard to catch in rainy weather.

"I will send you some flies in a *line which I will drop you* when I can catch an hour to do it in.—Meanwhile I am, yours affectionately, "W. C. PETERBOROUGH."

From Rev. Dr. Reichel.

July 17, 1871.

My dear Bishop,—I was greatly delighted to see once more your handwriting, and get your sermons. I breakfasted off the two first of them this morning. You have fairly demolished the ignorant objections *on principle*, as they are mis-called, to Christianity, which even a paper that ought to know better, like the *Pall Mall*, continually hints. Do you think of going into those specific difficulties of detail which make many more thoughtful scientific men doubters nowadays? I mean, such things as the history of the Fall, etc., which seem to contravene the more generally accepted idea that there has been a constant progress from a lower state? It is satisfactory to think that our Saviour's words are never in any of the difficulties of this class, any of the real difficulties as they appear to me.

I have never heard from you since the Synod. I hope you don't give us up. I long to have an unrestrained talk over many things with you. I know you have all along felt anxious lest the fanatic Protestantism too much in vogue here should do irreparable mischief. But I do not think this is to be apprehended, if the heads of the Church here are really faithful. What I mean by this is, that they ought to think more of the truth and less of expediency. The debate in the Synod on Brooke's Committee's Report was an instance of this. But it is impossible to say all one would wish on paper.—Ever your affectionate friend, C. P. Reichel.

To Rev. Canon Farrar (Examining Chaplain).

"Peterborough, *September* 21, 1871.

"We all greatly regret your absence from us, and especially its cause. So prolonged an illness as yours has proved is no light cross to any one, but heaviest to one whose heart is, as yours, in his work. Doubtless it was chosen for you by our Lord and Master just for its weight. To me there is always a wonderful beauty and consolation in the fact so simply told in the narrative of the Passion, that His cross proved too heavy for Him. He has never since that hour suffered any one of His own to bear a cross unaided, nor yet too heavy. The address of your letter from Munich reminded me how, seven years ago, I was staying there, like you an invalid, returning from a long, and in my case solitary, absence in search of health, and I could heartily sympathise with all the feelings you expressed in your letter. We do need, all of us, to be 'led out into the wilderness,' even though we are 'spoken comfortably' to there. The hurry and excitement

and publicity of our lives in the present day seem so fatal to the inner life, that the enforced leisure and thought of illness is, if we use it so, a blessing of great price. You will, I know, be glad to hear that our work this time is more than usually satisfactory. Our candidates for the diaconate are as a body decidedly superior to any of their predecessors, and the priests, even including —— and ——, have improved much in the past year. Our rejection of —— at the last ordination has had, I find, a most wholesome effect and I am now more than ever satisfied we were right.

"Jellett will write to you ere long, and give you fuller details of our work. I have only time to add his and Westcott's kind regards and best wishes for your speedy and complete recovery.—Yours most truly, "W. C. PETERBOROUGH."

Dr. Rawdon Macnamara, in an address delivered in the theatre of the Meath Hospital, Dublin, in 1891, records the following incident:

Early in the year 1871 the Prelate whose recent death the Christian world is still deploring, the Archbishop of York, at that time Bishop of Peterborough, stopping on a visit in this city with his old friend, Dr. Newell, C.B., and suffering from an anthrax on the back of his wrist joint, sought the services of one of our surgical staff, and on the termination of the treatment asked the surgeon in question what was his fee. The surgeon replied that he was afraid his lordship would consider his demand exorbitant, but that the only fee he would accept would be a Charity Sermon in aid of the funds of the Meath Hospital. After a moment's reflection the Bishop consented to preach the sermon, but pressed the surgeon himself to accept a cheque for his services, to which the reply made was, "No, my lord, the sermon, the whole sermon, and nothing but the sermon;" and so the matter was arranged. Months elapsed, the Bishop had long returned to his diocese, and the occurrence had entirely slipped the surgeon's memory, when one morning he received a letter from the Bishop stating that he was prepared to come over at his own expense, and to preach the sermon on any of the four Sundays named. The sermon was preached in St. Ann's Church, on Sunday the 13th November, 1871, and there accrued to the funds of the hospital the sum of £109 6s 3d. But what points the moral of my tale remains to be told. The Bishop informed us that his first start in life was as a medical student for six months in the wards of the Meath Hospital; but, finding more congenial work in the service of his great Master, that he made up his mind to abandon medicine in favour of divinity. Am I not justified in saying that such an historic episode as this is worthy of being recorded in our annals?

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Enderby Hall, *December* 14, 1871.

"Thanks for your enclosures, and for your information of the doings of your Revision Committee. Plunket's amendments are, I suppose, the minimum of mischief possible, during the 'flurry' of the Protestant whale; and you and Jellett may have done well to back or peak your oars to prevent more evils. But as theological improvements on the Catechism and Baptismal Office, they are flabby and feeble. One thing is quite certain, they will not prevent Ritualism, or even High Churchism. It is as easy to teach these under 'sacrament of regeneration' as under 'this child is regenerate.' Possibly Clancarty and Folliott may not see this, and so you may satisfy them and yet not isolate your Church from Christendom. The alternative of 'called to be' for 'made,' in the Catechism, would, of course, have struck at the root of all sacramental theories whatever, and reduced you to simple Zwinglianism, and this I am glad to see you have escaped.

"I have just returned from Norwich, where I preached the last of my 'Apologetic' Sermons, on Monday night. I presided at a great S.P.G. meeting at Leicester to-night, and am off to a ruri-decanal meeting at Market Harboro' to-morrow.

"I had a few lines from Salmon lately, enclosing an extract from Napier's letter to him, written since my disclaimer of Napier's *canard* about English bishops and Irish curates. Napier is spitefully reluctant to give up his grievance, and clings to it like an old woman to her 'shocking bad cough' on Sunday evenings in church.

"Did you see the rejection of the motion in the S.P.C.K. for a grant to you of £5000, made by a very silly and very violent Irishman, whose speech, I am told, was enough of itself to defeat his proposal?

"This result justifies, I think, my hesitation to move my diocese last year or this. Prayer-book revision is an expensive luxury; and —— and Lord James Butler are very dear at the money you pay for them.

"I must not write more as it is nearly 12 o'clock, and I have to be up to-morrow at 7 o'clock. I long for your details of your Revision Committee. "W. C. P."

It was in March, 1871, that the Bishop commenced a series of sermons in Norwich Cathedral. He himself at the outset said,

"These sermons are meant to be *pleadings for Christ.*" He delivered the first three upon three successive evenings (March 28, 29, and 30).* They were followed up by sermons by various preachers in the cathedral in the Advent of the same year. The Bishop preached one of these Advent sermons† on December 12. These four discourses were revised by himself, and subsequently edited in pamphlet form by Dean Goulburn.‡

Few letters of the Bishop's in this year remain. I attribute his not writing to over occupation; and to his anxiety not to disturb me when he knew that I was incessantly occupied with the work of reorganisation. I was not only a member of the general Synod, and the Revision Committee in Dublin, but as my aged Bishop had made me his commissary, I was in consequence president of the Diocesan Synod and Council of Cashel and Emly, and was more than busy that year.

Bishop Magee's labours were incessant. He held his first Diocesan Conference in Peterborough that year. He made great progress in the work of Church Extension in Leicester and Northampton. He held a Lenten Mission in Northampton, the first of the kind ever held there, and took the lion's share of the preaching as well as organising of the Mission. All the work of his diocese was being actively pushed forward. Such efforts as his journey to Dublin to preach for the Meath Hospital and his four sermons in Norwich were only digressions from his own constant diocesan work. His first years as a Bishop were chiefly spent in inaugurating fresh work, which has borne abundant fruit. Of some of this I shall have to speak more fully hereafter, but it is impossible to speak of each work in strictly chronological order.

I conclude the narrative of 1871 with the following Christmas letter.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *December* 26, 1871.

"I am ashamed that my letter to you of hearty Christmas good wishes should not have crossed yours to me. Even the pressure of much business and two sermons ought not to have prevented my sending you this token of affection for you and yours. But I have, in truth, been very busy, and not very well.

* "Christianity and Free Thought," "Christianity and Scepticism," "Christianity and Faith."

† "The Demonstration of the Spirit."

‡ Published in volume of sermons entitled "Growth in Grace."

"This reclaimed fen on which we live never agrees with me for long together; and when I leave it, it is generally for hard work and not for rest.

"I only returned the end of the week before last from a smart spell of work—extra and intra diocesan—and had not yet rested when the special Advent 'nave' sermons and Christmas sermons fell on me, and now I am laid up with heavy cold; not altogether, you see, in a very merry Christmas frame, though, thank God, every one else in the house is. All well and all with us, as yours are, I am glad to see, with you. Happy Christmas times to you and them, and many of them, happiest for you in seeing your children grow up comforts to you, and walking in the way in which you would have them walk.

"I suppose that after we turn fifty that is the main sum of happiness for us old fathers in this world, now that turkey and plum pudding and Christmas boxes have somewhat lost their enchantments for ourselves, and anniversaries call up the past more than we always care to have it present with us.

"I read, as you may suppose, with intense interest your account of your revision proceedings, and it is, on the whole, more hopeful than I had dared to expect. I always thought, as you know, Salmon's committee a mistake, save for the time it gained you, and that I regard as immensely valuable. It has been well spent if such a representative committee as yours has learned, during it, the lesson you speak of. You have exactly hit the truth of the whole matter when you say that if the two parties in the Church are to remain within her pale they cannot hit on better terms of comprehension and peace than those they have already. It is a wonderful fact that your committee are beginning to see this. Alas! that the Synod will have had no such education before it meets. Still the moral effect of such a committee as yours having recommended no alteration of the Baptismal Office must be considerable. As to explanatory rubrics, I dislike them one and all, from the Black Rubric down to our precious proposed one on the Athanasian Creed. What needs explanation really needs either revision or omission in a book of *Common Prayer*.

"But if your committee and your Synod after it, will take such 'parmaceti for an inward bruise,' you may, I think, be most thankful for it, and accept your explanatory rubric as a harmless settlement of a vexed dispute that threatens you with schism. I am not surprised at what you tell me of Henry Jellett's weight in

committee; he is the most *committeeable* man I know, and his thorough knowledge of his subject and clearness of speech must tell on all.

"I must not write more now, for here comes a young clergyman who is to marry the dean's daughter on Thursday, and as I have to perform the ceremony I must discuss it all with him.

"Best love and Christmas and New Year wishes to you and yours from me and mine.—Ever yours affectionately,

"W. C. PETERBOROUGH."

CHAPTER XI

THE ATHANASIAN CREED; THE CONFESSIONAL

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Athenæum Club, *February* 14, 1872.

"What a terrible event this assassination of poor Lord Mayo has been! The sensation here has been very great, notwithstanding the greater excitement of the Alabama question. Their mismanagement of this latter question has greatly shaken Government here, and the general impression is that they are not likely to hold on for another year. This, I think, would be unfortunate for the Church, as the Liberal party will want a cry on which to unite, as they did in the case of the Irish Church three years ago; and Gladstone is quite capable of going in for religious equality in England if it will bring him back to power.

"We have been unusually busy in Convocation, trying to manufacture a Bill for carrying out some of the Ritual Commissioners' recommendations. Some of the best of these we agreed on yesterday. We stumbled terribly on the Athanasian Creed; nevertheless, I think we have gained something there too.

"The wretched device of an explanatory rubric is, I think, now fairly exploded; so, I trust, is the optional use by the clergyman. The choice lies now between excision of the damnatory clauses, and removal from public use altogether. It is hard to say which will be ultimately adopted. You will see a very curtailed report of a speech of mine on the subject in the *Guardian*.

"I must go now to St. James's Chapel to hear the Bishop of London. "W. C. P."

Few of the Bishop's speeches ever attracted more attention or exhibited more of his peculiar powers than one delivered in the House of Lords on February 19, 1872,* upon two Bills brought in

* "Speeches and Addresses," p. 93.

by Lord Shaftesbury upon ecclesiastical courts and ecclesiastical procedure. The Bishop supported the former of these Bills, but attacked the second with a powerful combination of reasoning, illustration, and sarcasm that carried all before it, and led to the rejection of the Bill by twenty-four votes to fourteen.

The Bishop's position was a peculiar one, as he was opposed (as much as Lord Shaftesbury himself) to the extreme Ritualists, and wished to see the authority of law and rubric restored. This made him afterwards support the Public Worship Regulation Act. But he revolted against whatever might be converted into an instrument of tyrannical persecution, and especially against the removal of the protection given to the clergy by the power of the bishop to stop prosecutions which he considered frivolous and vexatious.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"39 Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.,
"*May* 3, 1872.

" . . . . Your Synod is proving wonderfully conservative. I only hope that the principle of vote by order will stand the strain to which it is now being submitted.

"Our clergy here are like an angry swarm of bees in defence of the damnatory clauses.

"Clergy in Convocation are like wet hay in a stack, the thicker you pack them the hotter they grow. We are here for the next month at least, probably six weeks, and have a bed for you should your occasions call you to town."

"39 Weymouth Street,
"*June* 4, 1872.

"I expect a really great night in the Lords this evening, and a great night there is very great indeed.

"The Government are evidently in a predicament out of which nothing but a vote of the House of Lords, distinctly refusing the judicial claim, can save them and the country.

"Poor Lord Granville fights his bad cause with wonderful pluck and temper, but he has a tremendous bar against him, with Cairns, Salisbury, and Derby in front of him, and Westbury behind him. If the treaty is lost, it will go very hard with the Gladstone Ministry. What I really fear is Gladstone playing over again his Irish trump-card of disestablishment, either to strengthen himself in office or to regain it if lost."

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *July* 7, 1872.

"I dare say you have seen our last action on the Athanasian Creed. The resolution adopted was mine, proposed in private conclave, in opposition to one of S. Winton's, and moved eventually by S. Winton, after I had gone away, with the intention that S. Winton should adopt in my absence what I saw very clearly he would oppose in my presence. *Vides, mi fili*, etc.

"I expect that the great Athanasian controversy here will resolve itself into a permissive option to each clergyman to read or not read the creed, a compromise, like all Anglo-Saxon compromises, thoroughly illogical, but comprehensive and practically sensible.

"I fear that the effect of the Bennett judgment on your side of the water will be simply mischievous; here, I think, on the whole, it will be for good. The ultra High Churchmen are not much elated by it, and it will strengthen our hands against Ritualism by the very licence that it gives to doctrine. On the whole, I think that our disestablishment is postponed for some five or even ten years by Miall's defeat, but that is supposing that no great pressure of war or taxes on the working and shopkeeper classes sets them hungering for confiscation. In that case we should go *with a run*.

"As you may like court news from Windsor, I may say that I never saw the Queen looking so well or in better spirits; that the hay on the home park is got in; the cows look 'bobbish,' as Mr. Squeers would have said; and the trout in the stream in the park are fat and tempting to one who may *not* catch them. No other feature of court life suggests itself for record."

"PETERBOROUGH, *July* 27, 1872.

"The effect of the Bennett judgment on the Irish and English Church it is hard as yet to calculate. On the whole, I do not think that it has much strengthened our Ritualists, and I doubt, with you, whether it will much strengthen your revisionists. The real practical difficulty of framing any dogma on the Eucharist which shall exclude Sacramentarianism without going the length of pure Zwinglianism is just as great now as it was in the days of the Reformers; and when your revisionists come to try their hands—not at destruction, but construction—they may be at last willing to leave things as they are. This is, however, too much of theology for the dog-days.

"I am writing with blinds down, windows open, and thermometer at anything. I do not remember so hot a summer in England

in my life. Thunder-storms are frequent and severe, but they do not in the least clear the air for us. In the midst of the heat, there is a grand 'labour demonstration' going on at this moment. I hear their cheers as I write; and I shall presently hear their 'groans for the Bishop,' given because I lately advised them against certain professional agitators who are fattening on these poor fellows' subscriptions, and leading them into all manner of mischief, to their loss and to these fellows' gain. Just now I am as unpopular with the English 'Hodge' as ever I was with the Enniskillen Orangeman. So rises everywhere the *amari aliquid*.

"My charge, too, is a rather heavy *pièce de résistance* for this summer weather, and does not get on at all to my satisfaction."

"MULGRAVE COTTAGE, WHITBY,
"*September* 16, 1872.

"Though it is a disappointment not to see you here, yet I cannot but feel that you are doing right in prolonging your stay at Homburg, and am only too glad to think it will do you good.

"As to the charge, I will keep the type standing until we meet. I only hope *you* may stand it as well as the type. If I delivered it straight on end, it would take five hours. But I mean to deliver it in portions, at seven centres. And you need only look over about one-third of it.

"I feel that I must say plainly and clearly what I think on the Athanasian Creed; partly because a bishop ought to attempt at least to lead his clergy on such a question, partly because I want to set myself right with them as to some things I have already said.

"I quite agree with you as to Dunelm's letter. It was a great mistake, socially and morally, and will hurt him. Still, I think that we English bishops err somewhat of late on the other side of a too courteous timidity—and get very little thanks for it. If you only saw some of the letters we get! I am sometimes, like Warren Hastings, 'amazed at my own moderation, considering my opportunities' for reply.

"To go back to the Athanasian Creed. I am arguing it on the ground:

"(1) That the Church of England has the right to deal with that creed.

"(2) That there is *sufficient* reason why she should do so.

"(3) That the most conservative and most honest way of so doing is by excision of damnatory clauses.

"The first of these is, to my mind, the most delicate ground to get on, involving questions of rights of National *v.* Catholic Church.

"However, I will not spoil your German water by my English theology. It will keep till we meet."

"PETERBOROUGH, *October* 27, 1872.

"As I start to-morrow on a Confirmation tour, having yesterday finished my visitation, I venture on giving an hour of Sunday to tell you how my charge went on and off.

"On the whole, I think well. The clergy seemed most earnestly attentive and, as far as I could learn, gratified. I think what they mainly liked was, that I had distinct opinions and spoke them out.

"I did not deliver the part on the Athanasian Creed until I reached Leicester, where there was to be the largest 'call' of clergy —upwards of 150.

"If I may judge by my reception at the dinner after, it was decidedly warmer than anywhere else; the clergy, many of whom were strongly and even bitterly Athanasian, were not offended. Indeed I suspect they think better of my orthodoxy now than they did before.

"Altogether it has been a profoundly interesting though most laborious time for me. I have been greatly struck with the intelligence and reverential demeanour of the churchwardens, and their keen interest in Church questions; some one or other of which was discussed at most of our dinners. I was amazed to find a strong and spontaneous expression of opinion from them for the offertory! Altogether I feel much cheered and encouraged by this visitation, though nearly knocked up by it. Eight charges, each over an hour, and some nearly two hours, with dinners, speeches, and cross-country drivings, are a sore pull on one's vacation store of health.

"I told Peach to send you the earliest copy of the published charge. It should be at Cashel by this time.

"I now rather think that I have conceded too much to our opponents, as to the meaning of our Lord's words in St. Mark xvi. 16, in admitting that they can even secondarily apply to any within the Church.

"I expect to have this joint in my armour pierced by somebody.

"The part of my charge dealing with the three principles of our Church, I delivered at Northampton, and it really was ludicrous to see the lights and shadows on men's faces in turn.

"Evangelicals who had literally rocked themselves with delight as I walked into the Ritualists growing *rigid and stony* when their own turn came, and *vice versâ*.

"Look at the *John Bull* of next week, which is printing me verbatim, and will, I expect, have me duly cut up by one of the High Church clergy.

"Also see the *Guardian* of next Wednesday.

"I am ashamed of the egotism of this letter, but I know you really like to hear the results of this first visitation.

"W. C. P."

The Bishop's primary charge, which is alluded to in the foregoing letters, cost him much thought and labour, and was far too valuable to be consigned to oblivion as so many episcopal charges must be which have only a local and temporary interest. It will be found at the end of the volume of sermons, entitled "Christ the Light of all Scripture."

The discussion of the three principles of the Church of England—first as Catholic, secondly as National, thirdly as Established—and the bounds and limits of these three principles, has all the best characteristics of the Bishop's logical and courageous manner of dealing with burning questions. It occupies from page 285 to page 306 of the charge, under the head of "Exaggerations of the Catholic Element." The Bishop sketches with his usual power the aberrations of the ritualistic section in the Church. The charge was delivered more than twenty-three years ago, and yet most readers will be able from their own experience to supply examples, more or less exact, of the truth of the following picture.

One phase, however, of this movement there is which cannot justly be accused of tending to Romanism. It is one which in the Church of Rome would not be tolerated for an instant; it is the liberty which is now claimed for each individual priest to carry out his own idea of what is catholic in doctrine or ritual, without the slightest regard either to the written law or the living authorities of his own Church. The calmness with which this demand is made for what is termed the right of the Catholic priesthood, but which is simply a licence never so much as heard of before in any Church in Christendom, would be almost ludicrous were it not most seriously mischievous.

A youthful priest, let us suppose, who has but recently passed an examination for holy orders, in which he may not perhaps have displayed any very profound acquaintance with theology or Church his-

tory, finds himself the fortunate possessor of a living, into which he has been inducted on the express condition that he "assents to and will use the form prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer and none other, except so far as it may be ordered by lawful authority." No sooner has he been duly inducted than he proceeds to set up in his church the Roman Mass in all its minutest details, of which lights, vestments and incense are but a small part; he duly performs all the genuflexions, crossings, and prostrations prescribed in the last edition of his "Directorium," or his "Ritual for the Altar," adding to these, from time to time, such "beautiful symbolisms" as may either occur to his own mind or may have been recommended by some correspondent in his Church newspaper as the last "correct thing" in ritualism. His parishioners, naturally indignant at this deliberate Romanising of their church and their services—in which they, perhaps, not altogether erroneously, believe that they have some rights, legal and ecclesiastical—remonstrate with him. He informs them in reply that he is a priest of the holy Catholic Church, and that as such it is his privilege to teach and direct them in all things, and their privilege to obey him. They complain to the bishop, who on writing to the incumbent to inquire into the truth of their complaints, receives the information that all that has been complained of is quite true; that the writer does not intend to alter his proceedings in the very least particular, whatever his bishop may say to the contrary; that as to his promise "reverently to obey his Ordinary," that only means that he is to obey such directions as the bishop can enforce in a court of law; and that, at any rate, whatever obedience over and above this he might be disposed to pay to a really "Catholic-minded" and "properly appointed bishop" he cannot possibly pay to one who is only "the nominee of the Prime Minister," and has neither "the learning nor the piety" nor "the Catholic sympathies" which alone would justify the obedience of a truly Catholic priest. Does his bishop, in reply, remind him that he is not asking him to obey his directions only, but to obey the plain and clear law of the Church of England, his answer is either that the Church of England has not expressly forbidden the practices in question, and that he is entitled to do or say anything in public service which is not expressly forbidden; or if this cannot be alleged, he asserts that these practices have been forbidden only in the court of the Metropolitan, whose judgment he cannot possibly acknowledge, inasmuch as he sits there "accompanied by a lay assessor," or else by the Committee of the Privy Council, whose decisions are for him simply so much waste-paper. Or should what he is doing be a clear violation of some rubric, the purport of which has never been so much as questioned, the answer is still forthcoming that the rubrics being only those of a local church, he must decline to obey them until they can be proved to him

not to be opposed to the only law he acknowledges, viz., that of the Church Catholic of which he is a priest—a condition, which, as he is himself to be the sole judge of the sufficiency of the proof, does not, certainly, much restrain his liberty of action, and which amounts, in plain English, to the declaration, that he means to do precisely what he pleases, and that for him the promise, "I will use the form prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer, and none other," means, "I will *not* use that form, and I *will* use any other that may commend itself to my judgment or strike my fancy." Finally, if his bishop, having exhausted every effort of remonstrance, counsel, and even of entreaty, proceeds at last to enforce the law and discipline of the Church of which he is a chief pastor, he is met by an indignant cry of tyranny and persecution, and fierce accusations of attempting to stamp out the liberties of the Catholic priesthood; followed probably, by a denunciation of the hateful union between Church and State, by virtue of which, nevertheless, and of the legal status it gives him, this much aggrieved priest alone possesses the legal power to defy his bishop.

The other topic, which occupies most space and is most elaborately dealt with is the proposal to alter the Athanasian Creed as used in the public service of the Church, by the omission of the warning (or damnatory) clauses. The Bishop sums up his own position thus:

For myself, I am neither ashamed nor afraid to take my place amongst those who plead for the alteration of these clauses; or, if alteration be impossible, for the removal of them from the Creed, of which they are no essential part, and in which their presence as they stand and where they stand, is a real peril to our Church and to Christianity itself. Satisfied I am that such dealing with the Creed, as I believe it to be the truest, is also the safest and most conservative. At least I know no other way of dealing with it which does not appear to me open to far graver objections than this.

In the latter end of 1872 the Bishop wrote to me offering the Vicarage of St. Mary's, Leicester.

Henceforward, at least after March, 1873, the Bishop's letters are addressed to me, not as to a friend living in Ireland but as to one of his own clergy. He immediately appointed me one of his chaplains; and his visits to me at St. Mary's Vicarage, and mine to him at Peterborough, were frequent.

I only give a few paragraphs from one of the many long letters which the Bishop wrote to me at that time upon the subject of my

migration to show how nervously anxious he was lest he should be doing me an injury.

"I think I have now put before you all the *pros* and *cons* that occur to my mind on the points on which you write.

"I feel most painfully the responsibility of pressing on you the acceptance of this living. I fear, naturally, for your health and means. If Leicester did not suit both those (Leicester is a cold climate) I should have done you great hurt by persuading you to come there. But on all other points I have no fear or hesitation whatever. I am satisfied that you are the right man for the place, and for the diocese, and for me. I am sure you could do service to the Church in Leicester far beyond that of a mere working vicar; and I really fear to say how much you would help and strengthen me there.

"Trying, however, to forget myself altogether, and speaking as if you were consulting me on a like offer from another English bishop, I would say, if you think your health will not suffer by the change, and if you think that your means will not be *lessened* by the change, take St. Mary's; on the *reasonable* calculation of its leading to something better, and the *certainty* that, if it does not, you are not worse off than at present. But, if health or means are either insufficient or doubtful, then decline it. One thing only I will say more, that I trust you will not be influenced by any over-strained idea of duty to the Irish Church. You owe it, in my opinion, *nothing*. It owes *you much*.

"May God guide you, my dear friend, to a right and a wise judgment in this matter. I shall never forgive myself if I shall have done or said anything to lead you to form a mistaken one."

To the Rev. AUBREY TOWNSEND.

"127 KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON,
"*November* 25, 1872.

"I must send you one word of thanks for your reply to Churton in the *Guardian*. I had read it with great enjoyment, but little thought to whom I owed it. I had entirely forgotten the existence of the passage you quoted so crushingly from Hooker, and on referring to it and its context, which I had pencil-marked twenty years ago, was agreeably surprised to find how I had unconsciously retained Hooker's teaching, and what a tower of strength I have in his writings.

"I was quite surprised by the respectful and courteous tone, on the whole, of the ultra High Church papers in their articles on my charge. They are evidently annoyed by parts of it very much, but are strangely civil and even fair in their comments. The *Guardian* has carefully *burked* the whole charge, and not made the slightest allusion to it in the way of comment, giving a few meagre and inaccurate extracts only.

"On the whole I have, I think, got off very well, and am, at any rate, beginning to recover from the fatigues of composition and delivery, which proved to have taken more out of me than I had calculated on. I have got away here for a few days rest, but the weather is most unfavourable; it is blowing almost a hurricane at this moment, with pouring rain.

"I go on Tuesday next to the 'Athanasian Committee' at Lambeth, to fight openly against sundry secret intrigues, and probably to be beaten. Happily Convocation with its publicity comes afterwards."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *December* 26, 1872.

"Your most welcome and affectionate letter of Christmas good wishes came to help to brighten us all just after a week of great anxiety and trouble. Our poor little 'Abbot of Peterborough'* has been alarmingly ill with acute bronchitis complicated with congestion of the left lung. He took ill this day week, and it was not until Christmas Eve that the doctor gave us any encouragement as to his recovery. Thanks to God's great mercy he is now recovering, as only children do recover from such an illness, and our Christmas was not the dark one we had feared it might have proved. But you may imagine what a week it has been, with a house full of ordination candidates, no chaplain, and an unexpected Nave sermon owing to Farrar's illness, who was to have preached.

"I sympathise with you and your good wife with all my heart, in your Christmas-keeping with children from home. Our time has not yet come for that, but we parents must expect the blank interval between children and grandchildren. I suspect it must be nearly the most trying period of domestic life. I am sure, too, that

* I gave this name to the Bishop's youngest son Arthur, who was born at Peterborough.

leaving Cashel must be a great wrench to you both; we must only hope that you will root quickly and kindly in English soil where, at any rate, you will have the warmth of a hearty welcome and appreciation ere long by your brethren.

"My wife joins me in affectionate wishes and prayers for you and yours; and that you may have many a happy Christmas, and long years of usefulness and honour in your new diocese, is the wish and prayer of your *new* bishop and *old* friend."

To Mrs. Magee.

"Q. A. Bounty Office,
"*February* 13, 1873.

". . . . I went to dinner duly at the Grosvenor Hotel. The dinner was certainly a strangely interesting one. Had the dishes been as various we should have had severe dyspepsia, all of us. Archbishop Manning in the chair was flanked by two Protestant bishops right and left—Gloucester and Bristol and myself—on my right was Hutton, Editor of the *Spectator*—an Arian; then came Father Dalgairns, a very able Roman Catholic priest; opposite him, Lord A. Russell, a Deist; then two Scotch metaphysical writers—Freethinkers; then Knowles, the *very* broad Editor of the *Contemporary;* then, dressed as a layman and looking like a country squire, was Ward, formerly Rev. Ward, and earliest of the perverts to Rome; then Greg, author of 'The Creed of Christendom,' a Deist; then Froude, the historian, once a deacon in our Church, now a Deist; then Roden Noel, an actual Atheist and red republican, and looking very like one! Lastly Ruskin who read after dinner a paper on miracles! which we discussed for an hour and a half! Nothing could be calmer, fairer, or even, on the whole, more reverent than the discussion. Nothing flippant or scoffing or bitter was said on either side, and very great ability, both of speech and thought, was shown by most speakers. In my opinion, we, the Christians, had much the best of it. Dalgairns, the priest, was very masterly; Manning, clever and precise and weighty; Froude, very acute, and so was Greg; while Ruskin declared himself delighted 'with the exquisite accuracy and logical power of the Bishop of Peterborough.' There is the story of the dinner. Altogether a remarkable and most interesting scene, and a greater gathering of remarkable men than could easily be met elsewhere. We only wanted a Jew and a Mahometan to make our Religious Museum complete."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Peterborough, *February* 18, 1873.

"I have just returned from a fortnight's absence in town, at Bishops' Meetings, Convocation and Parliament, winding up with three very pleasant days at Hatfield with Lord Salisbury. The scenes were full of interest of a very varied kind, but quite too long to describe in writing. They will keep till we meet.

"I heard Gladstone's speech on the Irish University Bill—exceedingly clever in what it did *not* say, far more than in what it did say. The general opinion of persons whose opinions are of weight, is that the Bill will pass; and I think so too.

"As regards the Conservative party, they are in this fix. Of the 'three courses' possible, *viz.*, 1. Secularising Trinity College, 2. Endowing a Roman Catholic University, and 3. Some such middle course as Gladstone has taken—their position as to the English Universities, taken last year, precludes them from the first. The no Popery feelings of England and Scotland make the second impossible; and as to the third, the question between them and Gladstone will and can only be one of details; and you cannot put out a Ministry on the details of an Irish question, nor have any cry to go to the country with on it, which would carry six elections or even one.

"As regards Trinity College, which I care much more for than I do for the Conservative party, it will never get better terms, nor as good, while the boon of the Divinity School with its endowments to the Irish Church is not to be despised.

"The real question, however, is what will Cardinal Cullen do? If he and the priests accept it, they will do so in the hope of making the new University 'Catholic'; if they succeed in this, Trinity College must ultimately, as a matter of justice, regain its graduating power, and so we shall have two Universities and concurrent endowment—not a bad solution in my judgment. If they will not take it, then, supposing the Bill to pass, the new University will prove as great a failure as the Queen's Colleges, and Trinity College will retain its old prestige. In any case it is my belief that Trinity College, Dublin, will be no real loser by the Act. But I believe also that the New University will prove a failure—but that is no affair of mine or of Trinity College either. In short, I look on the New University as a roundabout way of bribing the Irish Roman Catholics, either by well endowed professorships and

bursaries, for doing nothing—if the New University fail to attract students—or by concurrent endowment of a real working University, if it does find work to do.

"The synodical declaration never reached our House. It has passed the Lower House after a three days' debate on every letter of it, which leaves it utterly vapid and innocuous.

"We are to meet again in May. Meanwhile York Convocation and your Synod are to meet, and we shall have fresh light from more than one point of view upon it.

"I think it may pass our House—but not without much opposition and debate—and when it does pass it will not be worth the paper it is printed on.

"I heard much of you and your departure from Cashel, from Lord Hawarden, who is in despair about it, and not more in love with your clerical opponents than I am.

"I told him that when they could not keep you, I thought it fair that I should try to get you—which he admitted."

"PETERBOROUGH, *April* 19, 1873.

"I have just returned from London, whither I went yesterday, partly to attend a kind of funeral service at Westminster Abbey for good old Bishop McIlwaine of Ohio, where I fell in to the procession with Lord Shaftesbury, Binney and Newman Hall, and partly to get legal advice about a certain inhibition case, in which the inhibited man commenced an appeal against me to the Archbishop of Canterbury. You will think me a strangely pugnacious bishop. But oddly enough you have come in for the only two *rows* I have had since I was made bishop.

"You have seen, I daresay, your gazetting, in the *Leicester Journal* as my chaplain."

"PETERBOROUGH, *May* 17, 1873.

"I am dragged to town to vote in the Lords on Tuesday night, and down again on Wednesday morning to hold two confirmations at Northampton.

"Our removal from the said House would certainly prolong our lives and enlarge our incomes; our presence in it tends certainly to shorten our lives by enlarging our *livers*.

"You saw, of course, this morning, Miall's defeat.*

* His motion was to apply the "policy of the Irish Church Disestablishment Act to the other Churches established by law in the United Kingdom." It was rejected by 356 to 61 votes.

"Gladstone's speech is much stronger for us than last year; but it leaves him free to bring in a Disestablishment Bill any day that suits him.

"The really significant feature in the decision, with its greatly diminished list of Miall's supporters, is the evidence it gives that a Disestablishment vote is not considered a popular thing on the eve of an election.

"I see the Archbishop of Dublin has brought my letter before the Synod a little prematurely. "W. C. P."

From the Rev. Dr. Stoughton.

58 Redcliffe Gardens,
South Kensington, S.W.,
July 4, 1873.

My dear Lord Bishop,—I was so sorry that I missed the opportunity this morning of seeing your lordship before I started. The omnibus was waiting, and I did not know where to find you.

Allow me to repeat what I said to Mrs. Magee, how *very very* much I enjoyed my visit, and what pleasant recollections I shall ever retain of two things in connection with it; the simplicity and earnestness of the meeting last night after the noble service of the morning; and the pleasant impression I shall ever retain of the beautiful home life of an English bishop, as witnessed at Peterborough.

My intercourse with so many of your clergy was most gratifying; and again I thank your lordship for the privilege you have afforded me.

I hope, in a few days, to send you my "History of the Church of the Restoration," which I hope you will honour me by accepting; and then I will enclose the autograph for Miss Magee.—Ever your lordship's obliged and affectionate servant, Jno. Stoughton.

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Crescent Hotel, Buxton,
"*July* 22, 1873.

"I have much to talk to you about, as to recent events; amongst these, saddest, strangest and most fruitful of results, poor dear S. Winton's tragic end. How strange, how unforeseen, how startling a termination to a great career. I was to have gone up to-morrow, *coûte que coûte*, to have opposed him to his face at a bishops' meeting; and now on Friday next I may be standing by his grave. 'What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!' I feel saddened and shocked more than I can say. God give us grace to be prepared for our call, be it sudden or fore-announced."

"PETERBOROUGH, *July* 29, 1873.

"My eyes are at last nearly well. I expect a week at the sea-side will finish the cure. I had, in a moment of weakness, yielded to the entreaty of Basil Wilberforce on Friday last, just after his father's funeral, 'to say a few words' in his church at Southampton, as he could not himself appear. This was *telegraphed* into a 'funeral sermon.' Happily, or unhappily, the heat and fatigue of Friday last brought on a return of my attack in the eyes, and I could not go.

"The scene was a beautiful and profoundly touching one, in that most lovely spot bosomed in the Surrey hills, where we laid the great bishop to his rest. Nothing could have been simpler, sweeter, or more solemn than all the arrangements for the service; nothing more touching than the demeanour of those who took part in it. The grief of many of the clergy was deep and overwhelming. Poor dear Archbishop Trench looked like an old Greek statue of sorrow, with his pale, solemn face and tender expression. Woodford stood by the grave, literally *gnawing* his fingers, the tears flooding down his face, and there was hardly a dry eye in all the crowd around. I was greatly struck with the representation of all schools in the Church—some of the highest and some of the lowest of the clergy were there, and all alike honestly grieving for *the man*, however differently they might have judged the prelate. The absence of many of the bishops who ought to have been there was much commented on. There were but six, and of those three were Irish *men* and two Irish prelates."

"MULGRAVE COTTAGE, WHITBY,
"*August* 20, 1873.

"The weather here has for the last few days been cool and somewhat wet, and my eyes seem to suffer in consequence. This affection of them is evidently obstinate and liable, as Critchett tells me, to relapses, though he insists there is nothing in it to cause uneasiness; nevertheless, it is very trying and disheartening, continuing, as it does, in spite of sea air, bathing, exercise and holidays.

"You know by this time all our ecclesiastical changes. Ely to Winchester is in every way an admirable appointment, and most satisfactory generally. Woodford goes to Ely."

"MULGRAVE COTTAGE, WHITBY,
"*September* 6, 1873.

"I agree with you as to the position of the bishops in face of the anti-ritualistic excitement. I have been prophesying it to my

brethren for the last five years, and been treated as a Celtic Cassandra for my pains.

"I am curious to see the effect of the removal of Bishop Wilberforce, who has certainly been for the last ten years '*ὁ κατέχων*' of the bench. The worst of our position now is, that any demand for increased powers on our part (and without these we can do nothing) will have to one party the air of a concession to popular clamour, and to the other of an insidious attempt at increasing our powers, with the exercise of which already they are dissatisfied and suspicious. This is just the necessary result of the halting and undecided policy of some twenty years on the part of the bench. *Episcopi Anglicani semper pavidi* is as true now as it was when somebody somewhere said it long ago. Still, I think some attempt ought to be made to put our position, aims, and requirements as an Episcopate fairly before the Church and country. The Archbishop of Canterbury is, of course, the *person* to do this. I doubt, however, if he be the *man*. His Scotch caution amounts to a disease, with odd outbreaks at intervals of impulsiveness, as in the matter of the Athanasian Creed and letter to the Church Association. And he is, besides, so utter an Erastian that any move of his for increased power for the bench will be of a kind generally distasteful even to moderate Churchmen.

"Exeter is determined, as a Broad Churchman, to let every man do as he pleases in his diocese. The others are hardly equal to speech in the Lords, save, if I may say it, myself; and I stand amongst the bishops almost alone in my views as to the policy of the bench; and if I spoke them, would be snubbed by some one or other of my brethren. Alas! the curse of divided councils lies as heavy on the Episcopate as on the other orders of the Church.

"God grant us more wisdom and more courage—the latter quality being perhaps what we most need.

"I wish I had a good long walk and talk with you here—you had best come, after all. "W. C. P."

REPORT ON CONFESSION FROM THE COMMITTEE OF UPPER HOUSE OF CONVOCATION OF THE PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY.

The Committee of the Upper House of Convocation, being a Committee of the whole House, appointed on the 9th of May to consider and report on the teaching of the Church of England on the subject of Confession, submit the following Report to the House:

In the matter of Confession the Church of England holds fast those principles which are set forth in Holy Scripture, which were professed by the primitive Church, and which were re-affirmed at the English Reformation.

The Church of England, in the 25th Article, affirms that Penance is not to be counted for a Sacrament of the Gospel; and, as judged by her formularies, knows no such words as "Sacramental Confession."

Grounding her doctrine on Holy Scripture, she distinctly declares the full and entire forgiveness of sins, through the blood of Jesus Christ, to all who bewail their own sinfulness, confess themselves to Almighty God with full purpose of amendment of life, and turn with true faith unto Him.

* It is the desire of the Church that by this way and means all her children should find peace. In this spirit the forms of
* Confession and Absolution are set forth in her public services; yet for the relief of troubled consciences she has made special provi-
* sion in two exceptional cases.

(1) In the case of those who cannot quiet their own consciences previously to receiving the Holy Communion, but require further comfort or counsel, the minister is directed to say, "Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word, and open his grief, that by the ministry of God's holy Word he may receive the benefit of Absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice."

Nevertheless it is to be noted that for such a case no form of Absolution has been prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer; and further, that the Rubric in the first Prayer-book of 1549, which sanctioned a particular form of Absolution, has been withdrawn from all subsequent editions of the said book.

(2) In the order for the visitation of the sick it is directed that the sick man be moved to make a special confession of his sins if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter; but in such case Absolution is only to be given when the sick man shall humbly and heartily desire it.

* This special provision, however, does not authorise the ministers of the Church to require from any who may resort to them to open their grief a particular or detailed enumeration of all
* their sins, or to require private confession previous to receiving the Holy Communion, or to enjoin or even encourage any practice of habitual confession to a priest, or to teach that such practice of

* habitual confession, or the being subject to what has been termed the direction of a priest, is a condition of attaining to the highest spiritual life.*

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"Mulgrave Cottage,
"*September* 27, 1873.

"E. and I returned last night from our trip to Edinburgh *vid* Durham; a most enjoyable one it was, and splendid weather all through it. My eyes are much as they were when you were here, and are likely to be so, I fear, for months to come—weak, that is, and unreliable, but not seriously affected or hindering me from *moderate* work, perhaps useful as a check to overwork.

"I am glad you like our utterance on Confession. The 'watered down document' I referred to was a third one, in which poor S. Winton had watered down ours into a most homœopathic dilution of Anglicanism. The No. 2 which I sent you was drawn by Gloucester and Bristol and myself; and No. 3 was that finally adopted. Had the good man we lament lived, we should never have carried anything so strong and definite, and possibly some of us would have declined to sign his draft. As it is, we have done what you see. I doubt its effect being anything like your expectation. It has been published."

"Peterborough,
"*November* 11, 1873.

"I send you a letter of mine to Mr. Holt, M.P. for Lancashire, in reply to certain resolutions on the Confessional which I received from him this morning. I like this letter of mine so well, and am so strongly inclined to publish it, that I am half afraid that it is a foolish thing to do. Read it, and tell me how it strikes you. My feeling is that what I say in it has not yet been said by any bishop, and ought to be said before Parliament meets by some bishop. It may, besides, serve as a pilot balloon for that other manifesto of which I told you. So now read, criticise, and return to me without delay.

"We had a capital congregation at Sheepshed yesterday. I got home safe last night, and am much better in eyes, body, and mind to-day."

* The two paragraphs marked with asterisks were drafted by the Bishop of Peterborough.

To JAMES M. HOLT, Esq., M.P.

"THE PALACE, PETERBOROUGH,
"*November* 13, 1873.

"DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of certain resolutions passed at a recent public meeting on the subject of the Confessional, at which you presided, and forwarded to me by you at the request of the meeting. In reply, I beg to say that I am deeply sensible of the evils and dangers of the doctrines and practices condemned by the meeting in question, and am as much opposed as any one of those present at it could be to 'the introduction of the Romish doctrine and practice of auricular confession and priestly absolution' into our Reformed Church. I doubt, however, whether the meeting, when 'calling upon the archbishops and bishops to take immediate and active steps for suppressing this practice,' could have been fully aware how very limited are the powers at present possessed by bishops of our Church for suppressing any practice whatever.

"And I further venture to doubt whether the meeting had fully considered the especial difficulties which must beset any attempt to suppress an 'erroneous practice' of confession, in a Church which distinctly sanctions a certain kind and amount of confession, but which has not defined, with anything like legal precision, the limits which separate the practice which she sanctions from that which she rejects.

"I would ask those who complain most bitterly that the bishops have not at once suppressed an 'erroneous practice' of confession to consider how they themselves would frame that rubric or canon which, while respecting the sacred right of every sin-burdened penitent 'to open his grief' to his pastor, would nevertheless enable a bishop to prevent that penitent from making, and his pastor from receiving—in the necessarily impenetrable secrecy of such an interview—that kind of confession which should go beyond either the letter or the spirit of the teaching and directions of our Church. And if they should find the framing of such a rubric or canon a more difficult task than they had anticipated, I would ask them further to consider how far the unmeasured accusations of supineness, treachery to the consecration vows, and base preference of place and power to the interests of the faith of which they are guardians, that have been so largely heaped of late on the heads of bishops by

speakers and writers on the subject of the Confessional, have been either charitable or just.

"I still further doubt whether your meeting would have been prepared to grant to the bishops such large powers as would enable them immediately to repress this or any other erroneous practice. For I cannot help seeing that those who are loudest in demanding from bishops the prompt suppression of all that is erroneous in our Church are also the most jealous of the slightest addition to those very limited powers which bishops now possess. They are, in fact —as the English nation is very apt to be—at once most exacting as to the promptest efficiency on the part of those who govern, and most tenacious as to the widest liberty for those who are governed. Such a temper of the public mind certainly does not tend to vigorous action on the part of those whose unenviable lot it is to administer the laws, whether of Church or of State, in our day.

"All such know full well, that while their failure to prevent or punish what they have little or no legal power to deal with is sure to be denounced by some party or other as cowardly or treacherous connivance, their attempt to obtain larger powers, or to strain in the least degree those which they possess, will be denounced by all parties as intolerable tyranny; or, at best, be applauded and supported by some one party, on the condition that such increased power be directed always against its opponents and never against itself.

"In reply, therefore, to the third of the resolutions of your meeting, I beg to say that, under the existing state of discipline in our Church, I do not believe I have the power to suppress the practice complained of in the preceding resolution.

"Should such large power, however, be hereafter granted me, I am prepared to use it fairly, I trust, and impartially, in requiring from all alike over whom I have jurisdiction, obedience to the laws of the Church of England.—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

"W. C. PETERBOROUGH."

To Mrs. MAGEE.

"SANDRINGHAM, *December* 6, 1873.

"Here I am at last, after a most wearisome day. I had to leave Crewe Hall at 5 o'clock this morning, getting up at 4 o'clock. I arrived just as they were all at tea in the entrance hall, and had to walk in all seedy and dishevelled from my day's journey, and sit down beside the Princess of Wales, with Disraeli on the other side

of me, and sundry lords and ladies round the table. The Prince received me very kindly, and certainly has most winning and gracious manners. The Princess seems smaller and thinner than I remember her at Dublin. They seem to be pleasant and domesticated with little state and very simple ways."

"*December* 7, 1873.

"Just returned from church, where I preached for twenty-six minutes (Romans viii. 28). The church is a very small country one close to the grounds. The house, as I saw it by daylight, is a handsome country house of red stone with white facings, standing well and looking quietly comfortable and suitable. I find the company pleasant and civil, but we are a curious mixture. Two Jews, Sir A. Rothschild and his daughter; an ex-Jew, Disraeli; a Roman Catholic, Colonel Higgins; an Italian duchess who is an Englishwoman, and her daughter brought up a Roman Catholic and now turning Protestant; a set of young lords, and a bishop. The Jewess came to church; so did the half-Protestant young lady. Dizzy did the same, and was profuse in his praises of my sermon. We are all to lunch together in a few minutes, the children dining with us. They seem, the two I saw in church, nice, clever-looking, little bodies, and very like their mother."

To J. C. MacDonnell.

"*Christmas Day*, 1873.

"I have written to Venables since I saw you. He is, I think, almost certain to take Yarmouth. How to replace him I know not. Bunting I collated on Tuesday last. Confrater Jones writes that he *must* resign. Try and see if this means really *must*. I hardly know where to get a man for St. Nicholas. 'Toil, envy, want, the *patron* and the jail,' were Johnson's lines, descriptive of the author's troubles in his day. Nowadays the patron suffers from 'toil and envy' enough, and more than enough; he 'wants' the fit man and cannot find him, and had often rather go to 'jail' than fill a vacant living.

"Best love and Christmas wishes from all here to all with you."

"Queen's Hotel, Chester,
"*December* 29, 1873.

"'La nuit porte conseil.' I have slept over my letters to you, and think differently of them. When I wrote them I was full of the injustice and annoyance of the paragraph in the *Rock*, anxious as to

this coming meeting on the Confessional, and distressed by the telegram bringing news of my poor mother-in-law's death, and the thought of our hurried winter flitting to Ireland. I felt I must blow off *some* steam, and wrote accordingly.

"My stay here to-night seems curiously to bring together the ends of a long life 'trail.' Twenty-nine years ago I was ordained in Chester Cathedral for St. Thomas's curacy, and Chater with me. My uncle Thomas was Rector of St. Thomas's, my wife a girl of fifteen, my dead mother-in-law just my wife's present age. How many a strange turn and winding have our lives, yours and mine, taken since then, to bring you to St. Mary's, Leicester, and me to Peterborough. What a retrospect! And let us hope what a prospect too, spite of 'Rocks' ahead. May our feet be guided surely and safely to *The* Rock, the only resting-place, when all else is changing and restless."

"PETERBOROUGH, *January* 5, 1874.

"My eyes are, I fear, getting steadily worse, and causing me unceasing anxiety. I am going to London on Thursday to see Bader again. But I do not like either the nature or the obstinacy of present symptoms. Though, thank God, there seems no cause to fear for vision, yet between eyes which you cannot and eyes which you must not use, the difference for practical working purposes is not great, however great it be for ordinary enjoyment of the face of nature and of life.

"I partly attribute my present relapse to an ill-fated visit to Wilde, who, after chattering for half an hour, suddenly, before I knew what he was going to do, dabbed some caustic lotion into my eyes, which brought on something very like acute inflammation of them. It may be that this is only a temporary injury; but I could have half-blinded myself for less money than the guinea I gave him for doing it for me."

"PETERBOROUGH, *January* 10, 1874.

"I send you by this post an address by old A. Llandaff, on Confession, quite worth reading.

"Do you not think that this might be a good opportunity for getting an adhesion to the bishops' declaration on Confession?

. . . . . .

"You know my argument, that if the Church of England held the Roman theory as to the power of the keys—*i.e.*, that the priest remits sins as a judge in God's place—she *must* have followed the

Roman practice of requiring Confession from all her members; and conversely, if she does not require this, she cannot hold the Roman theory. I am vain enough to think that the kernel of the controversy as to her teaching on Confession lies here.

"You may, if you think fit, and occasion serve, let out that I had a large share in the composition of this declaration. In fact, it was mine and Gloucester and Bristol's *vice* one of S. Winton's, which his death enabled us to carry.

"Eyes rather better."

"PETERBOROUGH, *January* 29, 1874

"I am, as you may suppose, much exercised in mind as to Venables' successor.

"I have twice, most carefully, gone over the list of clergy in the diocese, and can find but two men whom I can, from personal knowledge, regard as at all suited for this very difficult post. There may be many latent apostles secreted in country curacies. But I know them not; and have no means of finding them out as such.

"Read the enclosed, and tell me what you think as to bringing a stranger into the diocese. It is, I know, very unpopular. But far better unpopularity than a wrong choice for such a cure of souls as St. Matthew's."

"PETERBOROUGH, *February* 10, 1874.

"I have as yet found no man fit for St. Matthew's.

"Disraeli is now well in. I am very doubtful still how far the Church is the better or the worse for the change.

"The real meaning of it is the extinction of the Whigs by the ballot.

"The country is dividing itself into Conservative and Radical. For a time this makes the Church stronger. But Gladstone turned Radical, and backed by all the unbelief, and all the High Church ritualistic Radicalism in the country, is a very awkward element in the future. "W. C. P."

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